THE

WORKS

OF

Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT,

DEAN of ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

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PROPOSALS

For printing a very curious Diſcourſe, intitled,

ΨΕΥΔΟΛΟΓΙΑ ΠΟΛΙΤΙΚΗ·

OR,

THE ART OF POLITICAL LYING.

THERE is now in the preſs, a curious piece, intitled, Ψευδολογία πολιτική· or, *The Art of Political Lying:* conſiſting of two volumes, in *quarto.*

The PROPOSALS are,

I. That if the author meets with ſuitable encouragement, he intends to deliver the firſt volume to the ſubſcribers by Hilary term next.

II. The price of both volumes will be, to the ſubſcribers, fourteen ſhillings, ſeven whereof are to be paid down, and the other ſeven at the delivery of the ſecond volume.

III. Thoſe that ſubſcribe for ſix, ſhall have a ſeventh *gratis*; which reduces the price to leſs than ſix ſhillings a volume.

IV. That the ſubſcribers ſhall have their names and places of abode printed at length.

For the encouragement of ſo uſeful a work, it is thought fit the public ſhould be informed of the contents of the firſt volume, by one who has with great care peruſed the manuſcript.

THE

THE ART OF POLITICAL LYING.

THE author, in his preface, makes ſome very judicious reflections upon the original of arts and ſciences: that at firſt they conſiſt of ſcattered theorems and practices, which are handed about amongſt the maſters, and only revealed to the *filii artis*, till ſuch time as ſome great genius appears, who collects theſe disjointed propoſitions, and reduces them into a regular ſyſtem. That this is the caſe of that noble and uſeful art of political lying, which, in this laſt age, having been enriched with ſeveral new diſcoveries, ought not to lie any longer in rubbiſh and confuſion, but may juſtly claim a place in the Encyclopædia, eſpecially ſuch as ſerves for a model of education for an able politician. That he propoſes to himſelf no ſmall ſtock of fame in future ages, in being the firſt who has undertaken this deſign; and for the ſame reaſon he hopes the imperfection of his work will be excuſed. He invites all perſons who have any talents that way, or any new diſcovery, to communicate their thoughts, aſſuring them that honourable mention ſhould be made of them in his work.

The firſt volume conſiſts of eleven chapters.

In the *firſt* chapter of his excellent treatiſe, he reaſons philoſophically concerning the nature of the ſoul of man, and thoſe qualities which render

it ſuſceptible of lies. He ſuppoſes the ſoul to be of the nature of a *plano-cylindrical ſpeculum*, or looking-glaſs; that the plain ſide was made by God Almighty, but that the devil afterwards wrought the other into a cylindrical figure. The plain ſide repreſents objects juſt as they are; and the cylindrical ſide, by the rules of catoptrics, muſt needs repreſent true objects falſe, and falſe objects true: but the cylindrical ſide, being much the larger ſurface, takes in a great compaſs of viſual rays. That upon the cylindrical ſide of the ſoul of man depends the whole art and ſucceſs of political lying. The author, in this chapter, proceeds to reaſon upon the qualities of the mind: as its peculiar fondneſs of the *malicious* and the *miraculous*. The tendency of the ſoul towards the *malicious*, ſprings from ſelf-love, or a pleaſure to find mankind more wicked, baſe, or unfortunate, than ourſelves. The deſign of the *miraculous* proceeds from the inactivity of the ſoul, or its incapacity to be moved or delighted with any thing that is vulgar or common. The author having eſtabliſhed the qualities of the mind, upon which his art is founded, he proceeds,

In his *ſecond* chapter, to treat of the nature of political lying; which he defines to be, "the art "of convincing the people of ſalutary falſehoods, "for ſome good end." He calls it an *art*, to diſtinguiſh it from that of telling truth, which does not ſeem to want art; but then he would have this underſtood only as to the invention, becauſe there is indeed more art neceſſary to convince the people of a ſalutary truth, than a ſalutary falſehood. Then he proceeds to prove, that there are ſalutary falſehoods, of which he gives a great many inſtances, both before and after the revolution; and demonſtrates plainly, that we could not have carried on the war ſo long, without ſeveral of theſe ſalutary falſehoods. He gives rules to calculate the value

value of a political lie, in pounds, ſhillings, and pence. By *good* he does not mean that which is abſolutely ſo, but what appears ſo to the artiſt, which is a ſufficient ground for him to proceed upon; and he diſtinguiſhes the good, as it commonly is, into *bonum, utile, dulce, et honeſtum*. He ſhews you, that there are political lies of a mixed nature, which include all the three in different reſpects: that the *utile* reigns generally about the Exchange, the *dulce* and *honeſtum* at the Weſtminſter end of the town. One man ſpreads a lie to ſell or buy ſtock to greater advantage; a ſecond, becauſe it is honourable to ſerve his party; and a third, becauſe it is ſweet to gratify his revenge. Having explained the ſeveral terms of his definition, he proceeds,

In his *third* chapter, to treat of the lawfulneſs of political lying; which he deduces from its true and genuine principles, by inquiring into the ſeveral rights that mankind have to truth. He ſhews, that people have a right to private truth from their neighbours, and oeconomical truth from their own family; that they ſhould not be abuſed by their wives, children, and ſervants; but that they have no right at all to political truth; that the people may as well all pretend to be lords of manors, and poſſeſs great eſtates, as to have truth told them in matters of government. The author, with great judgment, ſtates the ſeveral ſhares of mankind in this matter of truth, according to their ſeveral capacities, dignities, and profeſſions; and ſhews you that children have hardly any ſhare at all; in conſequence of which, they have very ſeldom any truth told them. It muſt be owned, that the author in this chapter has ſome ſeeming difficulties to anſwer, and texts of ſcripture to explain.

The *fourth* chapter is wholly employed in this queſtion, "Whether the right of coinage of poli-"tical lies be wholly in the government?" The au-

thor, who is a true friend to Engliſh liberty, determines in the negative, and anſwers all the arguments of the oppoſite party with great acuteneſs: that as the government of England has a mixture of democratical in it, ſo the right of inventing and ſpreading political lies is partly in the people; and their obſtinate adherence to this juſt privilege has been moſt conſpicuous, and ſhined with great luſtre of late years: that it happens very often, that there are no other means left to the good people of England, to pull down a miniſtry and government they are weary of, but by exerciſing this their undoubted right: that abundance of political lying, is a ſure ſign of true Engliſh liberty: that as miniſters do ſometimes uſe tools to ſupport their own power, it is but reaſonable that the people ſhould employ the ſame weapon to defend themſelves, and pull them down.

In his *fifth* chapter, he divides political lies into ſeveral ſpecies and claſſes, and gives precepts about the inventing, ſpreading, and propagating, the ſeveral ſorts of them: he begins with the *rumores*, and *libelli famoſi*, ſuch as concern the reputation of men in power: where he finds fault with the common miſtake, that takes notice only of one ſort, *viz.* the detractory or defamatory, whereas in truth there are three ſorts, the *detractory*, the *additory*, and the *tranſlatory*. The *additory* gives to a great man a larger ſhare of reputation than belongs to him, to enable him to ſerve ſome good end or purpoſe. The *detractory*, or defamatory, is a lie which takes from a great man the reputation that juſtly belongs to him, for fear he ſhould uſe it to the detriment of the public. The *tranſlatory* is a lie that transfers the merit of a man's good action to another, who is in himſelf more deſerving; or transfers the merit of a bad action from the true author, to a perſon who is in himſelf leſs deſerving. He gives ſeveral inſtances of very great ſtrokes in all the three kinds, eſpecially in the laſt, when it was neceſſary for the good

good of the public to "beſtow the valour and conduct of one man upon another, and that of many to one man," nay, even*, upon a good occaſion, a man may be robbed of his victory by a perſon that did not command in the action. The reſtoring and deſtroying the public may be aſcribed to perſons who had no hand in either. The author exhorts all gentlemen practitioners to excerciſe themſelves in the *tranſlatory*, becauſe the exiſtence of the things themſelves being viſible, and not demanding any proof, there wants nothing to be put upon the public, but a falſe author, or a falſe cauſe; which is no great preſumption upon the credulity of mankind, to whom the ſecret ſprings of things are for the moſt part unknown.

The author proceeds to give ſome precepts as to the *additory*: that when one aſcribes any thing to a perſon which does not belong to him, the lie ought to be calculated not quite contradictory to his known qualities: for example, one would not make the French King preſent at a Proteſtant conventicle; nor, like Queen Eliſabeth, reſtore the overplus of taxes to his ſubjects. One would not bring in the Emperor giving two months pay in advance to his troops; nor the Dutch paying

* Major-General Webb obtained a glorious victory over the French near Wynendale in the year 1708. He was ſent with 6000 of the confederate troops to guard a great convoy to the allied army beſieging Liſle; Count de la Motte came out from Ghent with near 24,000 men to entercept them; but Maj.-Gen. Webb diſpoſed his men with ſuch admirable ſkill, that notwithſtanding the vaſt ſuperiority of numbers, by the pure force of order and diſpoſition the French were driven back in two or three ſucceſſive attempts, and after having loſt 6 or 7000 men, could be brought to charge no more. This may juſtly be reckoned amongſt the greateſt actions of that war: but the Duke of Marlborough's ſecretary, in his letter written to England, gave all the honour of it to Gen. Cadogan, the Duke's favourite, who did not come up till after the engagement. This was ſo reſented by Gen. Webb, that he left the army in diſguſt; and coming into England to do himſelf juſtice, received the unanimous thanks of the houſe of Commons for his eminent ſervices by that great action; which was alſo acknowledged in a diſtinguiſhing manner by the King of Pruſſia, who beſtowed on him *the order of generoſity*.

more

more than their *quota*. One would not make the ſame perſon zealous for a ſtanding army and public liberty; nor an atheiſt ſupport the church; nor a lewd fellow a reformer of manners; nor a hot-headed, crack-brained coxcomb forward for a ſcheme of moderation. But if it is abſolutely neceſſary, that a perſon is to have ſome good adventitious quality given him, the author's precept is, that it ſhould not be done at firſt *in extremo gradu*. For example; they ſhould not make a covetous man give away all at once five thouſand pounds in a charitable generous way; twenty or thirty pounds may ſuffice at firſt. They ſhould not introduce a perſon of remarkable ingratitude to his benefactors, rewarding a poor man for ſome good office that was done him thirty years ago; but they may allow him to acknowledge a ſervice to a perſon who is capable ſtill to do him another. A man whoſe perſonal courage is ſuſpected, is not at firſt to drive whole ſquadrons before him; but he may be allowed the merit of ſome ſquabble, or throwing a bottle at his adverſary's head.

It will not be allowed to make a great man, that is a known deſpiſer of religion, ſpend whole days in his cloſet at his devotion: but you may with ſafety make him ſit out public prayers with decency. A great man, who has never been known willingly to pay a juſt debt, ought not all of a ſudden to be introduced making reſtitution of thouſands he has cheated; let it ſuffice at firſt to pay twenty pounds to a friend, who has loſt his note.

He lays down the ſame rules in the *detractory* or *defamatory* kind; that they ſhould not be quite oppoſite to the qualities the perſons are ſuppoſed to have. Thus it will not be found according to the ſecond rules of *pſeudology*, to report of a pious and religious prince, that he neglects his devotion, and would introduce hereſy; but you may report of a merciful

merciful prince, that he has pardoned a criminal who did not deſerve it. You would be unſucceſsful, if you gave out of a great man, who is remarkable for his frugality for the public, that he ſquanders away the nation's money; but you may ſafely relates that he hoards it: you muſt not affirm he took a bribe; but you may freely cenſure him for being tardy in his payments; becauſe, though neither may be true, yet the laſt is credible, the firſt not. Of an open-hearted generous miniſter you are not to ſay, that he was in an intrigue to betray his country; but you may affirm, with ſome probability, that he was in an intrigue with a lady. He warns all practitioners to take good heed to theſe precepts; for want of which, many of their lies of late have proved abortive, or ſhort-lived.

In the ſixth chapter he treats of the *miraculous*; by which he underſtands any thing that exceeds the common degrees of probability. In reſpect of the people it is divided into two ſorts, the τὸ φοβερὸν, or the τὸ θυμοειδὲς, *terrifying lies*, and *animating* or *encouraging lies*, both being extremely uſeful on their proper occaſions. Concerning the τὸ φοβερὸν, he gives ſeveral rules; one of which is, that terrible objects, ſhould not be too frequently ſhewn to the people, leſt they grow familiar. He ſays, it is abſolutely neceſſary, that the people of England ſhould be frighted with the French King and the pretender once a-year; but that the bears ſhould be chained up again, till that time twelvemonth. The want of obſerving this ſo neceſſary a precept, in bringing out the *raw head and bloody bones* upon every trifling occaſion, has produced great indifference in the vulgar of late years. As to the animating or encouraging lies he gives the following rules; that he ſhould not far exceed the common degrees of probability: that there ſhould be variety of them; and the ſame lie not obſtinately inſiſted upon: that the promiſſory or prognoſticating lies

ſhould

ſhould not be upon ſhort days, for fear the authors ſhould have the ſhame and confuſion to ſee themſelves ſpeedily contradicted. He examines by theſe rules that well-meant, but unfortunate lye of the conqueſt of France, which continued near twenty years together * ; but at laſt, by being too obſtinately inſiſted upon, it was worn thread-bare, and became unſucceſsful.

As to the τὸ τερατῶδες, or the *prodigious*, he has little to adviſe, but that their comets, whales, and dragons ſhould be ſizeable; their ſtorms, tempeſts, and earthquakes, without the reach of a day's journey of a man and horſe.

The ſeventh chapter is wholly taken up in an enquiry, which of the two parties † are the greateſt artiſts in political lying. He owns, that ſometimes the one party, and ſometimes the other, is better believed, but that they have both very great geniuſes amongſt them. He attributes the ill ſucceſs of either party to their glutting the market, and retailing too much of a bad commodity at once: when there is too great a quantity of worms, it is hard to catch gudgeons. He propoſes a ſcheme for the recovery of the credit of any party, which indeed ſeems to be ſomewhat chimerical and does not ſavour of that ſound judgement the author has ſhewn in the reſt of the work. It amounts to this, that the party ſhould agree to vent nothing but truth for three months together, which will give them credit for ſix months lying afterwards. He owns, that he believes it almoſt impoſſible to find fit perſons to execute this ſcheme. Towards the end of this chapter, he inveighs ſeverely againſt the folly of parties in retaining ſcoundrels and men of low genius to retail their lyes; ſuch as moſt of the preſent news-writers are, who, except a ſtrong bent and inclination towards the profeſſion, ſeem to be

* During the reigns of K. Willam and Q. Anne.

† See the Examiner, No xiv. vol. 2.

wholly

wholly ignorant in the rules of *pſeudology*, and not at all qualified for ſo weighty a truſt.

In his next chapter he treats of ſome extraordinary geniuſes, who have appeared of late years, eſpecially in their diſpoſition towards the *miraculous*. He adviſes theſe hopeful young men to turn their invention to the ſervice of their country, it being inglorious, at this time, to employ their talent in prodigious fox-chaſes, horſe-courſes, feats of activity in driving of coaches, jumping, running, ſwallowing of peaches, pulling out whole ſets of teeth, to clean, *&c.* when their country ſtands ſo much in need of their aſſiſtance.

The *eight* chapter is a project for uniting the ſeveral ſmaller corporations of lyers into one ſociety. It is too tedious to give a full account of the whole ſcheme: what is moſt remarkable is, that this ſociety ought to conſiſt of the heads of each party: that no lye is to paſs current without their approbation, they being the beſt judges of their preſent exigencies, and what ſort of lyes are demanded: that in ſuch a corporation there ought to be men of all profeſſions, that the τὸ πρέπον and the τὸ εὐλόγον, that is, *decency* and *probability*, may be obſerved as much as poſſible: that, beſides the perſons abovementioned, this ſociety ought to conſiſt of the hopeful geniuſes about the town, (of which there are great plenty to be picked up in the ſeveral coffee-houſes), travellers, virtuoſos, fox-hunters, jockies, attornies, old ſeamen and ſoldiers out of the hoſpitals of Greenwich and Chelſea: to this ſociety, ſo conſtituted, ought to be committed the ſole management of lying: that in their outer-room there ought always to attend ſome perſons endowed with a great ſtock of credulity, a generation that thrives mightily in this ſoil and climate: he thinks a ſufficient number of them may be picked up any where about the Exchange: theſe are to circulate, what the other coin; for no man ſpreads

a lye with ſo good a grace, as he that believes it: that the rule of the ſociety be to invent a lye, and ſometimes two, for every day: in the choice of which great regard ought to be had to the weather, and the ſeaſon of the year: your φοβερὰ or *terrifying lyes*, do mighty well in November and December, but not ſo well in May and June, unleſs the eaſterly winds reign: that it ought to be penal for any body to talk of any thing but the lye of the day; that the ſociety is to maintain a ſufficient number of ſpies at court, and other places, to furniſh hints and topics for invention, and a general correſpondence of all the market-towns for circulating their lies; that if any of the ſociety were obſerved to bluſh, or look out of countenance, or want a neceſſary circumſtance in telling the lye, he ought to be expelled, and declared incapable; beſides the roaring lies, there ought to be a private committee for whiſpers, conſtituted of the ableſt men of the ſociety. Here the author makes a digreſſion in praiſe of the Whig-party, for the right underſtanding and uſe of *proof-lies*. A *proof-lye* is like a proof-charge for a piece of ordnance, to try a ſtandard-credulity. Of ſuch a nature he takes tranſubſtantiation to be in the church of Rome, a proof-article, which if any one ſwallows, they are ſure he will digeſt every thing elſe: therefore the Whig-party do wiſely to try the credulity of the people ſometimes by ſwingers, that they may be able to judge, to what height they may charge them afterwards. Towards the end of this chapter, he warns the heads of parties againſt believing their own lies, which has proved of pernicious conſequence of late, both a wiſe party and a wiſe nation having regulated their affairs upon lies of their own invention. The cauſes of this he ſuppoſes to be too great a zeal and intenſeneſs in the practice of this art, and a vehement heat in mutual converſation, whereby they perſuade one another,

that

that what they wiſh, and report to be true, is really ſo: that all parties have been ſubject to this misfortune. The Jacobites have been conſtantly infeſted with it; but the Whigs of late ſeemed even to exceed them in this ill habit and weakneſs. To this chapter the author ſubjoins a calendar of lies, proper for the ſeveral months of the year.

The *ninth* chapter treats of the celerity and duration of lies. As to the celerity of their motion, the author ſays it is almoſt incredible: he gives ſeveral inſtances of lies, that have gone faſter than a man can ride poſt: your terrifying lies travel at a prodigious rate, above ten miles an hour; your whiſpers move in a narrow vortex, but very ſwiftly. The author ſays, it is impoſſible to explain ſeveral phænomena in relation to the celerity of lies, without the ſuppoſition of *ſynchroniſm* and *combination*. As to duration of lies, he ſays, there are of all ſorts, from hours and days to ages; that there are ſome, which, like inſects, die and revive again in a different form; that good artiſts, like people who build upon a ſhort leaſe, will calculate the duration of a lie ſurely to anſwer their purpoſe: to laſt juſt as long, and no longer, than the turn is ſerved.

The *tenth* chapter treats of the characteriſtics of lies: how to know, when, where, and by whom invented? Your Dutch, Engliſh, and French ware are amply diſtinguiſhed from one another; an Exchange lie from one coined at the other end of the town; great judgement is to be ſhewn as to the place, where the ſpecies is intended to circulate: very low and baſe coin will ſerve for Wapping; there are ſeveral coffee-houſes, that have their particular ſtamps, which a judicious practitioner may eaſily know. All your great men have their proper *phantaſtics*. The author ſays, he has attained by ſtudy and application to ſo great ſkill in this matter, that brings him any lie, he can tell whoſe image it bears ſo truly, as the

great man himſelf ſhall not have the face to deny it. The promiſſory lies of great men are known by ſhouldering, hugging, ſqueezing, ſmiling bowing; and their lies in matter of fact by immoderate ſwearing.

He ſpends the whole *eleventh* chapter on one ſimple queſtion, *Whether a lie is beſt contradicted by truth, or by another lie!* The author ſays, that, conſidering the large extent of the cylinderical ſurface of the ſoul, and the great propenſity to believe lies in the generality of mankind of late years, he thinks the propereſt contradiction to a lie is another lie. For example; if it ſhould be reported, that the Pretender was at London, one would not contradict it, by ſaying he never was in England; but you muſt prove by eye-witneſſes, that he came no farther than Greenwich, and then went back again. Thus if it be ſpread about, that a great perſon were dying of ſome diſeaſe, you muſt not ſay the truth, that they are in health, and never had ſuch a diſeaſe, but that they are ſlowly recovering of it. So there was not long ago a gentleman, who affirmed, that the treaty with France, for bringing popery and ſlavery into England, was ſigned the 15th of September; to which another anſwered very judiciouſly, not by oppoſing truth to his lie, that there was no ſuch treaty; but that, to his certain knowledge, there were many things in that treaty not yet adjuſted.

The account of the ſecond volume of this excellent treatiſe is referred to another time.

REASONS

REASONS humbly offered by the company exerciſing the trade and myſtery of UPHOLDERS, againſt part of the BILL, *for the better viewing, ſearching, and examining drugs, medicines*, &c. 1724 *.

BEING called upon by ſeveral retailers and diſpenſers of drugs and medicines about town, to uſe our endeavours againſt the bill now depending *for viewing*, &c. In regard of our common intereſt, and in gratitude to the ſaid retailers and diſpenſers of medicines, which we have always found to be very effectual, we preſume to lay the following reaſons before the public againſt the bill.

That the company of upholders are far from being averſe to the giving of drugs and medicines in general, provided they may be of ſuch qualities as we require, and adminiſtered by ſuch perſons, in whom our company juſtly repoſe the greateſt confidence: and provided they tend to the encouragement of trade, and the conſumption of the woollen manufacture of this kingdom.

We beg leave to obſerve, that there hath been no complaint from any of the nobility, gentry, and citizens whom we have attended. Our practice, which conſiſts chiefly in outward applications, having been always ſo effectual, that none of our patients have been obliged to undergo a ſecond opera-

* In the year 1724 the phyſicians made application to parliament to prevent apothecaries diſpenſing medicine without the preſcription of a phyſician: during which this tract was diſperſed in the court of requeſts.

tion, excepting one gentlewoman; who, after her firſt burial, having burdened her huſband with a new brood of poſthumous children, her ſecond funeral was by us performed without any further charges to the ſaid huſband of the deceaſed. And we humbly hope, that one ſingle inſtance of this kind, a misfortune owing merely to the avarice of a ſexton in cutting off a ring, will not be imputed to any want of ſkill, or care in our company.

We humbly conceive, that the power by this bill lodged in the cenſors of the college of phyſicians, to reſtrain any of his Majeſty's ſubjects from diſpenſing, and well-diſpoſed perſons from taking what medicines they pleaſe, is a manifeſt incroachment on the liberty and property of the ſubject.

As the company, exerciſing the trade and myſtery of upholders, have an undiſputed right in and upon the bodies of all and every the ſubjects of the kingdom; we conceive the paſſing of this bill, tho' not abſolutely depriving them of their ſaid right, might keep them out of poſſeſſion by unreaſonable delays, to the great detriment of our company and their numerous families.

We hope it will be conſidered, that there are multitudes of neceſſitous heirs and penurious parents, perſons in pinching circumſtances with numerous families of children, wives that have lived long, many robuſt aged women with great jointures, elder brothers with bad underſtandings, ſingle heirs of great eſtates, whereby the collateral line are for ever excluded, reverſionary patents, and reverſionary promiſes of preferments, leaſes upon ſingle lives, and play-debts upon joint-lives, and that the perſons ſo aggrieved have no hope of being ſpeedily relieved any other way, than by the diſpenſing of drugs and medicines in the manner they now are; burying alive being judged repugnant to the known laws of this kingdom.

That

That there are many of the deceaſed, who by certain mechanical motions and powers are carried about town, who would have been put into our hands long before this time, by any other well-ordered government: by want of a due police in this particular our company have been great ſufferers.

That frequent funerals contribute to preſerve the genealogies of families, and the honours conferred by the crown, which are no where ſo well illuſtrated as on this ſolemn occaſion; to maintain neceſſitous clergy; to enable the clerks to appear in decent habits to officiate of Sundays; to feed the great retinue of ſober and melancholy men, who appear at the ſaid funerals, and who muſt ſtarve without conſtant and regular employment. Moreover, we deſire it may be remembered, that by the paſſing of this bill, the nobility and gentry will have their old coaches lye upon their hands, which are now employed by our company.

And we further hope, that frequent funerals will not be diſcouraged, as is by this bill propoſed, it being the only method left of carrying ſome poeple to church.

We are afraid, that by the hardſhips of this bill our company will be reduced to leave their buſineſs here, and practiſe at York and Briſtol, where the free uſe of bad medicines will be ſtill allowed.

It is therefore hoped, that no ſpecious pretence whatſoever will be thought ſufficient to introduce an arbitrary and unlimited power for people to live (in defiance of art) as long as they can by the courſe of nature, to the prejudice of our company, and the decay of trade.

That as our company are like to ſuffer in ſome meaſure by the power given to phyſicians to diſſect the bodies of malefactors, we humbly hope, that the manufacture of caſes for ſkeletons will be reſerved ſolely to the coffin-makers.

We likewiſe humbly preſume, that the intereſts

of the ſeveral trades and profeſſions, which depend upon ours, may be regarded; ſuch as that of hearſes, coaches, coffins, epitaphs, and bell-ropes, ſtone-cutters, feather-men, and bell-ringers; and eſpecially the manufacturers of crapes; and the makers of ſnuff, who uſe great quantities of old coffins, and who, conſidered in the conſumption of their drugs, employ by far the greateſt number of hands of any manufacture of the kingdom.

To

To the Right Honourable the Mayor and Aldermen of the city of London,

The humble PETITION of the Colliers, Cooks, Cook-maids, Blackſmiths, Jack-makers, Braſiers, and others,

SHEWETH,

THAT whereas certain virtuoſi, diſſaffected to the government, and to the trade and proſperity of this kingdoms, taking upon them the name and title of the *Catoptrical Victuallers*, have preſumed by gathering, breaking, folding, and bundling up the ſunbeams, by the help of certain glaſſes, to make, produce, and kindle up ſeveral new focus's, or fires, within theſe his Majeſty's dominions, and thereby to boil, bake, ſtew, fry, and dreſs all ſorts of victuals and proviſions, to brew, diſtill ſpirits, ſmelt oar, and in general to perform all the offices of culinary fires; and are endeavouring to procure to themſelves the monopoly of this their ſaid invention: We beg leave humbly to repreſent to your honours,

That ſuch grant or patent will utterly ruin and reduce to beggary your petitioners, their wives, children, ſervants, and trades on them depending; there being nothing left to them, after the ſaid invention, but warming of cellars, and dreſſing of ſuppers in the winter-time. That the aboliſhing ſo conſiderable a branch of the coaſting trade, as that of the colliers, will deſtroy the navigation of this kingdom. That whereas the ſaid catoptrical victu-

allers

allers talk of making uſe of the moon by night, as of the ſun by day, they will utterly ruin the numerous body of tallow-chandlers, and impair a very conſiderable branch of the revenue, which ariſes from the tax upon tallow and candles.

That the ſaid catoptrical victuallers do profane the emanations of that glorious luminary the ſun, which is appointed to rule the day, and not to roaſt mutton. And we humbly conceive, it will be found contrary to the known laws of this kingdom, to confine, foreſtall, and monopolize the beams of the ſun. And whereas the ſaid catoptrical victuallers have undertaken, by burning-glaſſes made of ice, to roaſt an ox upon the Thames next winter: we conceive all ſuch practices to be an incroachment upon the rights and privileges of the company of watermen.

That the diverſity of expoſition of the ſeveral kitchens in this great city, whereby ſome receive the rays of the ſun ſooner, and others later, will occaſion great irregularity as to the time of dining of the ſeveral inhabitants, and conſequently great uncertainty and confuſion in the diſpatch of buſineſs; and to thoſe, who, by reaſon of their northern expoſition, will be ſtill forced to be at the expences of culinary fires, it will reduce the price of their manufacture to ſuch inequality, as is inconſtent with common juſtice; and the ſame inconveniency will affect landlords in the value of their rents.

That the uſe of the ſaid glaſſes will oblige cooks, and cook-maids to ſtudy optics and aſtronomy, in order to know the due diſtances of the ſaid focuſes or fires, and to adjuſt the poſition of their glaſſes to the ſeveral altitudes of the ſun, varying according to the hours of the day, and the ſeaſons of the year; which ſtudies, at theſe years, will be highly troubleſome to the ſaid cooks and cook-maids, not to ſay any thing of the utter incapacity of ſome of them

them to go through with ſuch difficult arts; or (which is ſtill a greater convenience) it will throw the great art of cookery into the hands of aſtronomers and glaſs-grinders, perſons utterly unſkilled in other parts of that profeſſion, to the great detriment of the health of his Majeſty's good ſubjects.

That it is known by experience, that meat roaſted with ſun-beams is extremely unwholſome; witneſs ſeveral that have died ſuddenly after eating the proviſions of the ſaid catoptrical victuallers; foraſmuch as the ſun-beams taken inwardly render the humours too hot and aduſt, occaſion great ſweatings, and dry up the rectual moiſture.

The ſun-beams taken inwardly ſhed a malignant influence upon the brain, by their natural tendency towards the moon; and produces madneſs and diſtraction at the time of the full moon. That the conſtant uſe of ſo great quantities of this inward light will occaſion the growth of quakeriſm, to the danger of the church, and of poetry, to the danger of the ſtate.

That the influences of the conſtellations, thro' which the ſun paſſes, will, with his beams, be conveyed into the blood; and when the ſun is among the horned ſigns, may produce ſuch a ſpirit of unchaſtity, as is dangerous to the honour of your worſhips families.

That mankind living much upon the ſeeds and other parts of plants, theſe being impregnated with the ſun-beams, may vegetate and grow in the bowels, a thing of more dangerous conſequence to human bodies than breeding of worms; and this will fall heavieſt upon the poor, who live upon roots; and the weak and ſickly, who live upon barley and rice-gruel, *&c.* for which we are ready to produce to your honours the opinions of eminent phyſicians, that the taſte and property of the victuals is much altered to the worſe by the ſaid ſolar

lar cookery, fricaſſies being deprived of the *haut gout* they acquired by being dreſſed over charcoal.

Laſtly, Should it happen by an eclipſe of an extrordinary length, that this city ſhould be deprived of the ſunbeams for ſeveral months: how will his Majeſty's ſubjects ſubſiſt in the interim, when common cookery, with the arts depending upon it, if totally loſt?

In conſideration of theſe, and many other inconveniences, your petitioners humbly pray, that your honours would either totally prohibit the confining and manufacturing the ſunbeams for any of the uſeful purpoſes of life, or, in the enſuing parliament, to procure a tax to he laid upon them, which may anſwer both the duty and price of coals, and which we humbly conceive cannot be leſs than thirty ſhillings *per* yard ſquare, reſerving the ſole right and privilege of the catoptrical cookery to the royal ſociety, and to the commanders and crew of the bomb-veſſels, under the direction of Mr. Whiſton for finding out the longitude, who, by reaſon of the remoteneſs of their ſtations, may be reduced to ſtraits for want of firing.

And we likewiſe beg, that your honours, as to the forementioned points, would hear the Reverend Mr. Flamſtead, who is the legal officer appointed by the government to look after the heavenly luminaries, whom we have conſtituted our truſty and learned ſolicitor.

It cannot rain but it pours;

OR,

London ſtrowed with Rarities.

Being an account of the arrival of a white bear, at the houſe of Mr. Ratcliff in Biſhopſgate-ſtreet; as alſo of Fauſtina, the celebrated Italian ſinging woman; and of the copper-farthing Dean from Ireland. And laſtly of the wonderful wild man that was nurſed in the woods of Germany by a wild beaſt, hunted and taken in toils; how he behaveth himſelf like a dumb creature, and is a Chriſtian like one of us, being called Peter; and how he was brought to court all in green, to the great aſtoniſhment of the quality and gentry, 1726.

WE ſhall begin with a deſcription of Peter the ſavage, deferring our other curioſities to ſome following papers.

Romulus and Remus, the two famous wild men of antiquity, and Orſin that of the moderns, have been juſtly the admiration of all mankind: nor can we preſage leſs of this wild youth, as may be gathered from that famous and well-known prophecy of Lilly's, which being now accompliſhed, is moſt eaſily interpreted:

When Rome ſhall wend to Benevento,
And Eſpagne break the Aſſiento;

Whea

When eagle ſplit ſhall fly to China,
And Chriſtian folks adore Fauſtina:
Then ſhall an oak be brought to bed
Of creature neither taught nor fed;
Great feats ſhall he atchieve——

The Pope is now going to Benevento: the Spaniards have broke their treaty; the Emperor trades to China; and Lilly, were he alive, muſt be convinced, that it was not the Empreſs Fauſtina, that was meant in the prophecy.

It is evident, by ſeveral tokens about this wild gentleman, that he had a father and mother like one of us; but there being no regiſter of his chriſtening, his age is only to be gueſſed at by his ſtature and countenance, and appeareth to be about twelve or thirteen. His being ſo young was the occaſion of the great diſappointment of the ladies, who came to the drawing-room in full expectation of ſome attempt upon their chaſtity: ſo far is true, that he endeavoured to kiſs the young Lady Walpole, who, for that reaſon, is become the envy of the circle; this being a declaration of nature in favour of her ſuperior beauty.

Ariſtotle ſaith, that man is the moſt mimic of all animals; which opinion of that great philoſopher is ſtrongly confirmed by the behaviour of this wild gentleman, who is endowed with that quality to an extreme degree. He received his firſt impreſſions at court: his manners are firſt to lick people's hands, and then turn his breach upon them; to thruſt his hand into every body's pocket: to climb over people heads; and even to make uſe of the royal hand to take what he has a mind to. At his firſt appearance he ſeized on the Lord Chamberlain's ſtaff, and put on his hat before the king; from whence ſome have conjectured, that he is either deſcended from a grandee of Spain, or the Earls of Kinſale in Ireland. However, theſe are manifeſt

manifeſt tokens of his innate ambition; he is extremely tenacious of his own property, and ready to invade that of other people. By this mimic quality he diſcovered what wild beaſt had nurſed him: obſerving children to aſk bleſſing of their mothers, one day he fell down upon his knees to a ſow, and muttered ſome ſounds in that humble poſture.

It has been commonly thought, that he is Ulrick's natural brother, becauſe of ſome reſemblance of manners, and the officious care of Ulrick about him; but the ſuperiority of parts and genius in Peter demonſtrates this to be impoſſible.

Though he is ignorant both of ancient and modern languages, (that care being left to the ingenious phyſician, who is intruſted with his education); yet he diſtinguiſhes objects by certain ſounds framed to himſelf, which Mr. Rotenberg, who brought him over, underſtands perfectly. Beholding one day the ſhambles with great fear and aſtoniſhment, ever ſince he calls man by the ſame ſound which expreſſeth wolf. A young lady is a peacock, old women magpies and owls; a beau with a *toupee*, a monkey; glaſs, ice; blue, red, and green ribbons, he calls rainbow; an heap of gold, a turd. The firſt ſhip he ſaw, he took to be a great beaſt ſwimming on her back, and her feet tied above her; the men, that came out of the hold, he took to be her cubs, and wondered they were ſo unlike their dame. He underſtands perfectly the language of all heaſts and birds, and is not, like them, confined to that of one ſpecies. He can bring any beaſt he calls for, and no doubt is much miſſed now in his native woods, where he uſed to do good offices among his fellow-citizens, and ſerved as a mediator to reconcile their differences. One day be warned a flock of ſheep, that were driving to the ſhambles, of their danger; and, upon uttering ſome ſounds, they all fled. He takes vaſt pleaſure in converſa-

When eagle ſplit ſhall fly to China,
And Chriſtian folks adore Fauſtina:
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Of creature neither taught nor fed;
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manifeſt tokens of his innate ambition; he is extremely tenacious of his own property, and ready to invade that of other people. By this mimic quality he diſcovered what wild beaſt had nurſed him: obſerving children to aſk bleſſing of their mothers, one day he fell down upon his knees to a ſow, and muttered ſome ſounds in that humble poſture.

It has been commonly thought, that he is Ulrick's natural brother, becauſe of ſome reſemblance of manners, and the officious care of Ulrick about him; but the ſuperiority of parts and genius in Peter demonſtrates this to be impoſſible.

Though he is ignorant both of ancient and modern languages, (that care being left to the ingenious phyſician, who is intruſted with his education); yet he diſtinguiſhes objects by certain ſounds framed to himſelf, which Mr. Rotenberg, who brought him over, underſtands perfectly. Beholding one day the ſhambles with great fear and aſtoniſhment, ever ſince he calls man by the ſame ſound which expreſſeth wolf. A young lady is a peacock, old women magpies and owls; a beau with a *toupee*, a monkey; glaſs, ice; blue, red, and green ribbons, he calls rainbow; an heap of gold, a turd. The firſt ſhip he ſaw, he took to be a great beaſt ſwimming on her back, and her feet tied above her; the men, that came out of the hold, he took to be her cubs, and wondered they were ſo unlike their dame. He underſtands perfectly the language of all beaſts and birds, and is not, like them, confined to that of one ſpecies. He can bring any beaſt he calls for, and no doubt is much miſſed now in his native woods, where he uſed to do good offices among his fellow-citizens, and ſerved as a mediator to reconcile their differences. One day be warned a flock of ſheep, that were driving to the ſhambles, of their danger; and, upon uttering ſome ſounds, they all fled. He takes vaſt pleaſure in converſa-

tion with horſes; and going to the Meuſe to converſe with two of his intimate acquaintances in the king's ſtables, as he paſſed by, he neighed to the horſe at Charing-croſs, being, as it were, ſurprized to ſee him ſo high: he ſeemed to take it ill, that the horſe did not anſwer him; but I think no body can undervalue his underſtanding for not being ſkilled in ſtatuary.

He expreſſeth his joy moſt commonly by neighing; and whatever the philoſophers may talk of their riſibility, neighing is a more noble expreſſion of that paſſion than laughing, which ſeem to me to have ſomething ſilly in it; and beſides, is often attended with tears. Other animals are ſenſible they debaſe themſelves by mimicking laughter; and I take it to be a general obſervation, that the top felicity of mankind is to imitate monkies and birds; witneſs Harlequins, Scaramouches, and Maſqueraders; on the other hand, monkies, when they would look extremely ſilly, endeavour to bring themſelves down to mankind. Love he expreſſeth by the cooing of a dove, and anger by the croaking of a raven; and it is not doubted, but that he will ſerve in time as an interpreter between us and other animals.

Great inſtruction is to be had from this wild youth in the knowledge of ſimples; and I am of opinion, that he ought always to attend the cenſors of the college in their viſitation of apothecaries ſhops.

I am told, that the new ſect * of herb-eaters intend to follow him into the fields, or to beg him for a clerk of their kitchen; and that there are many of them now thinking of turning their children into woods to graze with the cattle, in hopes to raiſe a healthy and moral race, refined from the corruptions of this luxurious world.

He ſings naturally ſeveral pretty tunes of his own

* Dr. Cheyne's followers.

compoſing,

compoſing, and with equal facility in the choromatic, inharmonic, and diatonic ſtyle, and conſequently muſt be of infinite uſe to the academy in judging of the merits of their compoſers, and is the only perſon that ought to decide betwixt Cuzzoni and Fauſtina *.

I cannot omit his firſt notion of cloaths, which he took to be the natural ſkins of the creatures that wore them, and ſeemed to be in great pain for the pulling off a ſtocking, thinking the poor man was a-flaying.

I am not ignorant, that there are a diſaffected people, who ſay he is a pretender, and no genuine wild man. This calumny proceeds from the falſe notions they have of wild men, which they frame from ſuch as they ſee about the town, whoſe actions are rather abſurd than wild; therefore it will be incumbent on all young gentlemen who are ambitious to excel in this character, to copy this true original of nature.

The ſenſes of this wild man are vaſtly more acute, than thoſe of a tame one; he can follow the tract of a man, or any other beaſt of prey. A dog is an aſs to him for finding *trouſles*; his hearing is more perfect, becauſe his ears not having been confined by bandages, he can move them like a drill, and turn them towards the ſonorous object.

"Let us pray the Creator of all beings, wild and "tame, that as this wild youth, by being brought "to court, has been made a Chriſtian; ſo ſuch as "are at court, and are no Chriſtians, may lay a-"ſide their ſavage and rapacious nature, and return "to the meekneſs of the goſpel."

* Two rival ſingers at that time in the Italian operas here.

The NARRATIVE of Dr. ROBERT NORRIS, concerning the *ſtrange* and *deplorable frenzy* of Mr. JOHN DENNIS *, an officer of the Cuſtom-houſe.

Written in the year 1713.

IT is an acknowledged truth, that nothing is ſo dear to an honeſt man as his good name, nor ought he to neglect the juſt vindication of his character, when it is injuriouſly attacked by any man. The perſon I have at preſent cauſe to complain of, is indeed in very malancholy circumſtances, it having pleaſed God to deprive him of his ſenſes, which may extenuate the crime in him. But I ſhould be wanting in my duty, not only to myſelf, but alſo to my fellow-creatures, to whom my talents may prove of benefit, ſhould I ſuffer my profeſſion or honeſty to be undeſervedly aſperſed. I have therefore reſolved to give the public an account of all that has paſt between the unhappy gentleman and myſelf.

On the 20th inſtant, while I was in my cloſet, pondering the caſe of one of my patients, I heard a knocking at my door, upon opening of which entered an old woman with tears in her eyes, and told me, that without my aſſiſtance her maſter would be utterly ruined. I was forced to interrupt

* The Hiſtory of Mr Dennis is to be ſeen in Jacob's Lives of the Poets; or in Mr Pope's Dunciad, among the note upon which the curious reader may find ſome extracts from his writings. The occaſion of this narrative ſufficiently appears from the Doctor's own words.

her

her ſorrow, by enquiring her maſter's name and place of abode. She told me, he was one Maſter Dennis, an officer of the cuſtome-houſe, who was taken ill of a violent frenzy laſt April, and had continued in thoſe melancholy circumſtances with few or no intervals. Upon this I aſked her ſome queſtions relating to his humour and extravagancies, that I might the better know under what regimen to put him, when the cauſe of his diſtemper was found out. Alas, Sir, ſays ſhe, this day-fortnight, in the morning, a poor ſimple child came to him from the printer's; the boy had no ſooner entered the room, but he cried out, "the devil was come." He often ſtares ghaſtfully, raves aloud, and mutters between his teeth the word Cator, or Cato, or ſome ſuch thing. Now, Doctor, this Cator is certainly a witch, and my poor maſter is under an evil tongue; for I have heard him ſay, Cator has bewitched the whole nation. It pitied my very heart, to think that a man of my maſter's underſtanding and great ſcholarſhip, who, as the child told me, had a book of his own print, ſhould talk ſo outrageouſly. Upon this I went and laid out a groat for a horſe-ſhoe, which is at this time nailed on the threſhold of his door; but I don't find my maſter is at all the better for it; he perpetually ſtarts and runs to the window when any one knocks, crying out, "'S death! a meſſenger from the "French King! I ſhall die in the Baſtile."

Having ſaid this, the old woman preſented me with a vial of his urine; upon examination of which I perceived the whole temperament of his body to be exceeding hot. I therefore inſtantly took my cane and my beaver, and repaired to the place where he dwelt.

When I came to his lodgings near Charing-croſs, up three pair of ſtairs, (which I ſhould not have publiſhed in this manner, but that this lunatic conceals the place of his reſidence, on purpoſe to

prevent the good offices of thoſe charitable friends and phyſicians who might attempt his cure), when I came into the room, I found this unfortunate gentleman ſeated on his bed, with Mr. Bernard Lintot bookſeller on the one ſide of him, and a grave elderly gentleman on the other, who, as I have ſince learned, calls himſelf a grammarian; the latitude of whoſe countenance was not a little eclipſed by the fulneſs of his peruke. As I am a black lean man, of a pale viſage, and hang my cloaths on ſomewhat ſlovenly, I no ſooner went in, but he frowned upon me, and cried out with violence, "'S death, a Frenchman! I am betrayed to the "tyrant! who could have thought the Queen "would have delivered me up to France in this "treaty, and leaſt of all that you, my friends, "would have been in a conſpiracy againſt me?" —Sir, ſaid I, here is neither plot nor conſpiracy, but for your advantage. The recovery of your ſenſes requires my attendance, and your friends ſent for me on no other account I then took a particular ſurvey of his perſon, and the furniture and diſpoſition of his apartment. His aſpect was furious, his eyes were rather fiery than lively, which he rolled about in an uncommon manner He often opened his mouth, as if he would have uttered ſome matter of importance, but the ſound ſeemed loſt inwardly. His beard was grown, which they told me he would not ſuffer to be ſhaved, believing the modern dramatic poets had corrupted all the barbers in the town, to take the firſt opportunity of cutting his throat. His eye-brows were grey, long, and grown together, which he knit with indignation when any thing was ſpoken, inſomuch that he ſeemed not to have ſmoothed his forehead for many years. His flannel night-cap, which was exceedingly begrimmed with ſweat and dirt, hung upon his left ear; the flap of his breeches dangled

dangled between his legs, and the rolls of his ſtockings fell down to his ankles.

I obſerved his room was hung with old tapeſtry, which had ſeveral holes in it, cauſed, as the old woman informed me, by his having cut out of it the heads of divers tyrants, the fierceneſs of whoſe viſages had much provoked him. On all ſides of his room were pinned a great many ſheets of a tragedy called Cato, with notes on the margin with his own hand. The words abſurd, monſtrous, execrable, were every where written in ſuch large characters, that I could read them without my ſpectacles. By the fire-ſide lay three farthings worth of ſmall coal, in a ſpectator, and behind the door huge heaps of papers of the ſame title, which his nurſe informed me ſhe had conveyed thither out of his ſight, believing they were books of the black art; for her maſter never read in them, but he was either quite moped, or in raving fits. There was nothing neat in the whole room, except ſome books on his ſhelves, very well bound and gilded, whoſe names I had never before heard of, nor, I believe, were any where elſe to be found; ſuch as, Gibraltar, a comedy; Remarks on Prince Arthur; The Grounds of Criticiſm in Poetry; An Eſſay on Public Spirit. The only one I had any knowledge of was a Paradiſe Loſt, interleaved. The whole floor was covered with manuſcripts, as thick as a paſtry-cook's ſhop on a Chriſtmas eve. On his table were ſome ends of verſe and of candles; a gallipot of ink with a yellow pen in it, and a pot of half dead ale covered with a Longinus.

As I was caſting mine eyes round on all this odd furniture with earneſtneſs and aſtoniſhment, and in a profound ſilence, I was on a ſudden ſurpriſed to hear the man ſpeak in the following manner.

"Beware, Doctor, that it fare not with you as "with your predeceſſor the famous Hippocrates, "whom the miſtaken citizens of Abdera ſent for

"in

" in this very manner, to cure the philoſopher De-
" mocritus; he returned full of admiration at the
" wiſdom of that perſon, whom he had ſuppoſed
" a lunatic. Behold, Doctor, it was thus Ariſto-
" tle himſelf, and all the great ancients, ſpent their
" days and nights, wrapt up in criticiſm, and beſet
" all around with their own writings. As for me,
" whom you ſee in the ſame manner, be aſſured I
" have none other diſeaſe than a ſwelling in my
" legs, whereof I ſay no more, ſince your art may
" farther ſatisfy you."

I began now to be in hopes, that his caſe had been miſrepreſented, and that he was not ſo far gone, but ſome timely medicines might recover him. I therefore proceeded to the proper queries which, with the anſwers made to me, I ſhall ſet down in form of a dialogue, in the very words they were ſpoken, becauſe I would not omit the leaſt circumſtance in this narrative; and I call my conſcience to witneſs, as if upon oath, that I ſhall tell the truth, without addition or diminution.

Dr. Pray, Sir, how did you contract this ſwelling?

Denn. By a criticiſm.

Dr. A criticiſm! that's a diſtemper I never heard of.

Denn. 'S death, Sir, a diſtemper! it is no diſtemper, but a noble art. I have ſat fourteen hours a-day at it; and are you a doctor, and don't know there's a communication between the legs and the brain?

Dr. What made you ſit ſo many hours, Sir?

Denn. Cato, Sir.

Dr. Sir, I ſpeak of your diſtemper; what gave you this tumour?

Denn. Cato, Cato, Cato *.

* Remarks upon Cato, publiſhed by Mr. D. in the year 1712.

Old

Old Wom. For God's ſake, Doctor, name not this evil ſpirit; it is the whole cauſe of his madneſs: alas! poor maſter is juſt falling into his fits.

Mr. Lintot. Fits! Z—— what fits! A man may well have ſwellings in his legs, that ſits writing fourteen hours in a day. He got this by the Remaks.

Dr. The remarks, what are thoſe?

Denn. S'death! have you never read my remarks? I will be damned, if this dog Lintot ever publiſhed my advertiſements.

Mr. Lintot. Z——! I publiſhed advertiſement upon advertiſement; and if the book be not read, it is none of my fault, but his that made it. By G---, as much has been done for the book, as could be done for any book in Chriſtendom.

Dr. We do not talk of books, Sir; I fear thoſe are the fuel that feed the *delirium*; mention them no more. You do very ill to promote this diſcourſe.

I deſire a word in private with this other gentleman, who ſeems a grave and ſenſibe man: I ſuppoſe, Sir, you are his apothecary.

Gent. Sir, I am his friend.

Dr. I doubt it not. What regimen have you obſerved, ſince he has been under your care! You remember, I ſuppoſe, the paſſage of Celſus, which ſays, if the patient on the third day have an interval, ſuſpend the medicaments at night? Let fumigations be uſed to corroborate the brain. I hope you have upon no account promoted ſternutation by helliboré.

Gent. Sir, no ſuch matter, you utterly miſtake.

Dr. Miſtake: am I not a phyſician? and ſhall an apothecary diſpute my *noſtrums*? You may perhaps have filled up a preſcription or two of *Ratcliff's*, which chanced to ſucceed, and with that very preſcription, injudiciouſly preſcribed to different conſtitutions, have deſtroyed a multitude. *Pharmaco-*

pola

pola componat, medicus ſolus preſcribat. Fumigate him, I ſay, this very evening, while he is relieved by an interval.

Denn. 'S death, Sir, my friend an apothecary! a baſe mechanic! He who, like myſelf, profeſſes the nobleſt ſciences in the univerſe, criticiſm and poetry! Can you think I would ſubmit my writings to the judgement of an apothecary! By the immortals, he himſelf inſerted three whole paragraphs in my Remarks, had a hand in my Public Spirit, nay, aſſiſted me in my deſcription of the furies and infernal regions in my Appius.

Mr. Linto'. He is an author; you miſtake the gentleman, Doctor; he has been an author theſe twenty years to his bookſellers knowledge, and no man's elſe.

Denn. Is all the town in a combination? Shall poetry fall to the ground? Muſt our reputation be loſt to all foreign countries! O deſtruction! perdition! *Opera! Opera*!* As poetry once raiſed cities, ſo when poetry fails, cities are overturned, and the world is no more.

Dr. He raves, he raves; Mr. Lintot, I pray you pinion down his arms, that he may do no miſchief.

Denn. O I am ſick, ſick to death!

Dr. That is a good ſymptom, a very good ſymptom. To be ſick to death (ſay the modern phyſicians) is an excellent ſymptom. When a patient is ſenſible of his pain, it is half a cure. Pray, Sir, of what are you ſick?

Denn. Of every thing, of every thing. I am ſick of the ſentiments, of the diction, of the protaſis, of the epitaſis, and the cataſtrophe.—Alas! what is become of the drama, the drama?

Old Wom. The dram, Sir! Mr. Lintot drank up

* He wrote a treatiſe proving the decay of public ſpirit to proceed from Italian operas.

all

all the gin juſt now; but I'll go fetch more preſently!

Denn. O ſhameful want, ſcandalous omiſſion! By all the immortals, here is no *peripætia*, no change of fortune in the tragedy; Z—— no change at all!

Old. Wom. Pray, good Sir, be not angry, I'll fetch change.

Dr. Hold your peace, woman; his fit increaſes; good Mr. Lintot hold him.

Mr. Lintot. Plague on't! I'm damnably afraid, they are in the right of it, and he is mad in earneſt. If he ſhould be really mad, who the devil would buy the Remarks? (*Here Mr. Lintot ſcratched his head.*)

Dr. Sir, I ſhall order you the cold bath to-morrow——Mr. Lintot, you are a ſenſible man; pray ſend for Mr. Verdier's ſervant, and as you are a friend to the patient, be ſo kind as to ſtay this evening, whilſt he is cupped on the head. The ſymptoms of his madneſs ſeem to be deſperate; for Avicen ſays, that if learning be mixed with a brain that is not of a contexture fit to receive it, the brain ferments, till it be totally exhauſted. We muſt eradicate the undigeſted ideas out of the *pericraneum*, and reduce the patient to a competent knowledge of himſelf.

Denn. Caitiffs, ſtand off! unhand me, miſcreants! Is the man, whoſe whole endeavours are to bring the town to reaſon, mad? Is the man, who ſettles poetry on the baſis of antiquity, mad? Dares any one aſſert, there is a *peripætia* in that vile piece, that's foiſted upon the town for a dramatic poem? That man is mad, the town is mad, the world is mad. See Longinus in my right hand, and Ariſtotle in my left; I am the only man among the moderns that ſupport them. Am I to be aſſaſſinated? and ſhall a bookſeller, who hath lived upon

my

my labours, take away that life to which he owes his ſupport?

Gent. By your leave, gentlemen, I apprehend you not. I muſt not ſee my friend ill treated; he is no more affected with lunacy than myſelf: I am alſo of the ſame opinion as to the *peripætia*.——Sir, by the gravity of your countenance and habit, I ſhould conceive you to be a graduate phyſician; but by your indecent and boiſterous treatment of this man of learning, I perceive you are a violent ſort of perſon, I am loath to ſay *quack*, who, rather than his drugs ſhould lie upon his own hands, would get rid of them by cramming them into the mouths of others: the gentleman is of good condition ſound intellectuals, and unerring judgement: I beg you will not oblige me to reſent theſe proceedings.

Theſe were all the words that paſſed among us at this time; nor was there need for more, it being neceſſary that we ſhould make uſe of force in the cure of my patient.

I privately whiſpered the old woman to go to Mr. Verdier's in Long-Acre, with orders to come immediately with cupping-glaſſes; in the mean time, by the aſſiſtance of Mr. Lintot, we locked his friend into a cloſet, who, it is plain from his laſt ſpeech, was likewiſe touched in his intellects, after which we bound our lunatic hand and foot down to the bedſtead, where he continued in violent ravings, notwithſtanding the moſt tender expreſſions we could uſe, to perſuade him to ſubmit to the operation, till the ſervant of Verdier arrived. He had no ſooner clapped half a dozen cupping-glaſſes on his head, and behind his ears, but the gentleman above mentioned burſting open the cloſet, ran furiouſly upon us, cut Mr. Dennis's bandages, and let drive at us with a vaſt folio, which ſorely bruiſed the ſhin of Mr. Lintot; Mr. John Dennis alſo, ſtarting up with cupping-glaſſes on his head, ſeized another

another folio, and with the ſame dangerouſly wounded me in the ſcull, juſt above my right temple. The truth of this fact Mr. Verdier's ſervant is ready to atteſt upon oath, who taking an exact ſurvey of the volumes, found that which wounded my head to be Gruterus's Lampas Critica, and that which broke Mr Lintot's ſhin was Scaliger's Poetics. After this, Mr. John Dennis, ſtrengthened at one by rage and madneſs, ſnatched up a peruke-block, that ſtood by the bed-ſide, and wielded it round in ſo furious a manner, that he broke three of the cupping-glaſſes from the crown of his head, ſo that much blood tricked down his viſage.——He looked ſo ghaſtly, and his paſſion was grown to ſuch a prodigious height, that myſelf, Mr. Lintot, and Verdier's ſervant, were obliged to leave the room in all the expedition imaginable.

I took Mr. Lintot home with me, in order to have our wounds dreſſed, and laid hold of that opportunity of entering into diſcourſe with him about the madneſs of this perſon, of whom he gave me the following remarkable relation:

That on the 17th of May 1710, between the hours of ten and eleven in the morning, Mr. John Dennis entered into his ſhop, and opening one of the volumes of the Spectator, in the large paper, did ſuddenly, without the leaſt provocation, tear out that of No — where the author treats of poetical juſtice, and caſt it into the ſtreet. That the ſaid Mr. John Dennis, on the 27th of March 1712, finding on the ſaid Mr. Lintot's counter a book called an Eſſay on Criticiſm, juſt then publiſhed, he read a page or two with much frowning, till coming to theſe two lines,

Some have at firſt for wits, then poets, paſt,
Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at laſt.

he flung down the book in a terrible fury, and cried, "By G—d he means me."

That being in his company on a certain time, when Shakeſpear was mentioned as of a contrary opinion to Mr. Dennis, he ſwore the ſaid Shakeſpear was a raſcal, with other defamatory expreſſions, which gave Mr. Lintot a very ill opinion of the ſaid Shakeſpear.

That, about two months ſince, he came again into the ſhop, and caſt ſeveral ſuſpicious looks on a gentleman that ſtood by him, after which he deſired ſome information concerning that perſon He was no ſooner acquainted, that the gentleman was a new author, and that his firſt piece was to be publiſhed in a few days, but he drew his ſword upon him; and had not my ſervant luckily catched him by the ſleeve, I might have loſt one author upon the ſpot, and another the next ſeſſions.

Upon recollecting all theſe circumſtances, Mr. Lintot was entirely of opinion, that he had been mad for ſome time; and I doubt not but his whole narrative muſt ſufficiently convince the world of the exceſs of his frenzy. It now remains, that I give the reaſons which obliged me, in my own vindication, to publiſh this whole unfortunate tranſaction.

In the firſt place, Mr. John Dennis had induſtriouſly cauſed to be reported, that I entered into his room, *vi et armis*, either out of a deſign to deprive him of his life, or of a new play called Coriolanus, which he has had ready for the ſtage theſe four years.

Secondly, He hath given out, about Fleet-ſtreet and the Temple, that I was an accomplice with his bookſeller, who viſited him with intent to take away divers valuable manuſcripts, without paying him copy-money.

Thirdly, He hath told others, that I am no graduate phyſician, and that he had ſeen me upon a mountebank ſtage in Moorfields, when he had lodgings in the college there.

Fourthly,

Fourthly, Knowing that I had much practice in the city, he reported at the Royal Exchange, Cuſtomhouſe, and other places adjacent, that I was a foreign ſpy, employed by the French King to convey him into France; that I bound him hand and foot; and that, if his friend had not burſt from his confinement to his relief, he had been at this hour in the Baſtile.

All which ſeveral aſſertions of his are ſo very extravagant, as well as inconſiſtant, that I appeal to all mankind, whether this perſon be not out of his ſenſes. I ſhall not decline giving and producing further proofs of this truth in open court, if he drives the matter ſo far. In the mean time I heartily forgive him, and pray that the Lord may reſtore him to the full enjoyment of his underſtanding: ſo wiſheth, as becometh a Chriſtian,

ROBERT NORRIS, M. D.

From my houſe in Snow-hill,
July the 30th, 1713.

God ſave the Queen.

A full and true Account of a horrid and barbarous REVENGE by poiſon, on the body of Mr. EDMUND CURLL, bookſeller.

With a faithful Copy of his laſt will and teſtament.

HIſtory furniſheth us with examples of many ſatirical authors who have fallen ſacrifices to revenge, but not of any bookſellers, that I know of, except the unfortunate ſubject of the following paper; I mean Mr. Edmund Curll, at the Bible and Dial in Fleetſtreet, who was yeſterday poiſoned by Mr. Pope, after having lived many years an inſtance of the mild temper of the Britiſh nation.

Every body knows, that the ſaid Mr. Edmund Curll, on Monday the 26th inſtant, publiſhed a ſatirical piece, intitled, *Court-poems*, in the preface whereof they were attributed to a lady of quality, Mr. Pope or Gay; by which indiſcreet method, though he had eſcaped one revenge, there were ſtill two behind in reſerve.

Now, on the Wedneſday enſuing, between the hours of ten and eleven, Mr. Lintot, a neighbouring bookſeller, deſired a conference with Mr. Curll, about ſettling a title-page, inviting him at the ſame time to take a whet together. Mr. Pope, who is not the only inſtance how perſons of bright parts may be carried away by the inſtigation of the devil, found means to convey himſelf into the ſame room, under pretence of buſineſs with Mr. Lintot, who,

who, it ſeems is the printer of his Homer. This gentleman, with a ſeeming coolneſs, reprimanded Mr. Curll for wrongfully aſcribing to him the aforeſaid poems: he excuſed himſelf by declaring, that one of his authors (Mr. Oldmixon by name) gave the copies to the preſs, and wrote the preface. Upon this Mr. Pope, being to all appearance reconciled, very civilly drank a glaſs of ſack to Mr. Curll, which he as civilly pledged; and though the liquor in colour and taſte, differed not from common ſack, yet was it plain, by the pangs this unhappy ſtationer felt ſoon after, that ſome poiſonous drug had been ſecretly infuſed therein.

About eleven o'clock he went home, where his wife obſerving his colour changed, ſaid, "Are "you not ſick, my dear?" He replied, "Bloody "ſick;" and incontinently fell a vomiting and ſtraining in an uncommon and unnatural manner, the contents of his vomiting being as green as graſs. His wife had been juſt reading a book of her huſband's printing concerning Jane Wenham, the famous witch of Hertford, and her mind miſgave her, that he was bewitched; but he ſoon let her know, that he ſuſpected poiſon, and recounted to her, between the intervals of his yawnings and retchings, every circumſtance of his interview with Mr. Pope.

Mr. Lintot in the mean time coming in, was extremely affrighted at the ſudden alteration he obſerved in him: "Brother Curll, *ſays he*, I fear you "have got the vomiting diſtemper; which, I have "heard, kills in half an hour. This comes from "your not following my advice, to drink old "hock in a morning, as I do, and abſtain from "ſack." Mr. Curll replied in a moving tone, "Your author's ſack, I fear, has done my buſi"neſs." "Z——ds, *ſays Mr. Lintot*, my author! "Why did not you drink old hock?" Notwithſtanding which rough remonſtrance, he did in the moſt friendly manner preſs him to take warm wa-

ter; but Mr. Curll did with great obſtinacy refuſe it; which made Mr. Lintot infer, that he choſe to die, as thinking to recover greater damages.

All this time the ſymptoms increaſed violently, with acute pains in the lower belly. "Brother "Lintot, *ſays he*, I perceive my laſt hour ap- "proaching; do me the friendly office to call my "parner Mr. Pemberton, that we may ſettle our "worldly affairs." Mr. Lintot, like a kind neighbour, was haſtening out of the room, while Mr. Curll raved aloud in this manner: "If I ſurvive "this, I will be revenged on Tonſon; it was he "firſt detected me as the printer of theſe poems, "and I will reprint theſe very poems in his name." His wife admoniſhed him not to think of revenge, but to take care of his ſtock and his ſoul and in the ſame inſtant Mr. Lintot whoſe goodneſs can never be enough applauded, returned with Mr. Pemberton. After ſome tears jointly ſhed by theſe humane bookſellers, Mr. Curll being, as he ſaid, in his perfect ſenſes, though in great bodily pain, immediately proceeded to make a verbal will, Mrs. Curll having firſt put on his night-cap, in the following manner:

GEntlemen, in the firſt place, I do ſincerely pray for forgiveneſs for theſe indirect methods I have purſued in inventing new titles to old books, putting authors names to things they never ſaw, publiſhing private quarrels for public entertainment; all which I hope will be pardoned, as being done to get an honeſt livelihood.

I do alſo heartily beg pardon of all perſons of honour, lords ſpiritual and temporal, gentry, burgeſſes, and commonalty, to whoſe abuſe I have any or every way contributed by my publications; particularly, I hope it will be conſidered, that if I have vilified his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, I have likewiſe aſperſed the late Duke of Ormond; if

if I have abuſed the Hon. Mr. Walpole, I have alſo libelled the Lord Bolingbroke: ſo that I have preſerved that equality and impartiality, which becomes an honeſt man in times of faction and diviſion.

I call my conſcience to witneſs, that many of theſe things, which may ſeem malicious, were done out of charity: I having made it wholly my buſineſs to print for poor diſconſolate authors, whom all other bookſellers refuſe. Only God bleſs Sir Richard Blackmore! you know he takes no copy-money.

The ſecond collection of poems, which I groundleſsly called Mr. Prior's, will ſell for nothing, and hath not yet paid the charge of the advertiſements, which I was obliged to publiſh againſt him: therefore you may as well ſuppreſs the edition, and beg that gentleman's pardon in the name of a dying Chriſtian.

The French Cato, with the criticiſm, ſhewing how ſuperior it is to Mr. Addiſon's, (which I wickedly aſcribed to Madam Dacier), may be ſuppreſſed at a reaſonable rate, being damnably tranſlated.

I proteſt I have no animoſity to Mr. Rowe, having printed part of *Callipædia*, and an incorrect edition of his poems without his leave in quarto. Mr. Gildon's *Rehearſal*, or *Bays the younger*, did more harm to me than to Mr. Rowe; though, upon the faith of an honeſt man, I paid him double for abuſing both him and Mr. Pope.

Heaven pardon me for publiſhing the Trials of Sodomy, in the Elzevir-letter! but I humbly hope, my printing Sir Richard Blackmore's Eſſays will atone for them. I beg that you will take what remains of theſe laſt, (which is near the whole impreſſion, preſents excepted), and let my poor widow have in exchange the ſole property of the copy of Madam Maſcranny.

[*Here*

[*Here Mr. Pemberton interrupted, and would by no means conſent to this article; about which ſome diſpute might have ariſen unbecoming a dying perſon, if Mr. Lintot had not interpoſed, and Mr. Curll vomited.*

What this poor unfortunate man ſpoke afterwards, was ſo indiſtinct, and in ſuch broken accents, (being perpetually interrupted by vomitings, that the reader is intreated to excuſe the confuſion and imperfection of this account.

Dear Mr. Pemberton, I beg you to beware of the indictment at Hicks's-hall for publiſhing Rocheſter's bawdy poems; that copy will otherwiſe be my beſt legacy to my dear wife, and helpleſs child.

The caſe of impotence was my beſt ſupport all the laſt long vacation.

[*In this laſt paragraph Mr. Curll's voice grew more free for his vomitings abated upon his dejections, and he ſpoke what follows from his cloſe-ſtool.*]

For the copies of noblemens and biſhops laſt wills and teſtaments, I ſolemnly declare, I printed them not with any purpoſe of defamation; but merely as I thought thoſe copies lawfully purchaſed from Doctors Commons, at one ſhilling apiece. Our trade in wills turning to ſmall account, we may divide them blindfold.

For Mr. Manwaring's *Life*, I aſk Mrs Oldfield's pardon: neither his nor my Lord Hallifax's lives, though they were of ſervice to their country, were of any to me: but I was reſolved, ſince I could not print their works while they lived to print their lives after they were dead.

While

While he was ſpeaking theſe words, Mr. Oldmixon entered. "Ah? Mr. Oldmixon, *ſaid poor Mr. Curll*, to what a condition have your works reduced me! I die a martyr to that unlucky preface. However, in theſe my laſt moments I will be juſt to all men; you ſhall have your third ſhare of the *Court-poems*, as was ſtipulated. When I am dead, where will you find another bookſeller? Your Proteſtant packet might have ſupported you, had you writ a little leſs ſcurrilouſly; there is a mean in all things."

Here Mr. Lintot interrupted. "Why not find another bookſeller, Brother Curll?" and then aſide took Mr. Oldmixon aſide, and whiſpered him: "Sir, as ſoon as Curll is dead, I ſhall be glad to talk with you over a pint at the Devil."

Mr. Curll now turning to Mr. Pemberton, told him, he had ſeveral *taking title-pages*, that only wanted treatiſes to be wrote to them; and earneſtly deſired, that when they were written, his heirs might have ſome ſhare of the profit of them.

After he had ſaid this, he fell into horrible gripings; upon which Mr. Lintot adviſed him to repeat the Lord's prayer. He deſired his wife to ſtep into the ſhop for a Common-prayer book, and read it by the help of candle without heſitation. He cloſed the book, fetched a groan, and recommended to Mrs. Curll to give forty ſhillings to the poor of the pariſh of St. Dunſtan's, and a week's wages advance to each of his gentlemen-authors, with ſome ſmall gratuity in particular to Mrs. Centlivre.

The poor man continued for ſome hours with all his diſconſolate family about him in tears, expecting his final diſſolution; when of a ſudden he was ſurpriſingly relieved by a plentiful fœtid ſtool, which obliged them all to retire out of the room.

room. Notwithſtanding, it is judged by Sir Richard Blackmore, that the poiſon is ſtill latent in his body, and will infallibly deſtroy him by ſlow degrees in leſs than a month. It is to be hoped, the other enemies of this wretched ſtationer will not further purſue their revenge, or ſhorten this ſhort period of his miſerable life.

A further

A further ACCOUNT of the moſt DEPLORABLE CONDITION of Mr. EDMUND CURLL, bookſeller.

THE public is already acquainted with the manner of Mr. Curll's impoiſonment by a faithful, though unpolite hiſtorian of Grubſtreet. I am but the continuer of his hiſtory; yet I hope a due diſtinction will be made between an undignified ſcribler of a ſheet and half, and the author of a three-penny ſtitched book, like myſelf.

"Wit, ſaith Sir Richard Blackmore*, proceeds "from a concurrence of regular and exalted fer-"ments, and an affluence of animal ſpirits rectified "and refined to a degree of purity." On the contrary, when the igneous particles riſe with the vital liquor, they produce an abſtraction of the rational part of the ſoul, which we commonly call *madneſs*. The verity of this hypotheſis is juſtified by the ſymptoms with which the unfortunate Mr. Edmund Curll bookſeller hath been afflicted, ever ſince his ſwallowing the poiſon at the Swan-tavern in Fleet-ſtreet. For though the neck of his retort, which carries up the animal ſpirits to the head, is of an extraordinary length; yet the ſaid animal ſpirits riſe muddy, being contaminated with the inflammable particles of this uncommon poiſon.

The ſymptoms of his departure from his uſual temper of mind were at firſt only "ſpeaking civilly "to his cuſtomers, ſingeing a pig with a new pur-

* Blackmore's Eſſays, vol. 1.

"chaſed

" chaſed libel, and refuſing two and nine pence " for Sir Richard Blackmore's Eſſays."

As the poor man's frenzy increaſed, he began to " void his excrements in his bed, read Rocheſter's " bawdy poems to his wife, gave Oldmixon a ſlap in " the chops, and would have kiſſed Mr. Pem- " berton's a——, by violence."

But at laſt he came to ſuch a paſs, that he would " dine upon nothing but copper plates, took a " clyſter for a whipt ſyllabub, and made Mr. Lin- " tot eat a ſuppoſitory, for a radiſh, with bread " and butter."

We leave it to every tender wife to imagine, how ſorely all this afflicted poor Mrs. Curll; at firſt ſhe privately put a bill into ſeveral churches, deſiring the prayers of the congregation for a wretched ſtationer diſtempered in mind. But when ſhe was ſadly convinced, that his misfortune was public to all the world, ſhe writ the following letter to her good neighbour Mr. Lintot.

A true copy of Mrs. Curll's letter to Mr. Lintot.

WORTHY MR. LINTOT,

" YOU and all the neighbours know too well " the frenzy with which my poor man is viſi- " ted I never perceived he was out of himſelf, " till that melancholy day that he thought he was " poiſoned in a glaſs of ſack; upon this he ran a- " vomiting all over the houſe, nay, in the new- " waſhed dining-room. Alas! this is the greateſt " adverſity that ever befell my poor man, ſince he " loſt one teſticle at ſchool by the bite of a black " boar. Good Lord! if he ſhould die, where ſhould " I diſpoſe of the ſtock? unleſs Mr. Pemberton or " you would help a diſtreſſed widow; for God " knows, he never publiſhed any books that laſted " above a week, ſo that if he wanted *daily books*, " we wanted *daily bread*. I can write no more, for I " hear

" hear the rap of Mr. Curll's ivory-headed cane up-
" on the counter.----Pray recommend me to your
" paſtry-cook, who furniſhes you yearly with tarts
" in exchange for your paper, for Mr. Curll has
" diſobliged ours, ſince his fits came upon him ;---
" before that we generally lived upon baked meats.
" He is coming in, and I have but juſt time to put
" his ſon out of the way for fear of miſchief: ſo
" wiſhing you a merry Eaſter, I remain your

" Moſt humble ſervant,

" C. CURLL."

" P. S. As to the report of my poor huſband's
" ſtealing o' calf, it is really groundleſs, for he al-
" ways binds in ſheep."

But return we to Mr. Curll, who all Wedneſday continued outrageouſly mad. On Thurſday he had a lucid interval, that enabled him to ſend a general ſummons to all his authors. There was but one porter, who could perform this office, to whom he gave the following bill of directions, where to find them. This bill, together with Mrs. Curll's original letter, lie at Mr. Lintot's ſhop to be peruſed by the curious.

Inſtructions to a porter how to find Mr Curll's authors.

" AT a tallow-chandler's in Petty France, half-
" way under the blind arch, aſk for the hiſ-
" torian.

" At the Bedſtead and Bolſter, a muſic-houſe in
" Moorfields, two tranſlators in a bed together.

" At the Hercules and Still in Vinegar-yard, a
" ſchoolmaſter with carbuncles on his noſe.

" At a blackſmith's ſhop in the Friars, a Pinda-
" ric writer in red ſtockings.

" In the Calendar-mill-room at Exeter-change, " a compoſer of meditations.

" At the Three Tobacco-pipes in Dog and Bitch " yard, one that has been a parſon, he wears a blue " camblet coat, trimmed with black: my beſt wri- " ter againſt revealed religion.

" At Mr Summers a thief-catcher's, in Lewk- " ner's lane, the man that wrote againſt the impie- " ty of Mr Row's plays.

" At the Farthing pye-houſe in Totting-fields, " the young man who is writing my new paſtor- " als.

" At the Laundreſſes, at the Hole in the Wall " in Curſitors-alley, up three pair of ſtairs, the au- " thor of my *Church-hiſtory*,—— if his flux be ov- " er —— You may alſo ſpeak to the gentleman who " lies by him in the flock-bed, my index-maker.

" The Cook's * wife in Buckingham-court: bid " her bring along with her the ſimiles, that were " lent her for here next new play.

" Call at Budge-row for the gentleman you uſed " to go to in the cockloft; I have taken away the " ladder, but this landlady has it in keeping.

" I don't much care if you aſk at the Mint for the " old beetle-browed critic, and the purblind poet " at the alley over againſt St. Andrew's Holborn. " But this as you have time."

All theſe gentlemen appeared at the hour appointed in Mr. Curll's dining-room, two excepted; one of whom was the gentleman in the cock-loft, his landlady being out of the way, and the *gradus ad Parnaſſum* taken down; the other happened to be too cloſely watched by the bailiffs.

They no ſooner entered the room, but all of them ſhewed in their behaviour ſome ſuſpicion of each other; ſome turning away their heads with an

* Mrs. Centlivre,

air

air of contempt; others squinting with a leer, that shewed at once fear and indignation, each with a haggard abstracted mein, the lively picture of scorn, solitude, and short commons. So when a keeper feeds his hungry charge of vultures, panthers, and Libyan leopards, each eyes his fellow with a fiery glare; high hung, the bloody liver tempts their maw. Or as a housewife stands before her pales, surrounded by her geese; they fight, they hiss, they gaggle, beat their wings, and down is scattered as the winter's snow, for a poor grain of oats, or tare, or barley. Such looks shot thro' the room transverse, oblique, direct; such was the stir and din, till Curll thus spoke, (but without rising from his close-stool.)

"*Whores* and *Authors* must be paid beforehand "to put them in good humour; therefore here is "half a crown apiece for you to drink your own "healths, and confusion to Mr Addison, and all "other successful writers.

"Ah, Gentlemen! what have I not done? what "have I not suffered, rather than the world should "be deprived of your lucubrations? I have taken "involuntary purges, I have been vomited, three "times have I been caned, once was I hunted, "twice was my head broke by a grenadier, twice "was I tossed in a blanket; I have had boxes on "the ear, slaps on the chops: I have been frighted, pumped, kicked, slandered, and beshitten. "— I hope, Gentlemen, you are all convinced, "that this author of Mr. Lintot's could mean nothing else but starving you, by poisoning me. It "remains for us to consult the best and speediest "methods of revenge."

He had scarce done speaking, but the historian proposed a history of his life. The Exeter-Exchange gentleman was for penning articles of his faith. Some pretty smart Pindaric, says the red-stocking poet, would effectually do his business. But the

index-maker ſaid, there was nothing like an index to his Homer.

After ſeveral debates, they came to the following reſolutions.

" Reſolved, That every member of this ſociety, " according to his ſeveral abilities, ſhall contribute " ſome way or other to the defamation of Mr. " Pope

" Reſolved, That towards the libelling of the " ſaid Pope there be a ſum employed not exceeding " ſix pounds ſixteen ſhillings and nine pence (not " including advertiſements).

" Reſolved, That he has on purpoſe, in ſeveral " paſſages, perverted the true ancient Heathen " ſenſe of Homer, for the more effectual propa- " gation of the Popiſh religion.

" Reſolved, That the printing of Homer's battles " at this juncture, has been the occaſion of all the " diſturbances of this kingdom.

" Ordered, That Mr. Barnevelt * be invited to " be a member of this ſociety, in order to make " further diſcoveries.

" Reſolved, That a number of effective *errata's* " be raiſed out of Pope's Homer (not exceeding " 1746), and that every gentleman, who ſhall ſend " in one error, for his encouragement ſhall have " the whole works of this ſociety *gratis*.

" Reſolved, That a ſum not exceeding ten ſhil- " lings and ſix-pence be diſtributed among the " members of this ſociety for coffee and tobacco, " in order to enable them the more effectually to " defame him in coffee-houſes.

" Reſolved, That towards the further leſſening " the character of the ſaid Pope, ſome perſons be

* *The key to the lock*, a pamphlet written by Mr Pope, in which *The rape of the lock* was with great ſolemnity proved to be a political libel, was publiſhed in the name of Eſdras Barnevelt, apothecary.

" deputed

" deputed to abuſe him at ladies tea-tables, and " that in conſideration our authors are not well-" dreſſed enough, Mr. C-----y and Mr. Ke-----l be " deputed for that ſervice.

" Reſolved, That a ballad be made againſt Mr. " Pope, and that Mr. Oldmixon *, Mr. Gildon †, " and Mrs. Centlivre ‡, do prepare and bring in " the ſame.

" Reſolved, That, above all, ſome effectual ways " and means be found to increaſe the joint ſtock " of the reputation of this ſociety, which at preſent " is exceeding low, and to give their works the " greater currency; whether by raiſing the deno-" mination of the ſaid works by counterfeit title-" pages, or mixing a greater quantity of the fine " metal of other authors with the alloy of this ſo-" ciety.

" Reſolved, That no member of this ſociety for " the future mix ſtout in his ale in a morning, and " and that Mr. B------- remove from the Hercules " and Still.

" Reſolved, That all our members (except the " cook's wife) be provided with a ſufficient quan-" tity of the vivifying drops, or Byfield's *ſal vola-" tile*.

" Reſolved, That Sir Richard Blackmore ‖ be " appointed to endue this ſociety with a large quan-

* Oldmixon was all his life a party-writer for hire: and after having falſified Daniel's Chronicle in many places, he charged three eminent perſons with falſifing Lord Clarendon's hiſtory, which was diſproved by Dr. Atterbury, Biſhop of Rocheſter, the only ſurvivor of them.

† Gildon, a writer of criticiſms and libels, who abuſed Mr Pope in ſeveral pamphlets and books printed by Curll.

‡ Mrs Suſanna Centlivre, wife of Mr. Centlivre, yeomen of the mouth to his Majeſty, wrote a ſong before ſhe was ſeven years old, and many plays: ſhe wrote alſo a ballad againſt Mr Pope's Homer, before he began it.

‖ Sir Richard Blackmore, in his Eſſays, vol. 2. p. 270. accuſed Mr Pope in very high and ſober terms of profaneneſs and immorality, on the mere report of Curll, that he was author of a traveſtie on the firſt Pſalm.

" tity of regular and exalted ferments, in order to " enliven their cold ſentiments (being his true re- " ceipt to make wits *."

Theſe reſolutions being taken, the aſſembly was ready to break up, but they took ſo near a part in Mr. Curll's afflictions, that none of them could leave him without giving him ſome advice to reinſtate him in his health.

Mr. Gildon was of opinion, that, in order to drive a Pope out of his belly, he ſhould get the mummy of ſome deceaſed moderator of the General Aſſembly in Scotland to be taken inwardly as an effectual antidote againſt Antichriſt: but Mr. Oldmixon did conceive, that the liver of the perſon who adminiſtred the poiſon, boiled in broth, would be a more certain cure.

While the company were expecting the thanks of Mr. Curll for theſe demonſtrations of their zeal, a whole pile of Sir Richard's Eſſays on a ſudden fell on his head; the ſhock of which in an inſtant brought back his delirium. He immediately roſe up, overturned the cloſe-ſtool, and beſh--t the Eſſays (which may probably occaſion a ſecond edition), then without putting up his breeches, in a moſt furious tone he thus broke out to his books, which his diſtempered imagination repreſented to him as alive, coming down from their ſhelves, fluttering their leaves, and ſlapping their covers at him.

Now G--d damn all folios, quartos, octavos, and duodecimos! ungrateful varlets that you are, who have ſo long taken up my houſe without paying for your lodging! Are ye not the beggarly brood of fumbling journeymen! born in garrets among lice and cobwebs, nurſed up on gray peas, bullock's liver, and porter's ale? ---- Was not the firſt light you ſaw, the farthing candle I paid for? Did you

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not

not come before your time into dirty ſheets of brown paper? ----- And have not I cloathed you in double royal, lodged you handſomely in decent ſhelves, laced your backs with gold, equipped you with ſplendid titles, and ſent you into the world with the names of perſons of quality? Muſt I be always plagued with you? Why flutter ye your leaves and flap your covers at me? Damn ye all, "ye wolves "in ſheeps cloathing; rags ye were, and to rags "ye ſhall return." Why hold you forth your texts to me, ye paltry ſermons? Why cry ye, ----- at every word to me, ye bawdy poets? To my ſhop at Tunbribge ye ſhall go, by G---, and thence be drawn like the reſt of your predeceſſors, bit by bit, to the paſſage-houſe; for in this preſent emotion of my bowels, how do I compaſſionate thoſe who have great need, and nothing to wipe their breech with.

Having ſaid this, and at the ſame time recollecting that his own was yet unwiped, he abated of his fury, and with great gravity applied to that function the unfiniſhed ſheets of the conduct of the Earl of Nottingham.

A ſtrange but true Relation, how Mr. EDMUND CURLL of Fleet-ſtreet, ſtationer, out of an extraordinary deſire of lucre, went into Change-alley, and was converted from the Chriſtian religion by certain eminent Jews; and how he was circumciſed, and initiated into their myſteries.

AVarice (as Sir Richard, in the third page of his Eſſays, hath elegantly obſerved) "is an inor-"dinate impulſe of the ſoul towards the amaſſing "or heaping together a ſuperfluity of wealth, "without the leaſt regard of applying it to its pro-"per uſes."

And how the mind of man is poſſeſſed with this vice, may be ſeen every day both in the city and ſuburbs thereof. It has been always eſteemed by Plato, Puffendorff, and Socrates, as the darling vice of old age: but now our young men are turned uſurers and ſtockjobbers; and, inſtead of luſting after the real wives and daughters of our rich citizens, they covet nothing but their money and eſtates. Strange change of vice! when the concupiſcence of youth is converted into the covetouſneſs of age, and thoſe appetites are now become VENAL which ſhould be VENEREAL.

In the firſt place, let us ſhew you how many of the ancient worthies and heroes of antiquity have been undone and ruined by this deadly ſin of avarice.

I ſhall take the liberty to begin with Brutus, that noble Roman. Does not Ætian inform us, that he received fifty broad pieces for the aſſaſſination of that renowned Emperor Julius Cæſar, who fell a ſacrifice

ſacrifice to the Jews, as Sir Edmund Bury Godfrey did to the Papiſts?

Did not Themiſtocles let in the Goths and Vandals into Carthage for a ſum of money, where they barbarouſly put out the other eye of the famous Hannibal? as Herodotus hath it in his ninth book upon the Roman medals.

Even the great Cato (as the late Mr. Addiſon hath very well obſerved), though otherwiſe a gentleman of good ſenſe, was not unſullied by this pecuniary contagion; for he ſold Athens to Artaxerxes Longimanus for a hundred rix-dollars, which in our money will amount to two talents and thirty ſeſtertii, according to Mr. Demoivre's calculation. See Heſiod in his ſeventh chapter of Feaſts and Feſtivals.

Actuated by the ſame diabolical ſpirit of gain, Sylla the Roman conſul ſhot Alcibiades the ſenator with a piſtol, and robbed him of ſeveral bank-bills and 'chequer-notes to an immenſe value; for which he came to an untimely end, and was denied Chriſtian burial. Hence comes the proverb, *Incidat in Syllam.*

To come near to our own times, and give you one modern inſtance, though well known and often quoted by hiſtorians, *viz.* Echard, Dionyſius Halicarnaſſus, Virgil, Horace, and others: It is that, I mean, of the famous Godfrey of Bulloigne, one of the great heroes of the holy war, who robbed Cleopatra Queen of Egypt of a diamond necklace, ear-rings, and a Tompion's gold watch (which was given her by Mark Anthony); all theſe things were found in Godfrey's breeches pocket, when he was killed at the ſiege of Damaſcus.

Who then can wonder, after ſo many great and illuſtrious examples, that Mr. Edmund Curll the ſtationer ſhould renounce the Chriſtian religion for the Mammon of unrighteouſneſs, and barter his precious

precious faith for the filthy proſpect of lucre in the preſent fluctuation of ſtocks?

It having been obſerved to Mr. Curll, by ſome of his ingenious authors, (who I fear are not overcharged with any religion), what immenſe ſums the Jews had got by bubbles *, &c. he immediately turned his mind from the buſineſs, in which he was educated, but thrived little, and reſolved to quit his ſhop for 'Change-alley. Whereupon falling into company with the Jews at their club, at the ſign of the croſs in Cornhill, they began to tamper with him upon the moſt important points of the Chriſtian faith, which he for ſome time zealouſly and, like a good Chriſtian, obſtinately defended. They promiſed him Paradiſe, and many other advantages hereafter; but he artfully inſinuated, that he was more inclinable to liſten to preſent gain. They took the hint, and promiſed him, that immediately upon his converſion to their perſuaſion he ſhould become as rich as a Jew.

They made uſe likewiſe of ſeveral other arguments; to wit,

That the wiſeſt man that ever was, and inaſmuch the richeſt, beyond all peradventure was a Jew, videlicet, Solomon.

That David, the man after God's own heart, was a Jew alſo. And moſt of the children of Iſrael are ſuſpected for holding the ſame doctrine.

This Mr. Curll at firſt ſtrenuouſly denied; for indeed he thought them Roman Catholics, and ſo far was he from giving way to their temptations, that to convince them of his Chriſtianity he called for a pork griſking.

* *Bubble* was a name given to all the extravagant projects, for which ſubſcriptions were raiſed, and negotiated at vaſt premiums in Change-allay, in the year 1720. A name, which alluded to their production by the ferment of the South-ſea, and not to their ſplendor, emptineſs, and inutility: for it did not become a name of reproach in this caſe, till time compleated the metaphor and the bubble broke.

They

They now promiſed, if he would poiſon his wife, and give up his griſking, that he ſhould marry the rich Ben Meymon's only daughter. This made ſome impreſſion on him.

They then talked to him in the Hebrew tongue, which he not underſtanding, it was obſerved, had very great weight with him.

They now, perceiving that his godlineſs was only gain, deſiſted from all other arguments, and attacked him on his weak ſide, namely, that of avarice.

Upon which John Mendez offered him an eighth of an advantageous bargain for the apoſtles creed, which he readily and wickedly renounced.

He then ſold the Nine and thirty articles for a bull *; but inſiſted hard upon black puddings, being a great lover thereof.

Joſhua Pereira engaged to let him ſhare with him in his bottomrye; upon this he was perſuaded out of his Chriſtian name; but he ſtill adhered to black puddings.

Sir Gideon Lopez tempted him with forty pound ſubſcription in Ram's bubble; for which he was content to give up the four evangeliſts, and he was now completed a perfect Jew, all but black pudding and circumciſion; for both of which he would have been glad to have had a diſpenſation.

But, on the 17th of March, Mr Curll (unknown to his wife) came to the tavern aforeſaid. At his

* *Bulls* and *bears*. He who ſells that of which he is not poſſeſſed, is proverbially ſaid *to ſell the ſkin before he has caught the bear*. It was the practice of ſtockjobbers in the year 1720, to enter into contract for transferring S. S. ſtock at a future time for a certain price; but he who contracted to ſell had frequently no ſtock to transfer, nor did he who bought intend to receive any in conſequence of his bargain; the ſeller was therefore called a *bear*, in alluſion to the proverb; and the buyer a *bull*, perhaps only as a ſimilar diſtinction. The contract was merely a wager to be determined by the riſe or fall of ſtock; if it roſe, the ſeller paid the difference to the buyer proportioned to the ſum determined by the ſame computation to the ſeller.

entrance

entrance into the room, he perceived a meagre man, with a ſallow countenance, a black forky beard, and long veſtment. In his right hand he held a large pair of ſheers, and in his left a red-hot ſearing-iron. At ſight of this, Mr. Curll's heart trembled within him, and fain would he retire; but he was prevented by ſix Jews, who laid hands upon him, and unbuttoning his breeches, threw him upon the table a pale pitiful ſpectacle.

He now intreated them in the moſt moving tone of voice, to diſpenſe with that unmanly ceremonial, which if they would conſent to, he faithfully promiſed, that he would eat a quarter of paſchal lamb with them the next Sunday following.

All theſe proteſtations availed him nothing; for they threatened him, that all contracts and bargains ſhould be void, unleſs he would ſubmit to bear all the outward and viſible ſigns of Judaiſm.

Our apoſtate hearing this, ſtretched himſelf upon his back, ſpread his legs, and waited for the operation: but when he ſaw the high prieſt take up the cleft ſtick, he roared moſt unmercifully, and ſwore ſeveral Chriſtian oaths, for which the Jews rebuked him.

The ſavour of the effluvia that iſſued from him, convinced the old Levite, and all his aſſiſtants, that he needed no preſent purgation; wherefore, without further anointing him, he proceeded in his office; when, by an unfortunate jerk upward of the impatient victim, he loſt five times as much as ever Jew did before.

They, finding that he was too much circumciſed, which, by the levitical law, is worſe than not being circumciſed at all, refuſed to ſtand to any of their contracts: wherefore they caſt him forth from their ſynagogue; and he now remains a moſt piteous, woful, and miſerable ſight, at the ſign of the Old Teſtament and Dial in Fleet-ſtreet; his wife, poor woman, is at this hour lamenting over him, wring-

ing

ing her hands, and tearing her hair; for the barbarous Jews ſtill keep, and expoſe at Jonathan's and Garaway's, the memorial of her loſs, and her huſband's indignity.

PRAYER.

[*To ſave the ſtamp* *.]

"KEEP us, we beſeech thee, from the hands of "ſuch barbarous and cruel Jews, who albeit "they abhor the blood of black puddings, yet thirſt "they vehemently after the blood of white ones. "And that we may avoid ſuch like calamities, may "all good and well-diſpoſed Chriſtians be warned "by this unhappy wretch's woful example, to a-"bominate the hainous ſin of avarice, which, "ſooner or latter, will draw them into the cruel "clutches of Satan, Papiſts, Jews, and ſtockjob-"ber's. *Amen.*"

* All *forms of prayer and thankſgiving, books of devotion,* &c. being excepted in the ſtatute of 12 Anne (1712) charging pamphlets and papers contained in half a ſheet with one halfpenny, and every ſuch paper, being one whole ſheet, with a ſtamp-duty of one penny for every copy.

GOD's REVENGE againſt PUNNING.

Shewing the miſerable fates of perſons addicted to this crying ſin, in court and town.

MAnifold have been the judgements which heaven, from time to time, for the chaſtiſement of a ſinful people; has inflicted on whole nations. For when the degeneracy becomes common, it is but juſt the puniſhment ſhould be general: of this kind, in our own unfortunate country, was that deſtructive peſtilence, whoſe mortality was ſo fatal, as to ſweep away, if Sir William Petty may be believed, five millions of Chriſtian ſouls, beſides women and Jews.

Such alſo was that dreadful conflagration enſuing, in this famous metropolis of London, which conſumed, according to the computation of Sir Samuel Morland, one hundred thouſand houſes, not to mention churches and ſtables.

Scarce had this unhappy nation recovered theſe funeſt diſaſters, when the abomination of playhouſes roſe up in this land; from hence hath an inundation of obſcenity flowed from the court and overſpread the kingdom: even infants disfigured the walls of holy temples with exorbitant repreſentations of the members of generation: nay, no ſooner had they learned to ſpell, but they had wickedneſs enough to write the names thereof in large capitals: an enormity obſerved by travellers to be found in no country but England.

But when whoring and Popery were driven hence by the happy revolution; ſtill the nation ſo greatly offended, that Socinianiſm, Arianiſm, and Whiſtoniſm

toniſm, triumphed in our ſtreets, and were in a manner become univerſal

And yet, ſtill after all theſe viſitations, it has pleaſed heaven to viſit us with a contagion more epidemical, and of conſequence more fatal: this was foretold to us, firſt, by that unparallelled eclipſe in 1714: ſecondly, by the dreadful corruſcation in the air this preſent year: and, thirdly, by the nine comets ſeen at once over Soho-ſquare, by Mrs. Katharine Wadlington and others; a contagion that firſt crept in amongſt the firſt quality, deſcended to their footmen, and infuſed itſelf into their ladies: I mean the woful practice of PUNNING. This does occaſion the corruption of our language, and therein of the word of God tranſlated into our language, which certainly every ſober Chriſtian muſt tremble at.

Now, ſuch is the enormity of this abomination, that our very nobles commit punning not only over tea, and in taverns, but even on the Lord's-day, and in the King's chapel: therefore to deter men from this evil practice, I ſhall give ſome true and dreadful examples of God's revenge againſt punſters.

The Right Honourable —— but it is not ſafe to inſert the name of an eminent nobleman in this paper, yet I will venture to ſay, that ſuch a one has been ſeen; which is all we can ſay, conſidering the largeneſs of his ſleeves: this young nobleman was not only a flagitious punſter himſelf, but was acceſſary to the punning of others, by conſent, by provocation, by connivance, and by defence of the evil committed; for which the Lord mercifully ſpared his neck, but, as a mark of reprobation, wried his noſe.

Another nobleman of great hopes, no leſs guilty of the ſame crime, was made the puniſher of himſelf with his own hand, in the loſs of five hundred pounds at box and dice; whereby this un-

fortunate young gentleman incurred the heavy displeasure of his aged grandmother.

A third of no less illustrious extraction, for the same vice, was permitted to fall into the arms of a Delilah, who may one day cut off his curious hair, and deliver him up to the Philistines.

Colonel F——, an ancient gentleman of grave deportment, gave into this sin so early in his youth, that whenever his tongue endeavours to speak common sense, he hesitates so, as not to be understood.

Thomas Pickle, gentleman, for the same crime banished to Minorca.

Muley Hamet, from a healthy and hopeful officer in the army, turned a miserable invalid at Tilbury-fort.

—— Eustace, Esq; for the murder of much of the King's English in Ireland, is quite deprived of his reason, and now remains a lively instance of emptiness and vivacity.

Poor Daniel Button for the same offence deprived of his wits.

One Samuel an Irishman, for his forward attempt to pun, was stunted in his stature, and hath been visited all his life after with bulls and blunders.

George Simmons, shoemaker at Turnstile in Holborn, was so given to this custom, and did it with so much success, that his neighbours gave out he was a wit. Which report coming among his creditors, no body would trust him; so that he is now a bankrupt, and his family in a miserable condition.

Divers eminent clergymen of the university of Cambridge, for having propagated this vice, became great drunkards and Tories.

From which calamities, the Lord in his mercy defend us all, &c. &c.

A wonderful PROPHECY taken from the mouth of the ſpirit of a perſon, who was barbarouſly ſlain by the Mohocks:

Proving alſo, that the ſaid Mohocks and Hawcubites are the Gog and Magog mentioned in the Revelations; and therefore that this vain and tranſitory world will ſhortly be brought to its final diſſolution.

Breathed forth in the year 1712.

Woe! Woe! Woe!

WOE to London, Woe to Weſtminſter! Woe to Southwark! and woe to the inhabitants thereof!

I am loath to ſay, Woe to the old and new churches, thoſe that are built, and thoſe that are not built!

But woe to the gates, the ſtreets, and the houſes! Woe to the men, the women, and the children! for the Mohocks and Hawcubites are already come: the time draweth near, and the end approacheth!

Not to mention the near reſemblance betwixt the names of Mohock and Gog, Hawcubite and Maggog, (though I think there is a great deal even in that), I ſhall go on to proceed in my more ſolid arguments, proving to you not only the things that are, but alſo the things that are not.

The things that are, are the Mohocks and Hawcubites;

cubites; the things that are not, are Gog and Magog; and yet both the things that are, and the things that are not, are one and the ſame thing.

How this matter is, or when it is to be fulfilled, neither you nor I know, but I only.

For when the Mohocks and Hawcubites came, Satan came alſo among them; and where Satan is, there are Gog and Magog alſo.

They have the mark of the beaſt in their foreheads, and the beaſt himſelf is in their hearts, their teeth are ſharp like the teeth of lions, their tails are fiery like the tails of ſcorpions, and their hair is as the hair of women.

Here the ſpirit pauſed a while——and thus again proceeded.

Now liſten to what is to come.

Thoſe that are in ſhall abide in, and thoſe that are out ſhall abide out.——Yet thoſe that are in ſhall be as thoſe that are out, and thoſe that are out ſhall be as thoſe that are in.

Be not dejected——fear not——but believe and tremble.

The lions of this world are dead, and the princes of this world are dead alſo, and the next world draweth nigh.

That ancient Whig, the Antichriſt of St. John, ſhall lead the van like a young dragon, but he ſhall be cut piece-meal, and diſpoſſeſſed.

The dragon upon Bow-church, and the graſshopper upon the Royal-Exchange, ſhall meet together upon Stocks-market, and ſhake hands like brethren.

Shake therefore your heads, O ye people! my time is ſhort, and yours is not long; lengthen therefore your repentance, and ſhorten your iniquities.

Lo! the comet appeareth in the ſouth! yea, it appeareth

appeareth exceedingly. Ah, poor deluded Chriſtians! Ah, blind brethren! think not that this baleful dog-ſtar only ſhaketh his tail at you in waggery; no, it ſhaketh it as a rod. It is not a ſporting tail, but a fiery tail, even as the tail of a harlot; yea, ſuch a tail as may reach, and be told, to all poſterity.

I am the porter that was barbarouſly ſlain in Fleet-ſtreet: by the Mohocks and Hawcubites was I ſlain, when they laid violently hands upon me.

They put their hook into my mouth, they divided my noſtrils aſunder, they ſent me, as they thought, to my long home; but now I am returned again to foretell their deſtruction.

The time is at hand, when the freethinkers of Great-Britain ſhall be converted to Judaiſm: and the Sultan ſhall receive the foreſkins of Toland and Collins * in a box of gold.

Yet two days, a day, and half a day, yea, upon the twelfth hour of the fourth day, thoſe emblems of Gog and Magog, at the Guild-hall ſhall fall to the ground, and be broken aſunder. With them ſhall periſh the Mohocks and Hawcubites, and the whole world ſhall periſh with them.

Here the ſpirit diſappeared, and immediately thereupon held his peace.

Authors of ſeveral books in favour of infidelity.

The

The COUNTRY-POST.

From Tueſday, Auguſt the 12th, to Thurſday, Auguſt the 14th.

From the hen-rooſt, Auguſt the 4th.

TWO days ago we were put in a dreadful conſternation by the advance of a kite, which threatened every minute to fall upon us: he made ſeveral motions as if he deſigned to attack our left wing, which covered our infantry. We were alarmed at his approach, and upon a general muſter of all our forces, the kitchen-maid came to our relief; but we were ſoon convinced, that ſhe had betrayed us, and was in the intereſt of the kite aforeſaid; for ſhe twiſted off two of our companions necks, and ſtript them naked: five of us were alſo clapped in a cloſe priſon, in order to be ſold for ſlaves the next maket-day.

P. S. The black hen was laſt night ſafely delivered of ſeven young ducks.

From the garden, Auguſt the 3d.

The boars have done much miſchief of late in theſe parts, to ſuch a degree, that not a turnip or carrot can be ſafe in their beds. Yeſterday ſeveral of themwere taken, and ſentenced to have a wooden engine put about their necks. to have their noſes bored, and rings thruſt through them, as a mark of infamy for ſuch practices.

From

From the great pond, Auguſt the 1ſt.

Yeſterday a large ſail of ducks paſſed by here, after a ſmall reſiſtance from two little boys, who flung ſtones at them; they landed near the barn-door, where they foraged with very good ſucceſs: while they were upon this enterprize, an old turkey-cock attacked a maid in a red petticoat, and ſhe retired with great precipitation. This afternoon being ſomewhat rainy, they ſet ſail again, and took ſeveral frogs. Juſt now arrived the parſon's wife, and twenty ducks were brought before her in order to be tried, but for what crime we know not, however two of them were condemned; it was alſo obſerved, that ſhe carried off a goſling and three ſucking pigs.

From the little fort at the one of the garden, Auguſt the 5th.

Laſt night two young men of this place made a detachment of their breeches, in order, as it is thought, to poſſeſs themſelves of the two overtures of the ſaid fort; but at their approach they heard great firing from the port-holes; they found them already bombarded by the rear-guard of Sarah and Suky, who fearing theſe young men were come to beat up their quarters, deſerted their neceſſary poſts, which were immediately taken poſſeſſion of, notwithſtanding they were much annoyed by reaſon of ſeveral ſtink-pots, that had been flung there the ſame morning.

From the barley-mow near the barn, Auguſt the 3d.

It was yeſterday rumoured, that there was heard a mighty ſqueaking near this place, as of an army of mice, who were thought to lie in ambuſcade in the

the ſaid mow: upon this the farmer aſſembled together a council of neighbours, wherein it was reſolved, that the mow ſhould be removed to prevent the farther deſtruction of the forage. This day the affair was put in execution; four hundred and ſeventy-nine mice and three large rats were killed, and a vaſt number wounded, by pitch-forks and other inſtruments of huſbandry. A mouſe, that was cloſe purſued, took ſhelter under Dolly's petticoats, but by the vigilance of George Simmons he was taken, as he was endeavouring to force his way through a deep moraſs and cruſhed to death on the ſpot. There was nothing material happened the next day, only Cicily Hart was obſerved to make water under the ſaid mow, as ſhe was going a-milking,

From the great yard, Auguſt the 2d.

It is very credibly reported, that there is a treaty of marriage on foot between the old red cock, and the pyed hen, they having of late appeared very much in public together: he yeſterday made her a preſent of three barley-corns, ſo that we look on this affair as concluded. This is the ſame cock that fought a duel for her about a month ago.

From the 'Squire's houſe.

Sunday laſt there was a noble entertainment in our great hall, where were preſent the parſon and the farmer: the parſon eat like a farmer, and the farmer like a parſon; we refer you to the curious in calculations to decide which eat moſt.

It is reported, that the miniſter chriſtened a male child laſt week, but it wants confirmation.

From

From the juſtices meeting, Auguſt the 7th.

This day a jack-daw, well known in the pariſh, was ordered cloſe priſoner to a cage, for crying *cuckold* to a juſtice of the *quorum*; and the ſame evening certain apples, for hiſſing in a diſreſpectful manner as they were roaſting, were commited to Lambs-wool. The ſame day the ſaid juſtices cauſed a pig to be whipt to death, and eat the ſame, being convicted of ſqueaking on the 10th of June.

From the church, Auguſt the 8th.

Divine ſervice is continued in our pariſh as uſual, though we have ſeldom the company of any of the neighbouring gentry; by whoſe manner of living it may be conjectured, that the advices from this place are not credited by them, or elſe regarded as matters of little conſequence.

From the church-yard, Auguſt the 8th.

The miniſter, having obſerved his only daughter to ſeem too much affected with the intercourſe of his bull and the cows of the pariſh, has ordered the ceremony for the future, to be performed not in his own court, but in the church-yard; where, at the firſt ſolemnity of that kind, the grave-ſtones of John Fry, Peter How, and Mary d'Urfey were ſpurned down. This has already occaſioned great debates in the veſtry, the latter being the deceaſed wife of the ſinging-clerk of this place.

Caſualties this week.

Several caſualties have happened this week, and the bill of mortality is very much increaſed. There have

have died of the falling-ſickneſs two ſtumbling horſes, as alſo one of their riders, Smothered (in onions) ſeven rabbits. Stifled (in a ſoldier's breeches) two geeſe. Of a ſore throat, ſeveral ſheep and calves at the butchers. Starved to death, one baſtard child nurſed at the pariſh-charge. Still-born, in eggs of turkeys, geeſe, ducks, and hens, thirty-ſix. Drowned, nine puppies. Of wind in the bowels, five bottles of ſmall-beer. I have not yet ſeen the exact liſt of the pariſh-clerk, ſo that for a more particular account, we refer you to our next.

We have nothing material as to the ſtocks, only that Dick Adams was ſet in them laſt Sunday for ſwearing.

A true

A true and faithful NARRATIVE of what paſſed in LONDON, during the general conſternation of all ranks and degrees of mankind, on Tueſday, Wedneſday, Thurſday, and Friday laſt.

ON Tueſday the 13th of October, Mr. Whiſton held his lecture near the Royal Exchange, to an audience of fourteen worthy citizens, his ſubſcribers and conſtant hearers. Beſides theſe there were five chance auditors for that night only, who had paid their ſhillings a-piece. I think myſelf obliged to be very particular in this relation, leſt my veracity ſhould be ſuſpected; which makes me appeal to the men who were preſent; of which I myſelf was one. Their names are,

Henry Watſon, *haberdaſher.*
George Hancock, *druggiſt.*
John Lewis, *dry-ſalter.*
William Jones, *corn-chandler.*
Henry Theobald, *watch-maker.*
James Peters, *draper.*
Thomas Floyer, *ſilver ſmith.*
John Wells, *brewer.*
Samuel Greg, *ſoap-boiler.*
William Cooley, *fiſh-monger.*
James Harper, *hoſier.*
Robert Tucker, *ſtationer.*
George Ford, *ironmonger.*
Daniel Lynch, *apothecary.*

William Bennet,
David Somers,
Charles Lock.
Leonard Daval,
Henry Croft,
} *apprentices.*

Mr. Whiſton began by aquainting us, that (contrary to his advertiſement) he thought himſelf in duty and conſcience obliged to change the ſubject-matter of his intended diſcourſe.—Here he pauſed, and ſeemed for a ſhort ſpace, as it were, loſt in devotion and mental prayer; after which, with great earneſtneſs and vehemence he ſpake as follows:

"Friends and fellow-citizens, all ſpeculative ſci-
"ence is at an end: the period of all things is at
"hand; on Friday next this world ſhall be no more.
"Put not your confidence in me, brethren; for
"to-morrow-morning, five minues after five, the
"truth with be evident; in that inſtant the co-
"met ſhall appear, of which I have heretofore
"warned you. As ye have heard, believe. Go
"hence, and prepare your wives, your families,
"and friends, for the univerſal change."

At this ſolemn and dreadful prediction, the whole ſociety appeared in the utmoſt aſtoniſhment; but it would be unjuſt not to remember, that Mr. Whiſton himſelf was in ſo calm a temper as to return a ſhilling a-piece to the youths, who had been diſappointed of their lecture, which I thought, from a man of his integrity, a convincing proof of his own faith in the prediction.

As we thought it a duty, in charity to warn all men; in two or three hours the news had ſpread thro' the city. At firſt indeed our report met with but little credit, it being by our greateſt dealers in ſtocks thought only a court-artifice to ſink them, that ſome choice favourites might purchaſe at a lower rate; for

for the South-ſea that very evening fell five *per cent.* the India eleven; and all the other funds in proportion. But at the court-end of the town our atteſtations were entirely diſbelieved, or turned into ridicule; yet neverthleſs the news ſpread every where, and was the ſubject-matter of all converſation.

That very night (as I was credibly informed) Mr. Whiſton was ſent for to a great lady, who was very curious in the learned ſciences, and addicted to all the ſpeculative doubts of the moſt able philoſophers; but he was not now to be found: and ſince at other times he has been known not to decline that honour, I make no doubt he concealed himſelf to attend the great buſineſs of his ſoul: but whether it was the Lady's faith, or inquiſitiveneſs, that occaſioned her to ſend, is a point I ſhall not preſume to determine. As for his being ſent for to the ſecretary's office by a meſſenger, it is now known to be a matter notoriouſly falſe, and indeed at firſt it had little credit with me, that ſo zealous and honeſt a man ſhould be ordered into cuſtody as a ſeditious preacher, who is known to be ſo well affected to the preſent happy eſtabliſhment.

It was now I reflected with exceeding trouble and ſorrow, that I had diſuſed family-prayers for above five years, and (though it had been a cuſtom of late entirely neglected by men of any buſineſs or ſtation) I determined within myſelf no longer to omit ſo reaſonable and religious a duty. I acquainted my wife with my intentions: but two or three neighbours having being engaged to ſup with us that night, and many hours being unwarily ſpent at cards, I was prevailed upon by her to put it off till the next day; ſhe reaſoning that it would be time enough to take off the ſervants from their buſineſs (which this practice muſt infallibly occaſion for an hour or two every day), after the comet had made its appearance.

Zachary Bowen, a quaker, and my next neighbour, had no ſooner heard of the prophecy, but he made me a viſit. I informed him of every thing I had heard, but found him quite obſtinate in his unbelief; for, ſaid he, be comforted, friend, thy tidings are impoſſibilities; for were theſe things to happen, they muſt have been foreſeen by ſome of our brethren. This indeed (as in all other ſpiritual caſes with this ſet of people) was his only reaſon againſt believing me; and, as he was fully perſuaded, that the prediction was erroneous, he, in a very friendly manner, admoniſhed me againſt ſelling my ſtock at the preſent low price; which, he ſaid, beyond diſpute muſt have a riſe before Monday, when this unreaſonable conſternation ſhould be over.

But on Wedneſday morning (I believe to the exact calculation of Mr. Whiſton) the comet appeared: for at three minutes after five, by my own watch, I ſaw it. He indeed foretold, that it would be ſeen at five minutes after five, but as the beſt watches may be a minute or two too ſlow, I am apt to think his calculation juſt to a minute.

In leſs than a quarter of an hour all Cheapſide was crouded with a vaſt concourſe of people, and notwithſtanding it was ſo early, it is thought, that through all that part of the town, there was not a man, woman, or child, except the ſick or infirm, left in their beds. From my own balcony, I am confident, I ſaw ſeveral thouſands in the ſtreet, and counted at leaſt ſeventeen, who were upon their knees, and ſeemed in actual devotion. Eleven of them indeed appeared to be old women about fourſcore; the ſix others were men in an advanced life, but (as I could gueſs) two of them might be under ſeventy.

It is highly probable, that an event of this nature may be paſſed over by the greater hiſtorians of our times, as conducing very little or nothing to the unravelling

unravelling and laying open the deep ſchemes of politicians and myſteries of ſtate; for which reaſon, I thought it might not be unacceptable to record the facts, which in the ſpace of three days came to my knowledge, either as an eye-witneſs, or from unqueſtionable authorities; nor can I think this narrative will be enirely without its uſe, as it may enable us to form a more juſt idea of our countrymen in general, particularly in regard to their faith, religion, morals, and politics.

Before Wedneſday noon the belief was univerſal, that the day of judgement was at hand, inſomuch that a waterman of my acquaintance told me, he counted no leſs than one hundred and twenty-three clergymen, who had been ferried over to Lambeth before twelve o'clock; theſe, it is ſaid, went thither to petition, that a ſhort prayer might be penned, and ordered, there being none in the ſervice upon that occaſion. But as in things of this nature it is neceſſary that the council be conſulted, their requeſt was not immediately complied with; and this I affirm to be the true and only reaſon, that the churches were not that morning ſo well attended; and is in no ways to be imputed to the fears and conſternation of the clergy, with which the freethinkers have ſince very unjuſtly reproached them.

My wife and I went to church (where we had not been for many years on a week day) and, with a very large congregation were diſappointed of the ſervice. But (what will be ſcarce credible) by the careleſſneſs of a prentice, in our abſence, we had a piece of fine cambric carried off by a ſhop-lifter: ſo little impreſſion was yet made on the minds of theſe wicked women!

I cannot omit the care of a particular director of the bank; I hope the worthy and wealthy knight will forgive me, that I endeavour to do him juſtice; for it was unqueſtionably owing to Sir Gilbert

Heathcote's ſagacity *, that all the fire-offices were required to have a particular eye upon the bank of England. Let it be recorded to his praiſe, that, in the general hurry, this ſtruck him as his neareſt and tendereſt concern; but the next day in the evening, after having taken due care of his books, bills, and bonds, I was informed, his mind was wholly turned upon ſpiritual matters; yet ever and anon, he could not help expreſſing his reſentment againſt the Tories and Jacobites, to whom he imputed that ſudden run upon the bank, which happened on that occaſion.

A great man (whom at this time it may not be prudent to name) employed all the Wedneſday morning to make up ſuch an account, as might appear fair, in caſe he ſhould be called upon to produce it on the Friday; but was forced to deſiſt, after having for ſeveral hours together attempted it, not being able to bring himſelf to a reſolution to truſt the many hundred articles of his ſecret tranſactions upon paper.

Another ſeemed to be very melancholly, which his flatterers imputed to his dread of loſing his power in a day or two; but I rather take it, that his chief concern was the terror of being tried in a court that could not be influenced, and where a majority of voices could avail him nothing. It was obſerved too, that he had few viſiters that day; this added ſo much to his mortification, that he read through the firſt chapter of the book of Job, and wept over it bitterly: in ſhort he ſeemed a true penitent in every thing, but in charity to his neighbour. No buſineſs was that day done in his compting-houſe; it is ſaid too, that he was adviſed to reſtitution, but I never heard that he complied with it, any farther

* Sir Gilbert Heathcote had before ſignalized his care for the Bank, when in equal danger, by petitioning againſt the Lord Treaſurer Godolphin's being removed, as a meaſure that would deſtroy the public credit.

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than in giving half a crown a-piece to ſeveral crazed, and ſtarving creditors, who attended in the outward room.

Three of the maids of honour ſent to countermand their birth-day cloaths: two of them burnt all their collections of novels and romances, and ſent to a bookſeller's in Pallmall to buy each of them a bible, and Taylor's holy living and dying. But I muſt do all of them the juſtice to acknowledge, that they ſhewed a very decent behaviour in the drawing-room, and reſtrained themſelves from theſe innocent freedoms and little levities ſo commonly incident to young ladies of their profeſſion. So many birth-day ſuits were countermanded next day, that moſt of the taylors and mantua-makers diſcharged all their journeymen and women. A grave elderly lady, of great erudition and modeſty, who viſits theſe young ladies, ſeemed to be extremely ſhocked by the apprehenſions, that ſhe was to appear naked before the whole world; and no leſs ſo, that all mankind was to appear naked before her; which might ſo much divert her thoughts, as to incapacitate her to give ready and apt anſwers to the interrogatories that might be made her. The maids of honour, who had both modeſty and curioſity, could not imagine the ſight ſo diſagreeable as was repreſented; nay, one of them went ſo far as to ſay, ſhe perfectly longed to ſee it; for it could not be ſo indecent, when every body was to be alike; and they had a day or two to prepare themſelves to be ſeen in that condition. Upon this reflection, each of them ordered a bathing-tub to be got ready that evening, and a looking-glaſs to be ſet by it. So much are theſe young ladies both by nature and cuſtom addicted to cleanly appearance.

A weſt-country gentleman told me, he got a church-leaſe filled up that morning, for the ſame ſum which had been refuſed for three years ſucceſſively. I muſt impute this merely to accident; for I cannot imagine,

imagine, that any divine could take the advantage of his tenant in ſo unhandſome a manner; or that the ſhortneſs of the life was in the leaſt his conſideration: though I have heard the ſame worthy prelate aſperſed and maligned ſince upon this very account.

The term being ſo near, the alarm among the lawyers was inexpreſſible, though ſome of them, I was told, were ſo vain as to promiſe themſelves ſome advantage in making their defence, by being verſed in the practice of our earthly courts, It is ſaid too, that ſome of the chief pleaders were heard to expreſs great ſatisfaction, that there had been but few ſtate-trials of late years. Several attornies demanded the return of fees, that had been given the lawyers: but it was anſwered, the fee was undoubtedly charged to their client, and that they could not connive at ſuch injuſtice, as to ſuffer it to be ſunk in the attorneys pockets Our ſage and learned judges had great conſolation, inſomuch as they had not pleaded at the bar for ſeveral years; the barriſters rejoiced in that they were not attornies, and the attornies felt no leſs ſatisfaction that they were not pettifoggers, ſcriveners, and other meaner officers of law.

As to the army, far be it from me to conceal the truth. Every ſoldier's behaviour was as undiſmayed, and undaunted, as if nothing was to happen: I impute not this to their want of faith, but to their martial diſpoſition; though I cannot help thinking they commonly accompany their commands with more oaths than are requiſite, of which there was no remarkable diminution this morning in the parade in St. James's Park. But poſſibly it was by choice, and on conſideration, that they continued this way of expreſſion, not to intimidate the common ſoldiers, or give occaſion to ſuſpect, that even the fear of damnation could make any impreſſion upon their ſuperior officers. A duel was fought

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the ſame morning between two colonels, not occaſioned (as was reported) becauſe the one was put over the other's head; that being a point, which might at ſuch a juncture have been accomodated by the mediation of friends; but as this was upon the account of a Lady, it was judged it could not be put off at this time, above all others, but demanded immediate ſatisfaction: I am apt to believe, that a young officer, who deſired his ſurgeon to defer putting him into a ſalivation till Saturday, might make this requeſt out of ſome opinion he had of the truth of the prophecy; for the apprehenſions of any danger in the operation could not be his motive, the ſurgeon himſelf having aſſured me, that he had before undergone three ſeveral operations of the like nature with great reſignation and fortitude.

There was an order iſſued, that the chaplains of the ſeveral regiments ſhould attend their duty; but as they were diſperſed about in ſeveral parts of England, it was believed that moſt of them could not be found, or ſo much as heard of till the great day was over.

Moſt of the conſiderable phyſicians, by their outward demeanor, ſeemed to be unbelievers; but at the ſame time, they every where inſinuated, that there might be a peſtilential malignancy in the air, occaſioned by the comet, which might be armed againſt by proper and timely medicines. This caution had but little effect; for as the time approached, the Chriſtian reſignation of the people increaſed, and moſt of them (which was never before known) had their ſouls more at heart than their bodies.

If the reverend clergy ſhowed more concern than others, I charitably impute it to their great charge of ſouls; and what confirmed me in this opinion was, that the degrees of apprehenſion and terror could be diſtinguiſhed to be greater or leſs,

leſs, according to their ranks and degrees in the church.

The like might be obſerved in all ſorts of miniſters, though not of the church of England; the higher their rank, the more was their fear.

I ſpeak not of the court, for fear of offence; and I forbear inſerting the names of particular perſons, to avoid the imputation of ſlander, ſo that the reader will allow the narrative muſt be deficient, and is therefore deſired to accept hereof, rather as a ſketch than a regular circumſtantial hiſtory.

I was not informed of any perſons who ſhewed the leaſt joy, except three malefactors, who were to be executed on the Monday following, and one old man, a conſtant church-goer, who, being at the point of death, expreſt ſome ſatisfaction at the news.

On Thurſday morning there was little or nothing tranſacted in Change-alley; there were a multitude of ſellers, but ſo few buyers, that one cannot affirm the ſtocks bore any certain price, except among the Jews, who this day reaped great profit by their infidelity. There were many who called themſelves Chriſtians, who offered to buy for time, but as theſe were people of great diſtinction, I chuſe not to mention them, becauſe in effect it would ſeem to accuſe them both of avarice and infidelity.

The run upon the bank is too well known to need a particular relation; for it never can be forgotten, that no one perſon whatever (except the directors themſelves, and ſome of their particular friends and aſſociates) could convert a bill all that day into ſpecie; all hands being employed to ſerve them.

In the ſeveral churches of the city and ſuburbs there were ſeven thouſand two hundred and forty-five, who publicly and ſolemnly declared before the congregation, that they took to wife their ſeveral

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kept miſtreſſes, which was allowed as valid marriage, the prieſt not having time to pronounce the ceremony in form.

At St. Bride's church in Fleet-ſtreet, Mr. Woolſton (who writ againſt the miracles of our Saviour), in the utmoſt terrors of conſcience, made a public recantation. Dr. Mandevil * (who had been groundleſsly reported formerly to have done the ſame) did it now in good earneſt, at St. James's gate; as did alſo at the Temple-church ſeveral gentlemen, who frequent coffeehouſes near the bar. So great was the faith and fear of two of them, that they dropt dead on the ſpot; but I will not record their names, leſt I ſhould be thought invidiouſly to lay an odium on their families and poſterity.

Moſt of the players, who had very little faith before, were now deſirous of having as much as they could, and therefore embraced the Roman Catholic religion; the ſame thing was obſerved of ſome bawds and ladies of pleaſure.

An Iriſh gentleman, out of pure friendſhip, came to make me a viſit, and adviſed me to hire a boat for the enſuing day, and told me, that unleſs I gave earneſt for one immediately, he feared it might be too late; for his countrymen had ſecured almoſt every boat upon the river, as judging that, in the general conflagration, to be upon the water would be the ſafeſt place.

There were two lords, and three commoners, who, out of a ſcruple of conſcience, very haſtily threw up their penſions, as imagining a penſion was only an annual retaining bribe. All the other great penſioners, I was told, had their ſcruples quieted by a clergyman or two of diſtinction, whom they happily conſulted.

* Author of *The fable of the bees*, a book intended to ſubvert not only religion but virtue, by ſhewing that private vices are public benefits.

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It was remarkable, that ſeveral of our very richeſt tradeſmen of the city, in common charity, gave away ſhillings and ſixpences to the beggars, who plyed about the church-doors; and, at a particular church in the city, a wealthy church warden, with his own hands diſtributed fifty twelve-penny loaves to the poor, by way of reſtitution for the many great and coſtly feaſts which he had eaten of at their expence.

Three great ladies, a valet de chambre, two lords, a cuſtom-houſe officer, five half-pay captains, and a baronet, (all noted gameſters), came publickly into a church at Weſtminſter, and depoſited a very conſiderable ſum of money in the miniſter's hands; the parties whom they had defrauded being either out of town, or not to be found. But ſo great is the hardneſs of heart of this fraternity, that, among either the noble or vulgar gameſters, (though the profeſſion is ſo general), I did not hear of any other reſtitution of this ſort. At the ſame time, I muſt obſerve, that (in compariſon of theſe) through all parts of the town, the juſtice and penitence of the highwaymen, houſe-breakers, and common pick-pockets, was very remarkable.

The directors of our public companies were in ſuch dreadful apprehenſions, that one would have thought a parliamentary inquiry was at hand; yet ſo great was their preſence of mind, that all the Thurſday morning was taken up in private tranſfers, which, by malicious people, was thought to be done with deſign to conceal their effects.

I forbear mentioning the private confeſſions of particular ladies to their huſbands; for as their children were born in wedlock, and of conſequence are legitimate, it would be an invidious taſk to record them as baſtards; and particularly after their ſeveral huſbands have ſo charitably forgiven them.

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The evening and night through the whole town were ſpent in devotions both public and private; the churches, for this one day, were ſo crouded by the nobility and gentry, that thouſands of the common people were ſeen praying in the public ſtreets. In ſhort, one would have thought the whole town had been really and ſeriouſly religious. But what was very remarkable, all the different perſuaſions kept by themſelves, for as each thought the other would be damned, not one would join in prayer with the other.

At length Friday came, and the people covered all the ſtreets; expecting, watching, and praying. But, as the day wore away, their fears firſt began to abate, then leſſened every hour; at night they were almoſt extinct, till the total darkneſs, that hitherto uſed to terrify, now comforted every freethinker and atheiſt. Great numbers went together to the taverns, beſpoke ſuppers, and broke up whole hogſheads for joy. The ſubject of all wit and converſation was to ridicule the prophecy, and rally each other. All the quality and gentry were perfectly aſhamed, nay, ſome utterly diſowned that they had manifeſted any ſigns of religion.

But the next day, even the common people, as well as their betters, appeared in their uſual ſtate of indifference. They drank, they whored, they ſwore, they lyed, they cheated, they plundered, they gamed, they quarrelled, they murdered. In ſhort, the world went on in the old channel.

I need not give any inſtances of what will be ſo eaſily credited; but I cannot omit relating, that Mr. Woolſton advertiſed, in that very Saturday's Evening Poſt, a new treatiſe againſt the miracles of our Saviour; and that the few who had given up their penſions the day before, ſolicited to have them continued; which, as they had not been thrown up upon any miniſterial point, I am informed was readily granted.

The TATLER*.

NUMBER V.

——— *Laceratque, trahitque*
Molle pecus ——— VIRG.

From Tueſday, Jan. 23. to Saturday, Jan. 27. 1710.

AMongſt other ſervices I have met with from ſome critics, the cruelleſt for an old man is, that they will not let me be at quiet in my bed, but purſue me to my very dreams. I muſt not dream but when they pleaſe, nor upon long continued

* N. B. The two following Tatlers are not in the four volumes publiſhed by Sir Richard Steele.

In the preface to the Tatler, vol. 14. Sir Richard Steele ſpeaks thus of Dr. Swift "I have, in the dedication of the firſt volume, "made my acknowledgements to Dr. SWIFT; whoſe pleaſant writ-"ings, in the name of *Bickerſtaff*, created an inclination in the town "towards any thing that could appear in the ſame diſguiſe. I muſt "acknowledge alſo, that, at my firſt entering upon this work, a cer-"tain uncommon way of thinking, and a turn in converſation pe-"culiar to that agreeable gentleman, rendered his company very ad-"vantageous to one, whoſe imagination was to be continually em-"ployed upon obvious and common ſubjects, tho' at the ſame time "obliged to treat of them in a new and unbeaten method. His ver-"ſes on the *Shower in town*, and the *Deſcription of the morning*, are "inſtances of the happineſs of that genius, which could raiſe ſuch "pleaſing ideas upon occaſions ſo barren to an ordinary inven-"tion."

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ſubjects, however viſionary in their own natures; becauſe there is a manifeſt moral quite through them, which to produce as a dream is improbable and unnatural. The pain I might have had from this objection is prevented, by conſidering they have miſſed another, againſt which I ſhould have been at a loſs to defend myſelf. They might have aſked me, whether the dreams I publiſh can properly be called *Lucubrations*, which is the name I have given to all my papers, whether in volumes or half ſheets; ſo manifeſt a contradiction *in terminis*, that I wonder no ſophiſter ever thought of it. But the other is a cavil. I remember, when I was a boy at ſchool, I have often dreamed out the whole paſſages of the day; that I rode a journey, baited, ſupped, went to bed, and roſe next morning: and I have known young ladies, who could dream a whole contexture of adventures in one night, large enough to make a novel. In youth the imagination is ſtrong, not mixed with cares, not tinged with thoſe paſſions that moſt diſturb and confound it; ſuch as avarice, ambition, and many others. Now, as old men are ſaid to grow children again, ſo in this article of dreaming, I am returned to my childhood. My imagination is at full eaſe, without care, avarice, or ambition, to clog it; by which, among many others, I have this advantage, of doubling the ſmall remainder of my time, and living four and twenty hours in the day. However, the dream I am going now to relate is as wild as can well be imagined, and adapted to pleaſe theſe refiners upon ſleep, without any moral that I can diſcover.

" It happened, that my maid left on the table in " my bed-chamber one of her ſtory-books, (as ſhe " calls them), which I took up, and found full of " ſtrange impertinence, fitted to her taſte and con- " dition, of poor ſervants who came to be ladies, " and ſerving men of low degree who married

" kings daughters. Among other things, I met " this ſage obſervation, that a lion would never " hurt a true virgin. With this medley of " nonſenſe in my fancy I went to bed, and " dreamed that a friend waked me in the morn- " ing, and propoſed for paſtime to ſpend a few " hours in ſeeing the pariſh-lions, which he had " not done ſince he came to town; and be- " cauſe they ſhewed but once a-week, he would " not miſs the opportunity. I ſaid I would ho- " nour him; although, to ſpeak the truth, I was " not fond of thoſe cruel ſpectacles; and if it were " not ſo ancient a cuſtom, founded, as I had " heard, upon the wiſeſt maxims, I ſhould be apt " to cenſure the inhumanity of thoſe who intro- " duced it." All this will be a riddle to the wak- ing reader, until I diſcover the ſcene my imagina- tion had formed, upon the maxim that a lion will never hurt a true virgin. " I dreamed that, by a " law of immemorial time, a he-lion was kept in " every pariſh, at the common charge, and in a " place provided adjoining to the church-yard; " that before any one of the fair ſex was married, " if ſhe affirmed herſelf to be a virgin, ſhe muſt " on her wedding-day, and in her wedding-cloaths, " perform the ceremony of going alone into the " den, and ſtay an hour with the lion let looſe, " and kept faſting four and twenty hours on pur- " poſe. At a proper height above the den, were " convenient galleries for the relations and friends " of the young couple, and open to all ſpectators. " No maiden was forced to offer herſelf to the " lion; but, if ſhe refuſed, it was a diſgrace to " marry her, and every one might have liberty of " calling her a whore. And methought it was as " uſual a diverſion to ſee the pariſh lions, as with " us to go to a play or an opera. And it was rec- " koned convenient to be near the church, either

" for

" for marrying the virgin, if ſhe eſcaped the trial,
" or for burying her bones when the lion had de-
" voured the reſt, as he conſtantly did."

To go on therefore with the dream: " We cal-
" led firſt (as I remember), to ſee St. Dunſtan's
" lion: but we were told, they did not ſhew to-
" day. From thence we went to that of Covent-
" garden, which, to my great ſurprize, we found
" as lean as a ſkeleton, when I expected quite the
" contrary; but the keeper ſaid it was no wonder
" at all, becauſe the poor beaſt had not got an
" ounce of woman's fleſh, ſince he came into the
" pariſh. This amazed me more than the other,
" and I was forming to myſelf a mighty venera-
" tion for the ladies in that quarter of the town;
" when the keeper went on, and ſaid he wondered
" the pariſh would be at the charge of maintaining
" a lion for nothing. Friend, ſaid I, do you call it
" nothing to juſtify the virtue of ſo many ladies;
" or hath your lion loſt his diſtinguiſhing faculty?
" Can there be any thing more for the honour of
" your pariſh, than that all the ladies married in
" your church were pure virgins? That is true,
" ſaid he, and the doctor knows it to his ſorrow;
" for there hath not been a couple married in our
" church ſince his worſhip came amongſt us. The
" virgins hereabouts are too wiſe to venture
" the claws of the lion; and, becauſe no body will
" marry them, have all entered into a vow of vir-
" ginity; ſo that in proportion we have much the
" largeſt nunnery in the whole town. This man-
" ner of ladies entering into a vow of virginity,
" becauſe they were not virgins, I eaſily conceived:
" and my dream told me, that the whole kingdom
" was full of nunneries plentifully ſtocked from
" the ſame reaſon.

" We went to ſee another lion, where we found
" much company met in the gallery. The keeper
" told us, we ſhould ſee ſport enough, as he cal-

" led it; and in a little time we ſaw a young beau-
" tiful lady put into the den, who walked up to-
" wards the lion with all imaginable ſecurity in her
" countenance, and looked ſmiling upon her lover
" and friends in the gallery; which I thought no-
" thing extraordinary, becauſe it was never known
" that any lion had been miſtaken. But however,
" we were all diſappointed; for the lion lifted up
" his righ paw, which was the fatal ſign, and ad-
" vancing forward, ſeized her by the arm, and be-
" gan to tear it. The poor lady gave a terrible
" ſhriek, and cried out, *The lion is juſt, I am no*
" *virgin! Oh! Sappho, Sappho!* She could ſay no
" more, for the lion gave her the *coup de grace* by
" a ſqueeze in the throat, and ſhe expired at
" his feet. The keeper dragged away her body
" to feed the animal, after the company ſhould be
" gone; for the pariſh lions never uſed to eat in
" public. After a little pauſe, another lady came
" on towards the lion in the ſame manner as the
" former. We obſerved the beſt ſmell her with
" diligence. He ſcratched both her hands with
" lifting them to his noſe, and laying one of his
" claws on her boſom drew blood: however he let
" her go, and at the ſame time turned from her
"with a ſort of contempt, at which ſhe was not a
" little mortified, and retired with ſome confuſion
" to her friends in the gallery. Methought the
" whole company immediately underſtood the
" meaning of this; that the eaſineſs of the lady
" had ſuffered her to admit certain imprudent and
" dangerous familiarities, bordering too much up-
" on what is criminal; neither was it ſure, whe-
" ther the lover then preſent had not ſome ſharers
" with him in thoſe freedoms, of which a lady can
" never be too ſparing.

" This happened to be an extraordinary day:
" for a third lady came into the den, laughing
" loud, playing with her fan, toſſing her head, and

" ſmiling

" ſmiling round on the young fellows in the gal-
" lery. However, the lion leaped on her with
" great fury, and we gave her for gone; but, on
" a ſudden he let go his hold, and turned from
" her as if he were nauſeated; then gave her a
" laſh with his tail; after which ſhe returned to
" the gallery, not the leaſt out of countenance:
" and this, it ſeems, was the uſual treatment of co-
" quets.

" I thought we had ſeen enough; but my friend
" would needs have us go and viſit one or two lions
" in the city. We called at two or three dens
" where they happened not to ſhew; but we ge-
" nerally found half a ſcore young girls between
" eight and eleven years old, playing with each
" lion, ſitting on his back, and putting their hands
" into his mouth; ſome of them would now
" and then get a ſcratch, but we always diſco-
" vered upon examining, that they had been hoy-
" dening with the young apprentices. One of
" them was calling to a pretty girl about twelve
" years old, who ſtood by us in the gallery, to
" come down to the lion; and, upon her refuſal,
" ſaid, *Ah! Miſs Betty, we could never get you to*
" *come near the lion, ſince you played at hoop and*
" *hide with my brother in the garret.*

" We followed a couple with the wedding folks,
" going to the church of St. Mary Ax. The lady,
" though well ſtricken in years, extremely crooked
" and deformed, was dreſſed out beyond the
" gaiety of fifteen. having jumbled together, as
" I imagined, all the tawdry remains of aunts,
" god-mothers, and grandmothers, for ſome
" generations paſt. One of the neighbours whiſ-
" pered me, that ſhe was an old maid, and had
" the cleareſt reputation of any in the pariſh.
" There is nothing ſtrange in that, thought I, but
" was much ſurprized when I obſerved afterwards,
" that ſhe went toward the lion with diſtruſt and

" concern.

" concern. The beaſt was lying down; but upon " ſight of her ſnuffed up his noſe two or three " times, and then giving the ſign of death, pro- " ceeded inſtantly to execution. In the midſt of " her agonies ſhe was heard to name the words *I-* " *taly* and *artifices* with the utmoſt horror, and ſe- " veral repeated execrations; and at laſt conclud- " ed, *Fool that I was to put ſo much confidence in the* " *toughneſs of my ſkin!*

" The keeper immediately ſet all in order again " for another cuſtomer, which happened to be a " famous prude, whom her parents, after long " threatenings and much perſuaſions, had, with " the extremeſt difficulty, prevailed on to accept a " young handſome goldſmith, who might have " pretended to five times her fortune. The fa- " thers and mothers in the neighbourhood uſed to " quote her for an example to their daughters; " her elbows were rivetted to her ſides, and her " whole perſon ſo ordered as to inform every body " that ſhe was afraid they ſhould touch her. She " only dreaded to approach the lion becauſe it was " a he-one, and abhorred to think a male a- " nimal ſhould preſume to breathe on her. The " ſight of a man at twenty yards diſtance made her " draw back her head. She always ſat upon the " farther corner of the chair, although there were " ſix chairs between her and her lover, and with " the door wide open, and her little ſiſter in the " room. She was never ſaluted but at the tip of " the ear; and her father had much ado to make " her dine without her gloves, when there was a " man at table. She entered the den with ſome " fear, which we took to proceed from the " height of her modeſty, offended at the ſight of " ſo many men in the gallery. The lion, behold- " ing her at a diſtance, immediately gave the dead- " ly ſign, at which the poor creature (methinks I " ſee her ſtill) miſcarried in a fright before us all.

The

" The lion ſeemed to be as much ſurprized as we, " and gave her time to make her confeſſion; " *That ſhe was five months gone by the foreman of* " *her father's ſhop*; *that this was her third big-bel-* " *ly*: and when her friends aſked, why ſhe would " venture the trial? ſhe ſaid, *her nurſe told her,* " *that a lion would never hurt a woman with child.*" Upon this I immediately awaked, and could not help wiſhing, that the deputy cenſors of my late inſtitution were endued with the ſame inſtinct as theſe pariſh lions.

NUMBER XX. *

——Ingenuas didiciſſe fideliter artes
Emollit mores.—— Ovid.

From Saturday, March 3. to Tueſday, March 6. 1710.

From my own apartments in Channel-row, March 5.

THOSE inferior duties of life, which the French call *Les petites morales*, or the ſmaller morals, are with us diſtinguiſhed by the name of good manners or breeding. This I look upon, in the general notion of it, to be a ſort of artificial good ſenſe, adapted to the meaneſt capacities, and introduced to make mankind eaſy in their commerce with each other. Low and little underſtandings, without ſome rules of this kind, would be per-

* This Tatler ſhould be hung up in every 'Squire's hall in England. *Orrery.*

petually

petually wandering into a thouſand indecencies and irregularities in behaviour; and in their ordinary converſation fall into the ſame boiſterous familiarities, that one obſerves amongſt them, when a debauch hath quite taken away the uſe of their reaſon. In other inſtances it is odd to conſider, that, for want of common diſcretion, the very end of good breeding is wholly perverted, and civility, intended to make us eaſy, is employed in laying chains and fetters upon us, in debarring us of our wiſhes, and in croſſing our moſt reaſonable deſires and inclinations. This abuſe reigns chiefly in the country, as I found to my vexation, when I was laſt there, in a viſit I made to a neighbour about two miles from my couſin. As ſoon as I entered the parlour, they put me into the great chair that ſtood cloſe by a huge fire, and kept me there by force until I was almoſt ſtifled. Then a boy came in a great hurry to pull off my boots, which I in vain oppoſed, urging that I muſt return ſoon after dinner. In the mean time, the good lady whiſpered her eldeſt daughter, and ſlipped a key into her hand; the girl returned inſtantly with a beer-glaſs full of *aqua mirabilis* and ſyrup of gilly-flowers. I took as much as I had a mind for, but Madam vowed I ſhould drink it off; for ſhe was ſure it would do me good after coming out of the cold air; and I was forced to obey, which abſolutely took away my ſtomach. When dinner came in, I had a mind to ſit at a diſtance from the fire; but they told me it was as much as my life was worth, and ſet me with my back juſt againſt it. Although my appetite was quite gone, I was reſolved to force down as much as I could, and deſired the leg of a pullet. "Indeed, Mr. Bickerſtaff, ſays the "lady, you muſt eat a wing to oblige me;" and ſo put a couple on my plate. I was perſecuted at this rate during the whole meal; as often as I called for ſmall beer, the maſter tipped the wink, and the

ſervant

ſervant brought me a brimmer of October. Some time after dinner I ordered my couſin's man, who came with me, to get ready the horſes; but it was reſolved I ſhould not ſtir that night; and when I ſeemed pretty much bent on going, they ordered the ſtable-door to be locked, and the children hid my cloak and boots. The next queſtion was, what would I have for ſupper? I ſaid, I never eat any thing at night; but was at laſt, in my own defence, obliged to name the firſt thing that came into my head. After three hours ſpent chiefly in apologies for my entertainment, inſinuating to me, "That "this was the worſt time of the year for proviſions; "that they were at a great diſtance from any mar- "ket? that they were afraid I ſhould be ſtarved; "and that they knew they kept me to my loſs." The Lady went, and left me to her huſband; for they took ſpecial care I ſhould never be alone; as ſoon as her back was turned, the little miſſes ran backwards and forwards every moment, and conſtantly, as they came in and went out, made a curteſy directly at me, which, in good manners, I was forced to return with a bow, and *your humble ſervant, pretty Miſs*. Exactly at eight the mother came up, and diſcovered by the redneſs of her face, that ſupper was not far off. It was twice as large as the dinner, and my perſecution doubled in proportion. I deſired, at my uſual hour, to go to my repoſe, and was conducted to my bed-chamber by the gentleman, his lady, and the whole train of children. They importuned me to drink ſomething before I went to-bed; and, upon my refuſing, at laſt left a bottle of *ſtingo*, as they called it, for fear I ſhould awake and be thirſty in the night. I was forced in the morning to riſe and dreſs myſelf in the dark, becauſe they would not ſuffer my kinſman's ſervant to diſturb me at the hour I deſired to be called. I was now reſolved to break thro' all meaſures to get away; and, after, ſitting down

to-

to a monſtrous breakfaſt of cold beef, mutton, neat tongues, veniſon paſty, and ſtale beer, took leave of the family. But the gentleman would needs ſee me part of the way, and carry me a ſhort cut through his own ground, which he told me would ſave half a mile's riding. This laſt piece of civility had like to have coſt me dear, being once or twice in danger of my neck by leaping over his ditches, and at laſt forced to alight in the dirt, when my horſe, having ſlipped his bridle, ran away, and took us up more than an hour to recover him again.

It is evident, that none of the abſurdities I met with in this viſit proceeded from an ill intention, but from a wrong judgement of complaiſance, and a miſapplication in the rules of it. I cannot ſo eaſily excuſe the more refined critics upon behaviour, who having profeſſed no other ſtudy, are yet infinitely defective in the moſt material parts of it. Ned Faſhion has been bred all his life about court, and underſtands to a title all the punctilios of a drawing-room. He viſits moſt of the fine women near St. James's, and upon every occaſion ſays the civileſt and ſofteſt things to them of any man breathing. To Mr. Iſaac * he owes an eaſy ſlide in his bow, and a graceful manner of coming into a room: but in ſome other caſes he is very far from being a well-bred perſon. He laughs at men of far ſuperior underſtanding to his own for not being as well-dreſſed as himſelf; deſpiſeth all his acquaintance who are not of quality, and in public places hath on that account often avoided taking notice of ſome among the beſt ſpeakers of the houſe of Commons. He raileth ſtrenuouſly at both univerſities before the members of either; and is never heard to ſwear an oath, or break in upon religion and morality, except in the company of divines. On the other

* A famous dancing maſter in thoſe days.

hand,

hand, a man of right ſenſe hath all the eſſentials of good-breeding, although he may be wanting in the forms of it. Horatio hath ſpent moſt of his time at Oxford; he hath a great deal of learning, an agreeable wit, and as much modeſty as may ſerve to adorn, without concealing his other good qualities. In that retired way of living he ſeemeth to have formed a notion of human nature, as he hath found it deſcribed in the writings of the greateſt men, not as he is likely to meet with it in the common courſe of life. Hence it is, that he giveth no offence, but converſeth with great deference, candour, and humanity. His bow, I muſt confeſs, is ſomewhat aukward; but then he hath an extenſive, univerſal, and unaffected knowledge, which may, perhaps, a little excuſe him. He would make no extraordinary figure at a ball; but I can aſſure the ladies in his behalf, and for their own conſolation, that he has writ better verſes on the ſex than any man now living, and is preparing ſuch a poem for the preſs as will tranſmit their praiſes and his own to many generations.

NUMBER CCXXX*.

Thurſday, September 28. 1710.

From my own apartments, September 27.

THE following letter hath laid before me many great and manifeſt evils in the world of letters, which

* The letter to the Lord high Treaſurer upon the ſame ſubject with this *Tatler*, is printed in the fourth of theſe volumes. It is ſaid, that

which I had overlooked; but it opens to me a very buſy ſcene, and it will require no ſmall care and application to amend errors, which are become ſo univerſal. The affectation of politeneſs is expoſed in this epiſtle with a great deal of wit and diſcernment; ſo that, whatever diſcourſes I may fall into hereafter upon the ſubject the writer treats of, I ſhall at preſent lay the matter before the world, without the leaſt alteration from the words of my correſpondent.

To Isaac Bickerstaff, Eſq;

SIR,

"There are ſome abuſes among us of great conſequence, the reformation of which is properly your province; although, as far as I have been converſant in your papers, you have not yet conſidered them. Theſe are, the deplorable ignorance that for ſome years hath reigned among our Engliſh writers, the great depravity of our taſte, and the continual corruption of our ſtile. I ſay nothing here of thoſe who handle particular ſciences, divinity, law, phyſic, and the like; I mean the treaders in hiſtory, and politics, and the Belles Lettres, together with thoſe by whom books are not tranſlated, but (as the common expreſſions are) *done out of French, Latin*, or other languages, and *made Engliſh*. I cannot but obſerve to you, that, until of late years, a Grub-ſtreet book was always bound in ſheep-ſkin, with ſuitable print and paper, the price never above a ſhilling, and taken off wholly by common tradeſ-

the author writ ſome other *Tatlers*, and ſeveral *Spectators*, and furniſhed hints for many more; particularly, *The Tables of fame. The life and adventures of a ſhilling. The account of England by an Indian King*, and ſome others: but, as we are informed, he would never tell his beſt friends the particular papers. *Dub edit.*

"men

" men or country pedlars; but now they appear " in all ſizes and ſhapes, and in all places; they " are handed about from lapfuls in every coffee " houſe to perſons of quality; are ſhown in Weſt- " minſter-hall and the Court of Requeſts: you may " ſee them gilt, and in royal paper, of five or ſix " hundred pages, and rated accordingly. I would " engage to furniſh you with a catalogue of Eng- " liſh books, publiſhed within the compaſs of ſeven " years paſt, which at firſt hand would coſt you an " hundred pounds, wherein you ſhall not be able " to find ten lines together of common grammar or " common ſenſe.

" Theſe two evils, ignorance and want of taſte, " have produced a third, I mean the continual " corruption of our Engliſh tongue, which, with- " out ſome timely remedy, will ſuffer more by the " falſe refinements of twenty years paſt, than it " hath been improved in the foregoing hundred. " And this is what I deſign chiefly to enlarge upon, " leaving the former evils to your animadverſion.

" But inſtead of giving you a liſt of the late re- " finements crept into our language, I here ſend " you a copy of a letter I received ſome time ago, " from a moſt accompliſhed perſon in this way of " writing, upon which I ſhall make ſome remarks. " It is in theſe terms.

SIR,

I *coud'n't* get the things you ſent for all *about town*---I *tho't to ha'* come down myſelf, and then *I'd ha' bro't 'um*, but *han't don't*, and I believe I *can't do't*, that's *pozz*.---Tom begins to *g'imſelf* airs, becauſe *he's* going with the *plenipo's*.—— 'Tis ſaid the French King will *bamboozel us agen*, which *cauſes many ſpeculations*. The *Jacks*, and others of that *kidney*, are very *uppiſh*, and *alert upon't*, as you may ſee by their *phizz's*. Will Hazard has got the *hipps*, having loſt *to the tune of* five hundr'd pound, *tho'*

he underſtands play very well; *nobody better*. He has *promis't* me upon *Rep* to leave off play; but you know 'tis a weakneſs *he's* too apt to give into, *tho'* he hath as much wit as any man, *no body more*: he has lain *incog* ever ſince-- The *mob's* very quiet with us now.--- I believe you *tho't* I *banter'd* you in my laſt like a *country put*. ----I *ſhan't* leave town this month, &c.

" This letter is in every point an admirable pat-
" tern of the preſent polite way of writing; nor is
" it of leſs authority for being an epiſtle; you may
" gather every flower of it, with a thouſand more
" of equal ſweetneſs, from the books, pamphlets,
" and ſingle papers, offered us every day in the
" coffeehouſes. And theſe are the beauties intro-
" duced to ſupply the want of wit, ſenſe, humour,
" and learning, which formerly were looked upon
" as qualifications for a writer. If a man of wit,
" who died forty years ago, were to riſe from the
" grave on purpoſe, how would he be able to read
" this letter? and after he had got through that
" difficulty, how would he be able to underſtand
" it? The firſt thing that ſtrikes your eye, is the
" *breaks* at the end of almoſt every ſentence; of
" which I know not the uſe; only that it is a re-
" refinement, and very frequently practiſed. Then
" you will obſerve the abbreviations and eliſions,
" by which conſonants of moſt obdurate ſounds are
" joined together, without one ſoftening vowel to
" intervene: and all this only to make one ſyllable
" of two, directly contrary to the example of the
" Greeks and Romans; altogether of the Gothic
" ſtrain, and of a natural tendency towards re-
" lapſing into barbarity, which delights in mono-
" ſyllables, and uniting of mute conſonants; as it
" is obſervable in all the northern languages. And
" this is ſtill more viſible in the next refinement
" which conſiſteth in pronouncing the firſt ſyllable

" in

" in a word that hath many, and diſmiſſing the " reſt; ſuch as *phizz*, *hipps*, *mobb*, *pozz*, *rep*, and many " more, when we are already overloaded with mo- " noſyllables, which are the diſgrace of our lan- " guage. Thus we cram one ſyllable, and cut off " the reſt; as the owl fattened her mice after ſhe " had bit off their legs to prevent them from run- " ning away; and if ours be the ſame reaſon for " maiming of words, it would certainly anſwer the " end; for I am ſure no other nation will deſire to " borrow them. Some words are hitherto but fairly " ſplit, and therefore only in their way to perfec- " tion, as *incog.* and *plenipo*; but in a ſhort time, " it is to be hoped, they will be further docked to " *inc.* and *plen.* This reflection hath made me of " late years very impatient for a peace, which I be- " lieve will ſave the lives of many brave words as " well as men. The war hath introduced abun- " dance of polyſyllables, which will never be able " to live many more campaigns. *Speculations*, *o-* " *perations*, *preliminaries*, *ambaſſadors*, *paliſadoes*, " *communications*, *circamvallations*, *battalions*, as " numerous as they are, if they attack us too fre- " quently in our coffee-houſes, we ſhall certainly " put them to flight, and cut off the rear.

" The third refinement obſervable in the letter I " ſend you, conſiſteth in the choice of certain words " invented by ſome pretty fellows, ſuch as *banter*, " *bamboozle*, *country-put*, and *kidney*, as it is there " applied; ſome of which are now ſtruggling for " the vogue, and others are in poſſeſſion of it. I " have done my utmoſt for ſome years paſt to " ſtop the progreſs of *mob* and *banter*, but have been " plainly borne down by numbers, and betrayed " by thoſe who promiſed to aſſiſt me.

" In the laſt place, you are to take notice of cer- " tain choice phraſes ſcattered through the letter; " ſome of them tolerable enough, till they were " worn to rags by ſervile imitators. You might

" eaſily find them, although they were not in a " different print, and therefore I need not diſturb " them.

" Theſe are the falſe refinements in our ſtile, " which you ought to correct; firſt, by arguments " and fair means; but if thoſe fail, I think you " are to make uſe of your authority as cenſor, and " by an annual *index expurgatorius* expunge all " words and phraſes that are offenſive to good " ſenſe, and condemn thoſe barbarous mutilations " of vowels and ſyllables. In this laſt point, the " uſual pretence is, that they ſpell as they ſpeak: " a noble ſtandard for language! to depend upon " the caprice of every coxcomb, who, becauſe " words are the cloathing of our thoughts, cuts " them out and ſhapes them as he pleaſeth, and " changes them oftener than his dreſs. I believe " all reaſonable people would be content, that ſuch " refiners were more ſparing of their words and " liberal in their ſyllables. On this head I ſhould " be glad you would beſtow ſome advice upon ſe- " veral young readers in our churches, who, com- " ing up from the univerſity full fraught with ad- " miration of our town-politeneſs, will needs correct " the ſtile of their prayer-books. In reading the " abſolution they are very careful to ſay *pardons* " *and abſolves*, and in the prayer for the royal fa- " mily, it muſt be *endue'um*, *enrich'um*, *proſper'um*, " and *bring'um*: then in their ſermons they uſe all " their modern terms of art, *ſham*, *banter*, *mob*, " *bubble*, *bully*, *cutting*, *ſhuffling*, and *palming*; all " which, and many more of the like ſtamp, as I " have heard them often in the pulpit from ſome " young ſophiſters, ſo I have read them in ſome of " thoſe ſermons that have made a great noiſe of " late. The deſign, it ſeems, is to avoid the dread- " ful imputation of pedantry; to ſhew us, that " they know the town, underſtand men and man-

" ners,

" ners, and have not been poring upon old unfa-
" ſhionable books in the univerſity.

" I ſhould be glad to ſee you the inſtrument of
" introducing into our ſtile, that ſimplicity which
" is the beſt and trueſt ornament of moſt things
" in human life, which the politer ages always
" aimed at in their building and dreſs, (*ſimplex*
" *munditiis*), as well as their productions of wit.
" It is manifeſt, that all new-affected modes of
" ſpeech, whether borrowed from the court, the
" town, or the theatre, are the firſt periſhing parts
" in any language; and, as I could prove by ma-
" ny hundred inſtances, have been ſo in ours. The
" writings of Hooker, who was a country clergy-
" man, and of Parſons the Jeſuit, both in the
" reign of Queen Eliſabeth, are in a ſtile that, with
" very few allowances, would not offend any pre-
" ſent reader; much more clear and intelligible,
" than thoſe of Sir H. Wotton, Sir Rob. Naun-
" ton, Oſburn, Daniel the hiſtorian, and ſeveral
" others who writ later, but being men of the
" court, and affecting the phraſes then in faſhion,
" they are often either not to be underſtood, or
" appear perfectly ridiculous.

" What remedies are to be applied to theſe evils,
" I have not room to conſider, having, I fear, al-
" ready taken up moſt of your paper: beſides, I
" think, it is our office only to repreſent abuſes,
" and yours to redreſs them.

I am, with great reſpect,

SIR,

Yours, &c."

A MEDITATION upon a BROOMSTICK.

According to the ſtile aud manner of the Honourable ROBERT BOYLE's Meditations *.

Written in the year 1703.

THIS ſingle ſtick, which you now behold ingloriouſly lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flouriſhing ſtate in a foreſt: it was full of ſap, full of leaves, and full of boughs: but now, in vain does the buſy art of man pretend to vye with nature, by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its ſapleſs trunk: it is now at beſt but the reverſe of what it was; a tree turned upſide down, the branches on the earth, and the root in the air: it is now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery; and, by a capricious kind of fate, deſtined to make other things clean, and be naſty itſelf. At length, worn to the ſtumps in the ſervice of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the laſt uſe of kindling a fire. When I beheld this, I ſighed, and ſaid within myſelf, SURELY MORTAL MAN IS A BROOMSTICK! Nature ſent him into the world ſtrong and luſty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair

* This paper was wrote in deriſion of the ſtile and manner of Mr. Robert Boyle. To what a height muſt the ſpirit of ſarcaſm ariſe in an author, who could prevail upon himſelf to rid cule ſo good a man as Mr. Boyle! But the ſword of wit, like the ſcythe of time, cuts down friend and foe, and attacks every object that accidentally lies in its way. However ſharp and irreſiſtable the edge of it may be, Mr. Boyle will always remain invulnerable. *Orrery.*

on his head, the proper branches of this reaſoning vegetable; until the axe of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk: he then flies to art, and puts on a perriwig; valuing himſelf upon an unnatural bundle of hairs, all covered with powder, that never grew on his head: but now, ſhould this our *broomſtick* pretend to enter the ſcene, proud of thoſe birchen ſpoils it never bore, and all covered with duſt, though the ſweepings of the fineſt lady's chamber; we ſhould be apt to ridicule and deſpiſe its vanity. Partial judges that we are of our own excellencies, and other men's defaults!

But a *broomſtick*, perhaps you will ſay, is an emblem of a tree ſtanding on its head; and pray what is man but a topſy-turvey creature? his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational; his head where his heels ſhould be, grovelling on the earth. And yet, with all his faults, he ſets up to be an univerſal reformer and corrector of abuſes; a remover of grievances; rakes into every ſlut's corner of nature, bringing hidden corruptions to the light, and raiſes a mighty duſt where there was none before; ſharing deeply all the while in the very ſame pollutions he pretendeth to ſweep away. His laſt days are ſpent in ſlavery to women, and generally the leaſt deſerving; till worn to the ſtumps, like his brother beſom, he is either kicked out of doors, or made uſe of to kindle flames for others to warm themſelves by.

MISCEL-

MISCELLANIES IN VERSE.

A CRITICISM on theſe MISCELLANIES.

THE poetical performances of Dr. Swift ought to be conſidered as occaſional poems, framed either to pleaſe or vex ſome particular perſons. We muſt not ſuppoſe them deſigned for poſterity. If he had cultivated his genius in that way, he muſt certainly have excelled, eſpecially in ſatire. We ſee fine ſketches in ſeveral of his pieces: but he ſeems more deſirous to inform and ſtrengthen his mind, than to indulge the luxuriancy of his imagination. He chuſes to diſcover and correct errors in the works of others, rather than to illuſtrate and add beauties to his own. Like a ſkilful artiſt, he is fond of probing wounds to their depth, and of enlarging them to open view. He prefers cauſtics, which erode proud fleſh, to ſofter balſamics, which give more immediate eaſe. He aims to be ſeverely uſeful, rather than politely engaging: and as he was either not formed, or would not take pains to excel in poetry, he became, in ſome meaſure, ſuperior to it; and aſſumed more the air and manners of a critic, than of a poet. Had he lived in the ſame age with Horace, he would have approached nearer to him than any other poet: and if we may make an allowance for the different courſe of ſtudy,

ſtudy, and different form of government, to which each of theſe great men were ſubject, we may obſerve, in ſeveral inſtances, a ſtrong reſemblance between them. Both poets are equally diſtinguiſhed for wit and humour. Each diſplays a peculiar felicity in diction. But, of the two, Horace is the more elegant and delicate: while he condemns, he pleaſes. Swift takes pleaſure in giving pain. The diſſimilitude of their tempers might be owing to the different turns in their fortune. Swift early formed large views of ambition, and was diſappointed. Horace, from an exiled low ſtate, roſe into affluence, and enjoyed the favour and friendſhip of Auguſtus. Each poet was the delight of the principal perſons of his age. *Cum magnis vixiſſe*, was not more applicable to Horace than to Swift. They both were temperate, both were frugal, and both were of the ſame Epicurean taſte. Horace had his Lydia, Swift had his Vaneſſa. Horace had his Mecænas and his Agrippa; Swift had his Oxford and his Bolingbroke. Horace had his Virgil, Swift had his Pope.

Swift, who had the niceſt ear, is remarkably chaſte and delicate in his rhymes. A bad rhyme appeared to him one of the capital ſins in poetry; and yet it is a ſin into which ſome of our greateſt poets have fallen; Dryden frequently, Pope ſometimes. The former was imbarraſſed with a wife and family; and was often under ſuch neceſſitous circumſtances, as to be obliged to publiſh, or to want ſubſiſtence. The latter was in a leſs confined, and in a much more eaſy ſituation. He was naturally judicious, and uncommonly attentive to maintain the dignity of his character. Although his body was weak, his mind was equal to the weight of his laurel crown; and he wore it not only with eaſe but majeſty. Take him as a poet, *we ſhall not ſee his like again.*

The

The Dean kept company with many of the fair ſex; but they were rather his amuſement than his admiration. He trifled away many hours in their converſation, he filled many pages in their praiſe, and, by the power of his head, he gained the character of a lover, without the leaſt aſſiſtance from his heart. To this particular kind of pride, ſupported by the bent of his genius, and joined by the exceſſive coldneſs of his nature, Vaneſſa owed the ruin of her reputation; and from the ſame cauſes Stella remained an unacknowledged wife. If we conſider Swift's behaviour, ſo far only as it relates to women, we ſhall find, that he looked upon them rather as buſts, than as whole figures. In his panegyrical deſcriptions, he has ſeldom deſcended lower than the centre of their hearts; or if ever he has deſigned a complete ſtatute, it has been generally caſt in a dirty, or in a diſagreeable mould; as if ſtatuary had not conceived, or had not experienced, that juſtneſs of proportion, that delicacy of limb, and thoſe pleaſing and graceful attitudes which have conſtituted the ſex to be the moſt beautiful part of the creation. If you review his ſeveral poems to Stella, you will find them fuller of affection than deſire, and more expreſſive of friendſhip than of love. For example,

" Thou, Stella, wert no longer young,
" When firſt for thee my harp I ſtrung;
" Without one word of Cupid's darts,
" Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts:
" With friendſhip and eſteem poſſeſt,
" I ne'er admitted love a gueſt." Vol. vii.

Moſt of the poems which are abſolutely addreſſed to Stella, or which deſcribe her in a variety of attitudes, turn upon her age: a kind of excuſe perhaps for Swift's want of love.

It is impoſſible for me to paſs a very minute comment upon the various poems wrote by Swift. They are not only mingled improperly, in point of dates and ſubjects, but many, very many of them, are temporary, trifling, and I had almoſt ſaid puerile. Several of them are perſonal, and conſequently ſcarce amuſing; or at leaſt they leave a very ſmall impreſſion upon our minds. Such indeed as are likely to draw your attention, are exquiſite, and ſo peculiarly his own, that whoever has dared to imitate him in theſe, or in any of his works, has conſtantly failed in the attempt. Upon a general view of his poetry, we ſhall find him, as in his other performances, an uncommon, ſurpriſing, heteroclite genius; luxurious in his fancy, lively in his ideas, humourous in his deſcriptions, and bitter, exceeding bitter, in his ſatire. The reſtleſſneſs of his imagination, and the diſappointment of his ambition, have both contributed to hinder him from undertaking any poetical work of length or importance. His wit was ſufficient to every labour: no flight could have wearied the ſtrength of his pinions: perhaps, if the extenſive views of his nature had been fully ſatisfied, his airy motions had been more regular, and leſs ſudden. But he now appears like an eagle, that is ſometimes chained; and at that particular time, for want of nobler and more proper food, diverts his confinement, and appeaſes his hunger, by deſtroying the gnats, butterflies, and other wretched inſects that unluckily happen to buz or flutter within his reach.

While I have been reading over his poems, I have conſidered him as an Egyptian hieroglyphic; which though it had an unnatural, and frequently an indecent appearance, yet it always contained ſome ſecret marks of wiſdom, and ſometimes of deep morality. The ſubjects of his poems are often

nauſeous,

nauſeous, and the performances beautifully diſagreeable.

The lady's dreſſing-room, [vol. viii..] has been univerſally condemned as deficient in point of delicacy, even to the higheſt degree. The beſt apology that can be made in its favour, is to ſuppoſe, that the author exhibited his Celia in the moſt hideous colours he could find, leſt ſhe might be miſtaken as a goddeſs, when ſhe was only a mortal. External beauty is very alluring to youth and inexperience; and Swift, by pulling off the borrowed plumes of his harpy, diſcovers at once a frightful bird of prey, and by making her offenſive, renders her leſs dangerous and inviting. Such, I hope was his deſign. But let his views and motives have been ever ſo beneficial, his general want of delicacy and decorum muſt not hope even to find the ſhadow of an excuſe; for it is impoſſible not to own, that he too frequently forgets that politeneſs and tenderneſs of manners, which are undoubtedly due to humankind. From his early and repeated diſappointments, he became a miſanthrope. If his mind had been more equal and content, I am willing to believe, that he would have viewed the works of nature with a more benign aſpect. And perhaps, under a leſs conſtant rotation of anxiety, he might have preſerved his ſenſes to the laſt ſcene of life, and might have enjoyed that calm exit from the ſtage, for which his friend Horace ſo earneſtly ſupplicates Apollo.

" Frui paratis et valido mihi,
" Latoe, dones, et precor, integra
" Cum mente; nec turpem ſenectam
" Degere, nec cithara carentem."

His pride was ſo great as ſcarce to admit any body to the leaſt ſhare of his friendſhip, except ſuch who could amuſe him, or ſuch who could do him

honour. To theſe two diffent claſſes, we owe many of his poems. His companions and humble followers find themſelves immortalized by the inſertion of their names in addreſſes to Stella, or in other miſcellaneous pieces, written in an eaſy, although not in a careleſs manner. His more exalted friends, whoſe ſtations and characters did him honour, are treated in a different ſtyle; and you will perceive a real dignity, and a moſt delicate kind of wit, in all his poems to Lord Oxford, Lord Peterborough, Lord Cartaret (now Earl of Granville). Mr. Pulteney (now Earl of Bath); and I think I may particularly add, in a poem to the Counteſs of Winchelſea (under the name of *Ardelia*), and another to Mrs. Biddy Floyd. Theſe names abetted him in his purſuit of fame. They reflected back the glory which he gave. But ſtill I cannot recollect one poem, nay ſcarce a couplet, to his noble patron Lord Bolingbroke. In that inſtance he has been as ſilent, as Virgil has been to Horace; and yet he certainly had not a grain of envy in his compoſition.

I think I can diſcern a third kind of ſtyle in his poems addreſſed to Mr. Pope, Mr. Gay, Dr. Delany, and Dr. Young. When he writes to them, there is a mixture of eaſe, dignity, familiarity, and affection. They were his intimate friends, whom he loved ſincerely, and whom he wiſhed to accompany into the poetical regions of eternity.

As to the poem called *Death and Daphne*, [vol. 7.]; I recollect an odd accident relating to that nymph. Swift, ſoon after our acquaintance, introduced me to her, as to one of his female favourites. I had ſcarce been half an hour in her company, before ſhe aſked me if I had ſeen the Dean's poem upon *Death and Daphne?* As I told her I had not, ſhe immediately unlocked a cabinet, and bringing out the manuſcript, read it me with a ſeeming ſatisfaction, of which at that time I doubted

doubted the ſincerity. While ſhe was reading, the Dean was perpetually correcting her for bad pronunciation, and for placing a wrong emphaſis upon particular words. As ſoon as ſhe had gone thro' the compoſition, ſhe aſſured me ſmilingly, that the portrait of Daphne was drawn for herſelf. I begged to be excuſed from believing it, and proteſted that I could not ſee one feature that had the leaſt reſemblance. But the Dean immediately burſt into a fit of laughter: "You fancy," ſays he, "that you "are very polite; but you are much miſtaken. That "lady had rather be a Daphne drawn by me, than "a Sachariſſa by any other pencil." She confirmed what he ſaid with great earneſtneſs; ſo that I had no other method of retrieving my error, than by whiſpering in her ear as I was conducting her down ſtairs to dinner, that indeed I found

"Her hand as dry and cold as lead."

You ſee the command which Swift had all over his females; and you would have ſmiled to have found his houſe a conſtant ſeraglio of very virtuous women, who attended him from morning till night, with an obedience, an awe, and an aſſiduity, that are ſeldom paid to the richeſt, or the moſt powerful lovers; no, not even to the Grand Signior himſelf.

To theſe ladies Swift owed the publication of many pieces, which ought never to have been delivered to the preſs. He communicated every compoſition as ſoon as finiſhed, to his female ſenate: who not only paſſed their judgement on the performance, but conſtantly aſked, and almoſt as conſtantly obtained a copy of it. You cannot be ſurpriſed, that it was immediately afterwards ſeen in print; and, when printed, became a part of his works. He lived much at home, and was continually writing, when alone. Not any of his ſenators preſumed to

approach him, when he ſignified his pleaſure to remain in private, and without interruption. His night-gown and ſlippers were not eaſier put on or off, than his attendants. No prince ever met with more flattery to his own perſon, or more devotion to his own mandates. This deſpotic power not only blinded him, but gave a looſe to paſſions that ought to have been kept under a proper reſtraint. I am ſorry to ſay, that whole nations are ſometimes ſacrificed to his reſentment: for reflections of that ſort appear to me the leaſt juſtifiable of any kind of ſatire. You will read his *acerrima* with indignation, and his *minutiæ* with regret. Yet I muſt add, that ſince he has deſcended ſo low as to write, and ſtill ſo much lower as to print riddles, he is excellent even in that kind of verſification. The lines are ſmoother, the expreſſions are neater, and the thought is cloſer purſued, than in any other riddle-writer whatever. But Swift compoſing riddles, is Titian's painting draught-boards; which muſt have been inexcuſable, while there remained a ſignpoſt-painter in the world.

As to the two Latin poems, "An epiſtle to Dr. "Seridan" [vol. 7.], and "A deſcription of the "rocks at Carbery in Ireland" [vol. 7.], the Dean was extremely ſolicitous, that they ſhould be printed among his works; and what is no leſs true than amazing, he aſſumed to himſelf more vanity upon theſe two Latin poems, than upon many of his beſt Engliſh performances. It is ſaid, that Milton, in his own judgement, preferred the Paradiſe Regained to the Paradiſe loſt. There poſſibly might be found ſome excuſe for ſuch a preference; but in Swift's caſe there can be none. He underſtood the Latin language perfectly well, and he read it conſtantly: but he was no Latin poet. And if the *Carberiæ rupes*, and the *Epiſtola ad Thomam Sheridan*, had been the produce of any other author, they

they muſt have undergone a ſevere cenſure from Dr. Swift.

The two poems, intitled, "The life and genuine "character of Dr. Swift," and, "Verſes on the "death of Dr. Swift," &c. are poems of great wit and humour. The firſt was artfully publiſhed by Dr. Swift in a manner ſo different from thoſe rules of poetry to which he confined himſelf, that he hoped the public might miſtake it for a ſpurious or uncorrect copy, ſtolen by memory from his original poem. He took great pleaſure in this ſuppoſition; and I believe it anſwered his expectation. One of his ſtricteſt rules in poetry was to avoid triplets. What can have given riſe to ſo nice a peculiarity, is difficult to determine. It might be owing only to a ſingular turn of thinking. But the reaſon which he publicly aſſigned, ſeemed not ſo much againſt the practice itſelf, as againſt the poets who indulged themſelves in that manner of writing. "A cuſtom" (according to the Dean's opinion) "introduced by lazineſs, continued by ignorance, "and eſtabliſhed by falſe taſte." With deference to ſo great a critic, 'tis a cuſtom that has frequently been purſued with remarkable ſucceſs. Mr. Dryden abounds in triplets; and in ſome of his moſt elegant poems, the third concluding verſe forms the fineſt climax in the whole piece. Mr. Waller, the father of all flowing poetry, has generally reſerved the niceſt point of wit to his triplicate line. And, upon an impartial inquiry, it is almoſt to be queſtioned, whether, in many inſtances, this deſpicable triplet may not add a greater beauty to a poetical compoſition, than any other circumſtance. To be confined, on any terms, by the links of rhyme, is of great diſadvantage to our Engliſh poetry. The fineſt poem that we can boaſt, and which we equalize, and perhaps would willingly prefer to the Iliad, is void of theſe fetters. But when it is our

deſtiny

deſtiny to wear chains, ſurely we may be allowed to make them as light and eaſy as we can.

The ſecond poem, "Verſes on the death of Dr. "Swift" [vol. 7.] is a moſt pointed piece of ſarcaſm. Not any of the Dean's poems have more wit; nor are any of them more ſevere. In it he has ſummoned together his whole powers of ſatire and poetry. It is a parting blow; the legacy of anger and diſappointment. But as the two laſt lines are grammatically incorrect, and as they were not inſerted in the firſt edition publiſhed at London, I cannot tell how they have crept into a poem, that is otherwiſe as exactly poliſhed as any of Swift's niceſt compoſitions. *Orrery.*

The merits of Dr. Swift in the character of a poet are conſiderably great. His deſcriptions, wherein there conſtantly appear the diſtinguiſhing marks of his own peculiar talents, are extremely juſt and lively: many of his groups are not to be excelled by any painter's imagination: his rhymes and his numbers are chaſte and delicate; and in places, when, rather by accident than choice, he riſes from the earth, and ſoars into the regions of poetry, he is equal to the fineſt maſters among the Greeks and Romans, his ideas are lofty, and his verſification muſically ſonorous. And yet, after all, he is not to be conſidered in the light of a profeſſed poet; the multitude of his writings on various ſubjects, both in verſe and proſe, being an evident demonſtration, that he was ſuperior to any particular courſe of learning. He was born to be the encourager of virtue, and the terror of the wicked. He never ſat muſing in his elbow-chair upon new ſubjects, for the exerciſe of his genius, and the advancement of his fame; but writ occaſionally to pleaſe and to reform the world, as either politics or humour gave the ſpur to his faculties. There are but few of his poems that ſeem to have been the labour of more than one

day,

day, how greatly ſoever they might have been corrected and poliſhed afterwards to his own liking before he tranſcribed them fair.

There indiſputably runs a vein of ſatire throughout all his writings: but, as he declares that no age could have more deſerved it, than that particular age wherein he was deſtined to live; he is intitled to all the praiſe we can beſtow upon him, for exerting his whole abilities in the defence of honour, virtue, and his country. In his general ſatire, where perhaps thouſands were equally meant, he hath never once through malice inſerted the name of any one perſon; the vice nevertheleſs he expoſeth to contempt and ridicule. But in particular ſatire, when egregious monſters, traitors to the weal public, and ſlaves to party, are the objects of his reſentment, he laſhes without mercy; well knowing, that infamy, which is perhaps a taſte of hell, is the only puniſhment which in this world can be inflicted upon ſuch rebels to ſociety, as, either by craft or corruption, bid defiance to the laws.

One of the moſt diſtinguiſhing characteriſtics of Dr. Swift was a bright and clear genius; ſo extremely piercing, that every the moſt ſtriking circumſtance, ariſing from any ſubject whatever, quickly occurred to his imagination; and theſe he frequently ſo accumulated one upon another, that perhaps, beyond all other poets, of all ages and countries, he deſerves in this particular to be the moſt univerſally admired. And this choice of circumſtances, if any ſtreſs can be laid on the opinion of Longinus, that great director of our taſte and judgement, renders a compoſition truly noble and ſublime. The moſt remarkable pieces of this ſort, are, "The furniture of a woman's mind; Betty the "Grizette; The journal of a modern lady; His "poem on reading Dr. Young's ſatires; Mordan-"to; The deſcription of a city-ſhower; The de-

"ſcription

" ſcription of Quilca; The deſcription of the " morning; and, The place of the damned." This power of the mind gave him alſo that deſperate hand, as Pope terms it, in taking off all ſorts of characters. To omit thoſe of a politieal nature, ſee " The progreſs of poetry; The ſecond part of " Traulus; The progreſs of love; The character " of Corinna; and, The beautiful young nymph " juſt going to bed; where you will find, that his imagination could even dream in the character of an old battered ſtrumpet. And, from the ſame inexhaſtible fund of wit, he acquired the hiſtoric arts both of deſigning and colouring, either in groups, or in ſingle portraits. How exact, how lively, and ſpirited, is that groupe of figures in " The journal " of a modern lady?" [Here the paſſage is inſerted, beginning thus:

" But let me now a while ſurvey," &c. l. 116.

and ending,

" Flew hov'ring o'er each female head." l. 135.

And for a ſingle portrait, if we conſider the deſign, the attitude, the drapery, or the colouring, what is it that can excel the repreſentation of Caſſinus in " The tragical elegy?" [Here the paſſage is inſerted, beginning thus:

" He ſeem'd as juſt crept out of bed," &c. l. 11.

and ending thus,

" On embers place'd, to drink it hot. l. 28.

Throughout all his poetical writings, although many of them be dedicated immediately to the fair ſex, there cannot be found, to the beſt of my recollection, one ſingle diſtich, addreſſed in the character of a lover to any one perſon. If he writ any poems of that ſort in his younger days, they muſt have been

been deſtroyed, if they be not concealed. Thoſe verſes upon women, which are deemed the moſt ſatirical, were written principally with a view to correct their foibles, to improve their taſte, and to make them as agreeable companions at threeſcore, as at the age of five and twenty. By what I can hear, the moſt exceptionable of his poems in that way have produced ſome very extraordinary effects in the polite world. This was in truth the ultimate deſign of his writing "The lady's dreſſing room," and other pieces, which are acknowledged to be ſomewhat liable to cenſure on account of their indelicacy.

Among the admirers of Dr. Swift, many have compared him to Horace, making proper allowances for the reſpective ages in which they ſeverally flouriſhed. The reſemblance however between them is not ſo exceedingly ſtrong, as that a ſimilitude and manner of writing could have excited the leaſt degree of emulation between them, further than to be equally renowned for their peculiar excellencies. Each of them had, independent of what is generally called a fine taſte, a thorough knowledge of the world, ſuperadded to an abundance of learning. Both the one and the other of theſe great men held the numerous tribe of poets, as well as that motley generation of men called *critics*, in the utmoſt contempt; and at the ſame time, have manifeſted themſelves to be incomparable judges of all that is truly excellent, whether in books or men. Neither of them had the leaſt regard for the Stoics: and whatever may be ſaid of their being of the Epicurean taſte, which, if rightly underſtood, is far from being inconſiſtent with the higheſt virtue: neither of them was attached to any particular ſyſtem of philoſophy. Homer was the darling author both of Horace and Swift. Horace declares, in his epiſtle to Lollius, that Homer had abundantly more good ſenſe and wiſdom than all

all the philoſophers; and Swift's opinion was, that Homer had more genius than all the reſt of the world put together. Yet neither the one nor the other of them have attempted to imitate his manner; but, like heroes of a bold and true ſpirit, have induſtriouſly followed the bent of nature, and ſtruck out originals of their own, But however ſtrong may be ſuppoſed the reſemblance between Horace and Swift, they were in fact, upon the whole, quite different men. Their tempers, their complexions, and their fortunes, were totally unlike. Each of them had in many reſpects greatly the advantage of the other.

Poetry was in Homer the buſineſs of his life; every deſire, every comfort, and every paſſion of his mind, was centered in the Muſes: he followed the example of the Greek poets, *præter laudem nullius avarus*. Poetry in Swift was only an appendage to his character: he wore it as an emblem of wit and ſpirit, which gave him an air of grandeur in the republic of letters. Horace, by diverting his thoughts from all ſublunary affairs, and perpetually ranging about from flower to flower, among the gardens and groves, and wilderneſſes of the Greeks, with infinite labour extracted, like an induſtrious bee, the quinteſſence of their ſweets; and by frequently experimenting all the changes of harmony, is deſervedly the joy and admiration of the poetical world, for the muſic of his lines, and the variety of his numbers. His addreſſes to the Emperor, to Agrippa, to Pollio, and his panegyric on Druſus, are prodigiouſly ſublime; but his hymns to the Muſes, to Mercury, to Pan, to Apollo and Diana, to Venus, to his lyre, and to Bacchus, are abſolutely raptures of poetry, even the divine ſpirit of that *amabilis inſania*, "that delightful madneſs," which is only to be felt, impoſſible to be deſcribed. His verſes nevertheleſs are but few in number; the whole of his works, at a random computation, amounting only

to

to about 7000 lines; whereof not above one half are of that ſpecies of poetry on which he deſired to fix all his pretenſions to fame. And it was upon theſe only he beſtowed the greater part of his life. Swift, on the contrary, from the age of one and twenty, was deeply immerſed in politics during his whole life; ſometimes fighting the battles of church and ſtate againſt a virulent, oppoſing faction, which threatened to undermine the conſtitution; ſometimes reſiſting the torrent of eccleſiaſtical, and frequently the torrent of miniſterial power, whenever the rights of the clergy, or the liberties of his country, were occaſionally invaded; and generally fighting with beaſts of one ſpecies or other, like a fierce and bold champion, reſolutely bent on either death or victory: yet ſtill he could find opportunities, by ſnatching hours of leiſure, to write poetry for his amuſement. He had read many of the Greek and Latin poets; reliſhed and admired what was agreeable to his own taſte; but never devoted either his thoughts or his time to Apollo and the Muſes. Throughout his whole works there is no ſuch thing as an ode to Calliope, to Mercury, to Venus, to Apollo and Diana, to his lyre, to Bacchus, or to Pan; nothing which was ever intended as a rapture of poetry. Is it not then ſomewhat very amazing, if we conſider him in this fair and true light, that he ſhould produce, by the mere force of taſte and abilities, without any laboured correction at all, ſuch wonders in the poetic ſtrain, as to make any of the moſt partial of his admirers, not only prefer him to all the poets of theſe later centuries, but compare him to that immortal genius of the Auguſtan age, whole whole delight, ſpeculation, and amuſement, whether in bed or in the fields, was in meditating, writing, poliſhing, or correcting his verſes? *Swift.*

MISCELLANIES IN VERSE †.

N. B. Whatever verſes are marked with an aſteriſk * prefixed, are not Dr. Swift's.

CADENUS and VANESSA.

Written *anno* 1713.

THE *ſhepherds* and the *nymphs* were ſeen
Pleading before the Cyprian Queen.
The counſel for the fair began,
Accuſing the falſe creature, *man*.

The

† The following poems chiefly conſiſt either of humour or ſatire, and very often of both together. What merit they may have, we confeſs ourſelves to be no judges of in the leaſt; but, out of due regard to a writer, from whoſe works we hope to receive ſome benefit, we cannot conceal what we have heard from ſeveral perſons of great judgement, that the author never was known, either in verſe or proſe, to borrow any thought, ſimile, epithet, or particular manner of ſtile; but whatever he writ, whether good, bad, or indifferent, is an original in itſelf.——Although we are very ſenſible, that in ſome of the following poems, the ladies may reſent certain ſatirical touches againſt the miſtaken conduct in ſome of the fair ſex; and that ſome warm perſons on the prevailing ſide may cenſure this author, for not thinking in public matters exactly like themſelves; yet we have been aſſured, by ſeveral judicious and learned gentlemen,

The brief with weighty crimes was charge'd,
On which the pleader much enlarge'd;
That Cupid now has loſt his art,
Or blunts the point of ev'ry dart;——

His

that what the author hath here writ, on either of thoſe two ſubjects, hath no other aim than to reform the errors of both ſexes. If the public be right in its conjectures of the author, nothing is better known in London, than that while he had credit at the court of Q. Anne, he employed ſo much of it in favour of Whigs in both kingdoms, that the miniſtry uſed to rally him as the advocate of that party; for ſeveral of whom he got employments, and preſerved others from loſing what they had: of which ſome inſtances remain even in this kingdom. Beſides, he then writ and declared againſt the pretender with equal zeal, though not with equal fury, as any of our modern Whigs; of which party he always profeſſed himſelf to be as to politics, as the reader will find in many parts of his works, *Dub. edit.* 1735.

This poem is founded upon an offer of marriage, made by a young lady to her preceptor. Whether ſuch an incident really happened, or what gave the poet occaſion to ſuppoſe it, need not here be inquired. His principal deſign is to expoſe the faults and follies in both ſexes, by which love is degraded, and marriage rendered ſubſervient to ſordid purpoſes.

This poem, one of the greateſt length, and, I believe, the longeſt ever compoſed by the Dean, is of a very extraordinary nature, and upon a very extraordinary ſubject. As a poem, it is excellent in its kind, perfectly correct, and admirably conducted.

Vanity makes terrible devaſtation in a female breaſt. It batters down all reſtraints of modeſty, and carries away every ſeed of virtue. Vaneſſa was exceſſively vain. The character given of her by Cadenus is fine painting, but in general fictitious. She was fond of dreſs; impatient to be admired; very romantic in her turn of mind; ſuperior, in her own opinion, to all her ſex; full of pertneſs, gaiety, and pride; not without ſome agreeable accompliſhments, but far from being either beautiful or genteel; ambitious, at any rate, to be eſteemed a wit; and, with that view, always affecting to keep company with wits; a great reader, and a violent admirer of poetry; happy in the thoughts of being reputed Swift's concubine; but ſtill aiming and intending to be his wife; by nature haughty and diſdainful, looking with the pity of contempt upon her inferiors, and with the ſmiles of ſelf approbation upon her equals; but upon Dr. Swift with the eyes of love. Her love was founded in vanity, or, to uſe a more faſhionable phraſe, in taſte, His own lines are the beſt proof of my aſſertion. [Here the particular paſſage is inſerted, beginning thus,

" Cadenus

His altar now no longer ſmokes,
His mother's aid no youth invokes:
This tempts freethinkers to refine,
And bring in doubt their powers divine;

Now

" Cadenus many things had writ, *l.* 510.

and ending thus,

" Nor farther looks, but thinks him young, *l.* 531.]

The poem itſelf is dated in the year 1713, when Swift was in his meridian altitude; favoured by the courtiers; flattered, feared, and admired, by the greateſt men in the nation.

By the verſes which I have already recited, it may be preſumed, that the lady was firſt ſmitten with the fame and character of Cadenus, and afterwards with his perſon. Her firſt thoughts purſued a phantom; her latter paſſion deſired a ſubſtance. The manner in which ſhe diſcovered her inclinations, is poetically deſcribed in theſe lines. [The paſſage here inſerted, begins thus,

" She own'd the wandring of her thoughts, *l.* 602.

and ends thus,

" Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart, *l.* 623.]

Suppoſing this account to be true, and I own I can ſcarce think it otherwiſe, it is evident, that the fair Vaneſſa had made a ſurpriſing progreſs in the philoſophic doctrines which ſhe had received from her preceptor. His rules were certainly of a moſt extraordinary kind. He taught her, that vice, as ſoon as it defied ſhame, was immediately changed into virtue; that vulgar forms were not binding upon certain choice ſpirits, to whom either the writings or the perſons of men of wit were acceptable. She heard the leſſon with attention, and imbibed the philoſophy with eagerneſs. The maxims ſuited her exalted turn of mind. She imagined, that if the theory appeared ſo charming, the practice muſt be much more delightful. The cloſe connection of ſoul and body ſeemed to require, in the eye of a female philoſopher, that each ſhould ſucceed the other in all pleaſurable enjoyments. The former had been ſufficiently regaled; why muſt the latter remain unſatisfied? " Nature," ſaid Vaniſſa, " abhors a va-" *cuum*, and Nature ought always to be obeyed." She communicated theſe ſentiments to her tutor; but he ſeemed not to comprehend her meaning, nor to conceive the *diſtinctio rationis* that had taken riſe in his own ſchool. He anſwered her in the *non-eſſential modes*. He talked of friendſhip, of the delights of reaſon, of gratitude, reſpect and eſteem. He almoſt preached upon virtue, and he muttered ſome indiſtinct phraſes concerning chaſtity.

Now love is dwindled to intrigue,
And marriage grown a money-league.
Which crimes aforesaid (*with her leave*)
Were (*as we humbly did conceive*)
Against

So unaccountable a conduct in Cadenus may be thought rather to proceed from defects in nature, than from the scrupulous difficulties of a tender conscience. Such a supposition will still appear more strong, if we recollect the distant manner in which Swift cohabited with Stella, colder, if possible, after, than before she was his wife: and I now recollect some of his own lines, that seem to confirm the surmise, as they contain an insinuation against Vanessa, not, perhaps so much intended to wound her reputation, as to save his own. [The passage here inserted, begins thus,

" But what success Vanessa met, *l.* 818.

and ends thus,

" Nor shall the conscious muse unfold, *l.* 827.]

It is impossible to read this cruel hint without great indignation against the conscious muse, especially as it is the finishing stroke of a picture, which was already drawn in too loose a garment, and too unguarded a posture. In this instance, I am afraid, the Dean must remain inexcusable.

Vanessa, in some time after the death of her sister, retired to Selbridge. Spleen and disappointment were the companions of her solitude. The narrowness of her income, the coldness of her lover, the loss of her reputation, all contributed to make her miserable, and to increase the frenzical disposition of her mind. In this melancholy situation she remained several years; during which time Cadenus visited her frequently. Their particular conversation, as it passed without witnesses, must for ever remain unknown: but, in general, it is certain, that she often pressed him to marry her. His answers were rather turns of wit than positive denials; till at last, being unable to sustain her weight of misery any longer, she writ a very tender epistle to Cadenus, insisting peremptorily upon as serious an answer, and an immediate acceptance, or absolute refusal of her as his wife. His reply was delivered by his own hand. He brought it with him when he made his final visit at Selbridge, and throwing down the letter upon her table, with great passion hastened back to his horse, carrying in his own countenance the frown of anger and indignation.

Dr. Swift had a natural severity of face, which even his smiles could scarce soften, or his utmost gaiety render placid and serene: but when that sternness of visage was increased by rage, it is scarce possible to imagine looks or features that carried in them more terror and austerity. Vanessa had seen him in all tempers, and from his outward

Againſt our ſov'reign lady's peace,
Againſt the ſtatute in that caſe,
Againſt her dignity and crown:
Then pray'd an anſwer, and ſat down.

The

outward appearance ſhe gueſſed at the inward contents of his letter. She read it with as much reſolution as the preſent cruelty of her fate, and the raging pride of her heart would permit. She found herſelf entirely diſcarded from his friendſhip and converſation. Her offers were treated with inſolence and diſdain. She met with reproaches inſtead of love, and with tyranny inſtead of affection. She had long thrown away the gentle lenitives of virtue; which, upon this occaſion, might have proved healing ingredients to ſo deep and ſo dangerous a wound. She had preferred wit to religion, ſhe had utterly deſtroyed her character and her conſcience; and ſhe was now fallen a prey to the horror of her own thoughts.

Tum vero infelix fatis exterrita Dido
Mortem orat: taedet cœli convexa tueri.

She did not ſurvive many days the letter delivered to her by Cadenus.——Thus periſhed at Selbridge, under all the agonies of deſpair, Mrs. Eſther Vanhomrigh; a miſerable example of an ill-ſpent life, fantaſtic wit, viſionary ſchemes, and female weakneſs. *Orrery.*

This poem is built on the fineſt model; ſupported with infinite humour, wit, and gaiety; imbelliſhed with ideas the moſt lovely and delicate; beautifully adorned with variety of the moſt attractive images; and conducted throughout the whole with ſuch perfect regularity, that, beyond all other pieces, whether of Dr. Swift, or any poet that ever writ in Engliſh, it appears calculated to abide the ſevereſt examination of critics.

In the apparatus of this poem we find, that Venus, the goddeſs of love and beauty, having cauſe to be afraid, upon hearing the merits of a trial between the nymphs and ſhepherds, that her ſovereignty might be called in queſtion, on account of that wretched corrupted taſte which prevails among the youth of both ſexes, reſolves on a political expedient to maintain the dignity of her throne, and to reduce her rebellious ſubjects unto their loyalty, their chains, and their obedience.

Now, this debate, which was ſpun out for ſixteen years between the nymphs and ſhepherds, is ſuppoſed to have commenced only ſome few days before the birth of Vaneſſa. But the Cyprian Queen having, in order to try an experiment, ſelected Vaneſſa, upon the day of her birth, from all the reſt of the little female world, adorns her with every grace and beauty, that is ſuppoſed to attract the admiration of the ſhepherds. And, to complete her deſign, ſhe prevails on the goddeſs of learning (although by a ſtratagem) to pour down all

her

The *nymphs* with ſcorn beheld their foes:
When the *defendant's* counſel roſe,
And, what no lawyer ever lack't,
With impudence own'd all the fact;

But

her gifts into the boſom of this delightful girl. [Here ſome verſes are inſerted, beginning thus,

" Thus, to the world's perpetual ſhame, *l.* 432.

and ending thus,

" Give mortals neither heat nor light, *l.* 443]

Here let us ſtop, and take an impartial view of this inchanting fair. With regard to the beauty, the elegance, the graces, and the ſweetneſs of her perſon, ſhe is beyond all contradiction, to uſe an expreſſion of Parnel,

" All bright as an angel new-dropt from the ſkies.

And with regard to the accompliſhments of the mind, her ſoul is endued with knowledge, judgement, wit, decency, modeſty, truth, juſtice, fortitude, honour, potiteneſs, generoſity, wi dom, and every other virtue which can poſſibly enter into the compoſition of the moſt illuſtrious character. She had a ſoul worthy to be the inhabitant of ſo beautiful, ſo angelic, a manſion. However, to ſpeak as a critic, it matters not whether Vaneſſa be a real or a fictitious character. If indeed the character be drawn from real life, we muſt inſiſt upon it, that Vaneſſa behaved herſelf, throughout all the habitudes and viciſſitudes of life, with unblemiſhed honour; as in truth her character would not otherwiſe have been even poetically juſt; and conſequently the poem, inſtead of being univerſally admired for its ſuperior excellencies, would (to ſpeak in the ſtile of critics) have been damned, on its firſt appearance, for its inaccuracies and inconſiſtencies. On the other hand, if the character be fictitious, the whole is a fable; and conſequently there never exiſted any ſuch perſon as the charming Vaneſſa. It is certain, however, that among the poets we frequently meet with characters, eſpecially when compliments are addreſſed to ſome particular favourites in the *grande monde*, which are partly real, and partly fictitious. What I mean by real is, when ſome perſon really and truly exiſting, is generally underſtood to be the object of the poet's complaiſance; and what I mean by fictitious is, when the poet, without any regard to truth, elegantly diſplays the fineneſs and delicacy of his own taſte, in all the careſſes of gallantry, politeneſs, courtſhip, and addreſs, unto this real, not imaginary lady. For example, were a poet to inſert the name of ſome little, nut-brown, trifling girl, under the portrait of all that is beautiful, accompliſhed, and adorable, in the faireſt of the creation; his compliment would

nevertheleſs

But, what the gentleſt heart would vex,
Laid all the fault on t'other ſex.
That modern love is no ſuch thing,
As what thoſe ancient poets ſing;

A fire

nevertheleſs be extremely polite; no matter for the reſemblance. Pictures, we all know, are deſigned for poſterity; and poſterity cares not whether in fact the picture was drawn from the life, or was only imaginary. They ſee; they are pleaſed; they inquire no further. The moſt remarkable inſtance of this kind that we know of among all the poets, ancient or modern, is that of Prior's Chloe, who was a cheerful, gay, facetious, old woman, that uſed to laugh with a profuſion of good humour, until ſhe was almoſt ready to die, at the conceit of her being a poet's flame. And Prior, we may be ſure, was equally delighted with the excellence of her underſtanding. Vaneſſa was perhaps another remarkable inſtance of this kind: for, as the poet has expreſsly declared, that "her name on earth ſhall not be told," we are by no means at liberty to form any conjectures about her. It is affirmed, however, that Vaneſſa was in love with Cadenus, and declared it to him after a ſtrange manner. That Vaneſſa might have liked Cadenus, at leaſt the poetical Vaneſſa, we cannot make any ſort of doubt, becauſe we are expreſsly told ſo. The manner in which ſhe declared her paſſion to him, is only to be collected from the poem itſelf; wherein we find, that, after an apology founded on maxims truly philoſophical, ſhe reveals her ſentiments in the following terms. [Here ſome verſes are inſerted, beginning thus.

"I knew, by what you ſaid and writ, *l.* 618.

and ending thus,

"Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart, *l.* 623.]

The remainder of the converſation between Cadenus and Vaneſſa, for half a dozen pages together, is evidently nothing more than a flight of imagination, wholly deſigned for the entertainment of thoſe who have a reliſh for compoſition, and a taſte for poetry. But ſuppoſing it was ſome real Vaneſſa that liked Cadenus; or, in plain terms, ſuppoſing that Miſs Vanhomrigh, had a paſſion for Dr. Swift, is there any crime in love? Far from it: the voice of God, and the voice of nature, ſpeak the direct contrary. The worſt that can be ſaid of it, is, that Vaneſſa, who had really and truly been educated under the inſpection of Cadenus, (a man beyond all others upon earth, whoſe delight was to give inſtruction to young people, and eſpecially to young women), had not ſufficiently conſidered, that in love we are all ſportſmen, careleſs of joys that are within our reach, and perpetually driving after the flying game. Nevertheleſs, to maintain the dignity of her ſex, and to apologize for this little failure in point of diſcretion, (that cool, ſober quality, not virtue, of the mind; which frequently,

A fire celeſtial, chaſte, refin'd,
Conceiv'd and kindled in the mind;
Which having found an equal flame
Unites, and both become the ſame,

In

frequently, or rather notoriouſly, preſides in that breaſt where every humane, generous, and ſpirited affection of the ſoul is wanting), ſhe availeth herſelf of the Doctor's own maxims, before ſhe adventures to impart the moſt tender of her ſentiments to an old experienced man, whoſe heart, like a rock of adamant, was incapable of impreſſions. [Here ſome verſes are inſerted, beginning thus,

" She well remember'd to her coſt, *l.* 604.

and ending thus,

" Now, ſaid the nymph, *&c. l.* 614.]

However, in juſtice to the honour and reputation of Vaneſſa, we are obliged to remark, that Cadenus, from his earlieſt youth, had been always a courtier of the women, as far as words, and terms, and politeneſs, and gallantry, without profeſſing any degree of ſincerity, conſtancy, and love, can recommend a cavalier to their ſervice. And this we are told in the following lines.

" Cadenus, common forms apart,
" In ev'ry ſcene had kept his heart,
" Had ſigh'd and languiſh'd, vow'd and writ,
" For paſtime, or to ſhew his wit," *l.* 540.——543.

But ſure it is, that courtſhip and addreſs, without any proteſtations of fidelity and love, may be carried ſomewhat too far; as the deportment of Cadenus to the beautiful and accompliſhed Vaneſſa, in this poetical repreſentation of gallantry, ſufficiently demonſtrates. Is it therefore any matter of aſtoniſhment, that Vaneſſa (before whom Cadenus might have ſighed and languiſhed, and to whom at particular times he might have both vowed and written) ſhould have been encouraged to hope, as ſhe liked his perſon, and was enamoured of his writings, that ſhe might have carried off ſo glorious a prize from all the reſt of her contemporaries? Allowing this to have been the caſe, which is perhaps agreeable to truth, as well as to common report, Vaneſſa's declaration to her admired Cadenus, may without violence be interpreted into a gentle demand of thoſe tender affections, which, from the current of his behaviour towards her, ſhe had a right to expect.

I have been aſſured, that Miſs Vanhomrigh was, in her general converſe with the world, as far from encouraging any ſtile of addreſs, inconſiſtent with the rules of honour and good breeding, as any woman alive. Neither can it be ſaid, if any concluſions may

be

In diff'rent breaſts together burn,
Together both to aſhes turn.
But women now feel no ſuch fire,
And only know the groſs deſire.
Their paſſions move in lower ſpheres,
Where'er caprice or folly ſteers.
A dog, a parrot, or an ape,
Or ſome worſe brute in human ſhape,
Ingroſs the fancies of the fair,
The few ſoft moments they can ſpare,
From viſits to receive and pay;
From ſcandal, politics, and play;

be drawn from her appearance and behaviour in Ireland, that ſhe was either a vain woman, or fond of dreſs; although ſhe was extremely nice and delicate, as well in the cleanlineſs of her perſon, as in every thing ſhe wore. Her only misfortune was, that ſhe had a paſſion for Dr. Swift, which was not to be conquered; although it is a point inconteſtible, that Dr. Swift had never once made her the moſt diſtant overtures of marriage. And this paſſion was in all probability the remote cauſe of her death. She languiſhed for ſome years; and fell into a conſumption; neither was ſhe convinced that Dr. Swift was married to Mrs. Johnſton, until about two months before her deceaſe. She was at laſt carried off by a fever, in the year 1723, and in the 37th year of her age.

Thus died at Selbridge, worthy of an happier fate, the celebrated Mrs. Eſther Vanhomrigh, a martyr to love and conſtancy.

"Herſed in Death's cold, frozen arms,
"Lie deep intomb'd Vaneſſa's charms;
"Transfix'd by Love's unerring dart,
"The gentle fair indulg'd the ſmart;
"For twice ſix long revolving years
"Her days were ſpent in ſighs and tears;
"He tender frame at laſt decay'd,
"She quits the world a lifeleſs ſhade;
"Nor can, alas! the grave ſecure
"Her virtues uncorrupt and pure!
"Vaneſſa's fate in mournful ſtrains
"Bewail, ye nymphs, and ſhepherd ſwains;
"Ye tuneful choirs, to whom belong
"The powers of verſe, in plaintive ſong
"Bewail the nymph, who dy'd to prove,
"*That reaſon was her guide in love.*"

Swift.

From

From fans, and flounces, and brocades,
From equipage and park-parades,
From all the thouſand female toys,
From ev'ry trifle that employs
The out or inſide of their heads,
Between their toilets and their beds.
In a dull ſtream, which, moving ſlow,
You hardly ſee the current flow;
If a ſmall breeze obſtructs the courſe,
It whirls about for want of force,
And in its narrow circle gathers
Nothing but chaff, and ſtraws, and feathers:
The current of a female mind
Stops thus, and turns with ev'ry wind;
Thus whirling round, together draws
Fools, fops, and rakes, for chaff and ſtraws.
Hence we conclude, no womens hearts
Are won by virtue, wit, and parts;
Nor are the men of ſenſe to blame,
For breaſts incapable of flame;
The fault muſt on the *nymphs* be place'd,
Grown ſo corrupted in their taſte.
The pleader, having ſpoke his beſt,
Had witneſs ready to atteſt,
Who fairly could on oath depoſe,
When queſtions on the fact aroſe,
That ev'ry article was true;
Nor further thoſe deponents knew:
Therefore he humbly would inſiſt,
The bill might be with coſts diſmiſt.
The cauſe appear'd of ſo much weight,
That Venus, from her judgement-ſeat,
Deſir'd them not to talk ſo loud,
Elſe ſhe muſt interpoſe a cloud:
For if the heav'nly folk ſhould know
Theſe pleadings *in the courts below*,
That mortals here diſdain to love,
She ne'er could ſhew her face above;

For

For gods, their betters, are too wiſe
To value that which men deſpiſe.
And then, ſaid ſhe, my ſon and I
Muſt ſtroll in air, 'twixt earth and ſky;
Or elſe, ſhut out from heav'n and earth,
Fly to the ſea, my place of birth;
There live with daggled *mermaids* pent,
And keep on fiſh perpetual *lent*.
But, ſince the caſe appear'd ſo nice,
She thought it beſt to take advice.
The Muſes, by their king's permiſion,
Though foes to love, attend the ſeſſion,
And on the right hand took their places
In order; on the left, the Graces:
To whom ſhe might her doubts propoſe
On all emergencies that roſe.
The Muſes oft were ſeen to frown;
The *Graces* half-aſham'd look down;
And, 'twas obſerv'd, there were but few
Of either ſex among the crew,
Whom ſhe or her aſſeſſors knew.
The goddeſs ſoon began to ſee,
Things were not ripe for a decree;
And ſaid, ſhe muſt conſult her books,
The *lovers'* Fletas, Bractons, Cokes.
Firſt to a dapper clerk ſhe beckon'd
To turn to Ovid, book the ſecond;
She then referr'd them to a place
In Virgil, (*vide* Dido's caſe):
As for Tibullus's reports,
They never paſs'd for law in courts:
For Cowley's briefs, and pleas of Waller,
Still their authority was ſmaller
There was on both ſides much to ſay;
She'd hear the cauſe another day:
And ſo ſhe did, and then a third;
She heard it——there ſhe kept her word:
But with rejoinders and replies,
Long bills and anſwers ſtuff'd with lies,

Demur, imparlance, and eſſoign,
The parties ne'er could iſſue join:
For ſixteen years the cauſe was ſpun,
And then ſtood where it firſt begun.
Now, gentle Clio, ſing or ſay,
What Venus meant by this delay
The goddeſs, much perplex'd in mind
To ſee her empire thus declin'd,
When firſt this grand debate aroſe,
Above her wiſdom to compoſe,
Conceiv'd a project in her head
To work her ends; which, if it ſped,
Would ſhew the merits of the cauſe
Far better than conſulting laws.
In a glad hour Lucina's aid
Produce'd on earth a wondrous maid,
On whom the queen of love was bent
To try a new experiment,
She threw her law-books on the ſhelf,
And thus debated with herſelf
Since men alledge, they ne'er can find
Thoſe beauties in a female mind,
Which raiſe a flame that will endure
For ever uncorrupt and pure;
If 'tis with reaſon they complain,
This inſtant ſhall reſtore my reign.
I'll ſearch where ev'ry virtue dwells,
From courts incluſive down to cells;
What preachers talk, or ſages write:
Theſe I will gather and unite,
And repreſent them to mankind
Collected in that infant's mind.
This ſaid, ſhe plucks in heav'n's high bow'rs
A ſprig of *amaranthine* flow'rs,
In nectar thrice infuſes bays,
Three times refin'd in Titan's rays;
Then calls the *Graces* to her aid,
And ſprinkles thrice the new-born maid:

From

From whence the tender ſkin aſſumes
A ſweetneſs above all perfumes:
From whence a cleanlineſs remains,
Incapable of outward ſtains:
From whence that decency of mind,
So lovely in the female kind;
Where not one careleſs thought intrudes,
Leſs modeſt than the ſpeech of prudes;
Where never bluſh was call'd in aid,
That ſpurious virtue in a maid,
A virtue but at ſecond-hand;
They bluſh, becauſe they underſtand.
The *Graces* next would act their part,
And ſhew'd but little of their art;
Their work was half already done,
The child with native beauty ſhone;
The outward form no help requir'd:
Each breathing on her thrice, inſpir'd
That gentle, ſoft, engaging air,
Which in old times adorn'd the fair:
And ſaid, "*Vaneſſa* be the name
"By which thou ſhalt be known to fame;
"*Vaneſſa*, by the gods inroll'd:
"Her name on earth—ſhall not be told."
But ſtill the work was not complete;
When Venus thought on a deceit.
Drawn by her doves away ſhe flies,
And finds out Pallas in the ſkies:
Dear Pallas, I have been this morn
To ſee a lovely infant born;
A boy in yonder iſle below,
So like my own without his bow,
By beauty could your heart be won,
You'd ſwear it is Apollo's ſon.
But it ſhall ne'er be ſaid, a child
So hopeful has by me been ſpoil'd;
I have enough beſides to ſpare,
And give him wholly to your care.

Wiſdom's above ſuſpecting wiles:
The queen of learning gravely ſmiles,
Down from Olympus comes with joy,
Miſtakes Vaneſſa for a boy;
Then ſows within her tender mind
Seeds long unknown to womankind:
For manly boſoms chiefly fit,
The ſeeds of knowledge, judgement, wit,
Her ſoul was ſuddenly endu'd
With juſtice, truth, and fortitude;
With honour which no breath can ſtain,
Which malice muſt attack in vain;
With open heart and bounteous hand.
But Pallas here was at a ſtand;
She knew in our degen'rate days
Bare virtue could not live on praiſe;——
That meat muſt be with money bought:
She therefore, upon ſecond thought,
Infus'd, yet as it were by ſtealth,
Some ſmall regard for ſtate and wealth;
Of which, as ſhe grew up, there ſtay'd
A tincture in the prudent maid:
She manage'd her eſtate with care,
Yet lik'd three footmen to her chair.
But, leſt he ſhould neglect his ſtudies
Like a young heir the thrifty goddeſs
(For fear young maſter ſhould be ſpoil'd)
Would uſe him like a younger child;
And, after long computing, found
'Twould come to juſt five thouſand pound.
The queen of love was pleas'd, and proud,
To ſee Vaneſſa thus endow'd:
She doubted not but ſuch a dame
Thro' ev'ry breaſt would dart a flame;
That ev'ry rich and lordly ſwain
With pride would drag about her;
That ſcholars would forſake their books
To ſtudy bright Vaneſſa's looks;

As

As ſhe advance'd, that womankind
Would by her model form their mind,
And all their conduct would be try'd
By her, as an unerring guide;
Offending daugters oft would hear
Vaneſſa's praiſe rung in their ear:
Miſs Betty, when ſhe does a fault,
Lets fall her knife, or ſpills the ſalt,
Will thus be by her mother chid,
"'Tis what Vaneſſa never did."
Thus by the nymphs and ſwains ador'd,
My pow'r ſhall be again reſtor'd,
And happy lovers bleſs my reign——
So Venus hop'd, but hop'd in vain.
For when in time the *martial maid*
Found out the trick that Venus play'd,
She ſhakes her helm, ſhe knits her brows,
And fir'd with indignation vows,
To-morrow, ere the ſetting ſun,
She'd all undo that ſhe had done.
But in the poets we may find,
A wholeſome law, time out of mind,
Had been confirm'd by fate's decree,
That gods, of whatſoe'er degree,
Reſume not what themſelves have giv'n,
Or any brother-god in heav'n;
Which keeps the peace among the gods,
Or they muſt always be at odds:
And Pallas, if ſhe broke the laws,
Muſt yield her foe the ſtronger cauſe;
A ſhame to one ſo much ador'd
For wiſdom at Jove's council-board.
Beſides, ſhe fear'd the queen of love
Would meet with better friends above.
And tho' ſhe muſt with grief reflect,
To ſee a mortal virgin deck'd
With graces hitherto unknown
To female breaſts, except her own;

Yet ſhe would act as beſt became
A goddeſs of unſpotted fame.
She knew, by augury divine,
Venus would fail in her deſign:
She ſtudy'd well the point, and found
Her foe's concluſions were not ſound,
From premiſſes erroneous brought,
And therefore the deduction's nought,
And muſt have contrary effects,
To what her treach'rous foe expects.
In proper ſeaſon Pallas meets
The queen of love, whom thus ſhe greets;
(For gods, we are by Homer told,
Can in celeſtial language ſcold).
Perfidious goddeſs! but in vain
You form'd this project in your brain,
A project for thy talents fit,
With much deceit and little wit.
Thou haſt, as thou ſhalt quickly ſee,
Deceiv'd thyſelf, inſtead of me:
For how can heav'nly wiſdom prove
An inſtrument to earthly love?
Know'ſt thou not yet, that men commence
Thy votaries for want of ſenſe?
Nor ſhall Vaneſſa be the theme
To manage thy abortive ſcheme:
She'll prove the greateſt of thy foes;
And yet I ſcorn to interpoſe.
But uſing neither ſkill nor force,
Leave all things to their nat'ral courſe.
The goddeſs thus pronounce'd her doom:
When, lo! Vaneſſa in her bloom
Advance'd, like Atalanta's ſtar,
But rarely ſeen, and ſeen from far:
In a new world with caution ſtept,
Watch'd all the company ſhe kept,
Well knowing, from the books ſhe read,
What dang'rous paths young virgins tread:

Would

Would ſeldom at the park appear,
Nor ſaw the playhouſe twice a-year;
Yet, not incurious, was inclin'd
To know the converſe of mankind.
First iſſu'd from perfumer's ſhops
A croud of faſhionable fops:
They aſk'd her how ſhe lik'd the play?
Then told the tattle of the day;
A duel fought laſt night at two,
About a lady——you know who;
Mention'd a new Italian, come
Either from Muſcovy or Rome;
Gave hints of who and who's together:
Then fell to talking of the weather;
Laſt night was ſo extremely fine,
The ladies walk'd till after nine,
Then in ſoft voice, and ſpeech abſurd,
With nonſenſe ev'ry ſecond word,
With fuſtian from exploded plays,
They celebrate her beauty's praiſe;
Run o'er their cant of ſtupid lies,
And tell the murders of her eyes.
With ſilent ſcorn Vaneſſa ſat,
Scarce liſt'ning to their idle chat;
Further than ſometimes by a frown,
When they grew pert, to pull them down.
At laſt ſhe ſpitefully was bent
To try their wiſdom's full extent;
And ſaid ſhe valu'd nothing leſs
Than titles, figure, ſhape and dreſs;
That merit ſhould be chiefly place'd
In judgement, knowledge, wit, and taſte;
And theſe, ſhe offer'd to diſpute,
Alone diſtinguiſh'd man from from brute:
That preſent times have no pretence
To virtue, in the noble ſenſe
By Greeks and Romans underſtood,
To periſh for our country's good.

She nam'd the ancient heroes round,
Explain'd for what they were renown'd;
Then ſpoke with cenſure, or applauſe,
Of foreign cuſtoms, rites, and laws;
Through nature and through art ſhe rang'd,
And gracefully her ſubject change'd:
In vain: her hearers had no ſhare
In all ſhe ſpoke, except to ſtare.
Their judgement was upon the whole,
——That lady is the dulleſt ſoul——
Then tipt their forehead in a jeer,
As who ſhould ſay——ſhe wants it here;
She may be handſome, young, and rich,
But none will burn her for a witch.
A party next of glitt'ring dames,
From round the purleus of St. James,
Came early out of pure good-will,
To ſee the girl in deſhabille.
Their clamour, 'lighting from their chairs,
Grew louder all the way up ſtairs;
At entrance loudeſt; where they found
The room with volumes litter'd round.
Vaneſſa held Montaigne, and read,
Whilſt Mrs. Suſan comb'd her head.
They call'd for tea and chocolate,
And fell into their uſual chat,
Diſcourſing, with important face,
On ribands, fans, and gloves and lace;
Shew'd patterns juſt from India brought,
And gravely aſk'd her what ſhe thought;
Whether the red or green were beſt,
And what they coſt? Vaneſſa gueſt
As came into her fancy firſt;
Nam'd half the rates, and lik'd the worſt.
To ſcandal next——What awkward thing
Was that laſt Sunday in the ring?
I'm ſorry Mopſa breaks ſo faſt;
I ſaid her face would never laſt.

Corinna,

Corinna, with that youthful air,
Is thirty, and a bit to ſpare:
Her fondneſs for a certain Earl
Began when I was but a girl.
Phillis, who but a month ago
Was marry'd to the Tunbridge beau,
I ſaw coquetting t'other night
In public with that odious knight.
They rally'd next Vaneſſa's dreſs:
That gown was made for old Queen Beſs.
Dear Madam, let me ſee your head:
Don't you intend to put on red?
A petticoat without a hoop!
Sure, you are not aſham'd to ſtoop
With handſome garters at your knees,
No matter what a fellow ſees.
Fill'd with diſdain, with rage inflam'd,
Both of herſelf and ſex aſham'd,
The nymph ſtood ſilent out of ſpight,
Nor would vouchſafe to ſet them right.
Away the fair detractors went,
And gave by turns their cenſures vent.
She's not ſo handſome in my eyes:
For wit, I wonder where it lies.
She's fair and clean, and that's the moſt:
But why proclaim her her for a toaſt?
A baby face, no life, no airs,
But what ſhe learn'd at country-fairs;
Scarce knows what diff'rence is between
Rich Flanders lace and Colberteen.
I'll undertake, my little Nancy
In flounces hath a better fancy.
With all her wit, I would not aſk
Her judgement how to buy a maſk.
We begg'd her but to patch her face,
She never hit one proper place;
Which ev'ry girl at five years old
Can do, as ſoon as ſhe is told.

I own, that out-of-faſhion ſtuff
Becomes the *creature* well enough.
The girl might paſs, if we could get her
To know the world a little better.
(*To know the world!* a modern phraſe
For viſits, ombre, balls, and plays).
Thus to the world's perpetual ſhame,
The *queen of beauty* loſt her aim.
Too late with grief ſhe underſtood,
Pallas had done more harm than good:
For great examples are but vain,
Where ignorance begets diſdain,
Both ſexes, arm'd with guilt and ſpite,
Againſt Vaneſſa's pow'r unite:
To copy her few nymphs aſpir'd;
Her virtues fewer ſwains admir'd.
So ſtars beyond a certain height
Give mortals neither heat nor light.
Yet ſome of either ſex, endow'd
With gifts ſuperior to the croud,
With virtue, knowledge, taſte, and wit,
She condeſcend to admit.
With pleaſing arts ſhe could reduce
Mens talents to their proper uſe;
And with addreſs each genius held
To that wherein it moſt excell'd;
Thus making others wiſdom known,
Could pleaſe them, and improve her own.
A modeſt youth ſaid ſomething new;
She place'd it in the ſtrongeſt view.
All humble worth ſhe ſtrove to raiſe;
Would not be prais'd, yet lov'd to praiſe.
The learned met with free approach,
Although they came not in a coach:
Some clergy too ſhe would allow,
Nor quarrell'd at their awkward bow.
But this was for Cadenus' ſake,
A gownman of a diff'rent make;

Whom

Whom Pallas, once Vaneſſa's tutor,
Had fix'd on for her coadjutor.
  But Cupid, full of miſchief, longs
To vindicate his mother's wrongs.
On Pallas all attempts are vain:
One way he knows to give her pain;
Vows on Vaneſſa's heart to take
Due vengeange for her patron's ſake.
Thoſe early ſeeds by Venus ſown,
In ſpite of Pallas, now were grown;
And Cupid hop'd, they would improve
By time, and ripen into love
The boy made uſe of all his craft,
In vain diſcharging many a ſhaft,
Pointed at col'nels, lords, and beaux:
Cadenus warded off the blows;
For, placing ſtill ſome book betwixt,
The darts were in the cover fix'd,
Or, often blunted and recoil'd,
On Plutarch's morals ſtruck, were ſpoil'd.
  The *queen of wiſdom* could foreſee,
But not prevent, the fates decree:
And human caution tries in vain
To break that adamantine chain.
Vaneſſa, though by Pallas taught,
By *Love* invulnerable thought,
Searching in books for wiſdom's aid,
Was, in the very ſearch, betray'd.
Cupid, though all his darts were loſt,
Yet ſtill reſolv'd to ſpare no coſt:
He could not anſwer to his fame
The triumphs of that ſtubborn dame,
A nymph ſo hard to be ſubdu'd,
Who neither was coquette nor prude.
I find, ſaid he, ſhe wants a doctor
Both to adore her, and inſtruct her:
I'll give her what ſhe moſt admires
Among thoſe venerable ſires.

Cadenu

Cadenus is a ſubject fit,
Grown old in politics and wit,
Careſs'd by miniſters of ſtate,
Of half mankind the dread and hate:
Whate'er vexations love attend,
She need no rivals apprehend.
Her ſex, with univerſal voice,
Muſt laugh at her capricious choice.
Cadenus many things had writ:
Vaneſſa much eſteem'd his wit,
And call'd for his poetic works:
Mean time the boy in ſecret lurks,
And, while the book was in her hand,
The urchin from his private ſtand
Took aim, and ſhot with all his ſtrength
A dart of ſuch prodigious length,
It pierc'd the feeble volume through,
And deep transfix'd her boſom too.
Some lines, more moving than the reſt,
Stuck to the point that pierce'd her breaſt,
And, borne directly to the heart,
With pains unknown, increas'd her ſmart.
* Vaneſſa, not in years a ſcore,
Dreams of a gown of forty-four;
Imaginary charms can find
In eyes with reading almoſt blind:
Cadenus now no more appears
Declin'd in health, advance'd in years.
She fancies muſic in his tongue,
Nor farther looks, but thinks him young.
What mariner is not afraid
To venture in a ſhip decay'd?

* The Poet having before ſhewed the cauſe of Vaneſſa's diſappointment, here repreſents Vaneſſa, who was intended to animate every woman to imitation, and inſpire every man with love, as compelled to make advances to one who had ſcarce ſenſibility enough to underſtand them.

What

What planter will attempt to yoke
A ſapling with a falling oak?
As years increaſe, ſhe brighter ſhines;
Cadenus with each day declines;
And he muſt fall a prey to time,
While ſhe continues in her prime.
Cadenus, common forms apart,
In ev'ry ſcene had kept his heart;
Had ſigh'd and languiſh'd, vow'd and writ,
For paſtime, or to ſhew his wit.
But time, and books, and ſtate-affairs,
Had ſpoil'd his faſhionable airs:
He now could praiſe, eſteem, approve,
But underſtood not what was love.
His conduct might have made him ſtyl'd
A father, and the nymph his child.
That innocent delight he took
To ſee the virgin mind her book,
Was but the maſter's ſecret joy
In ſchool to hear the fineſt boy.
Her knowledge with her fancy grew;
She hourly preſs'd for ſomething new;
Ideas came into her mind
So faſt, his leſſons lagg'd behind;
She reaſon'd without plodding long,
Nor ever gave her judgement wrong.
But now a ſudden change was wrought;
She minds no longer what he taught.
Cadenus was amaz'd to find
Such marks of a diſtracted mind:
For, though ſhe ſeem'd to liſten more
To all he ſpoke, than e'er before,
He found her thoughts would abſent range,
Yet gueſs'd not whence could ſpring the change.
And firſt he modeſtly conjectures
His pupil might be tir'd with lectures;
Which help'd to mortify his pride.
Yet gave him not the heart to chide;

But in a mild dejected ſtrain,
At laſt he ventur'd to complain;
Said, ſhe ſhould he no longer teas'd;
Might have her freedom when ſhe pleas'd;
Was now convince'd, he acted wrong
To hide her from the world ſo long,
And in dull ſtudies to engage
One of her tender ſex and age;
That ev'ry nymph with envy own'd,
How ſhe might ſhine in the *grand monde*,
And ev'ry ſhepherd was undone
To ſee her cloiſter'd like a nun.
This was a viſionary ſcheme:
He wak'd, and found it but a dream;
A project far above his ſkill;
For nature muſt be nature ſtill.
If he was bolder than became
A ſcholar to a courtly dame,
She might excuſe a man of letters;
Thus tutors often treat their betters:
And, ſince his talk offenſive grew,
He came to take his laſt adieu.

Vaneſſa, fill'd with juſt diſdain,
Would ſtill her dignity maintain,
Inſtructed from her early years
To ſcorn the art of female tears.

Had he employ'd his time ſo long
To teach her what was right and wrong,
Yet could ſuch notions entertain,
That all his lectures were in vain?
She own'd the wand'ring of her thoughts;
But he muſt anſwer for her faults.
She well remember'd, to her coſt,
That all his leſſons were not loſt.
Two maxims ſhe could ſtill produce,
And ſad experience taught their uſe;
That virtue, pleas'd by being ſhown,
Knows nothing which it dares not own;

Can

Can make us without fear diſcloſe
Our inmoſt ſecrets to our foes:
That common forms were not deſign'd
Directors to a noble mind *.

Now,

* Vaneſſa, conſcious that her paſſion was virtuous, had no motive to conceal it: for "virtue knows nothing that it dares not own." She therefore confeſſed it to Cadenus, contrary to the common forms, which require that the firſt addreſs ſhould be made by the man. For common forms are only for common minds; they only veil defects, and are not neceſſary, where defects are not found.

Lord Orrery has been ſo far from acting upon the principle on which Mr. Pope framed this petition in his univerſal prayer,

"Teach me———
"To hide the fault I ſee,"

that where he has not found the appearance of a fault, he has laboured hard to make one. An inſtance of which will be found in his remark upon a maxim of Cadenus to Vaneſſa:

"That virtue, pleas'd by being ſhown,
"Knows nothing which it dares not own."

"He taught her," ſays his Lordſhip, "that vice, as ſoon as it de-"fied ſhame, was immediately changed into virtue." But the moſt obvious and natural meaning is juſt contrary: That we deſire to conceal no act which upon reflection we do not diſcover to be vitious, becauſe virtue is pleaſed in proportion as it is diſplayed. And indeed theſe verſes could not be ſuppoſed an apology for lewdneſs, if his Lordſhip believed his own aſſertion, that the Dean "was not to be ſwayed "by deliberate evil."

Lord Orrery ſays, above, p. 125. That Dr. Swift taught Vaneſſa, "that vice, as ſoon as it defied ſhame, was immediately changed in-"to virtue." If Cadenus ever inſtilled that maxim into the ſoul of Vaneſſa, we muſt, I am afraid, give him entirely up to cenſure, as an agent for the prince of darkneſs. But, without any racking, or tranſmutation of words, Swift's maxim was,

"That virtue, pleas'd by being ſhown,
"Knows nothing which it dares not own;
"Can make us without fear diſcloſe
"Our inmoſt ſecrets to our foes."

A maxim which every man of honour would inſtil into the hearts of his children; and which Dr. Swift himſelf hath occaſionally expreſ-

Now, ſaid the nymph, I'll let you ſee
My actions with your rules agree;
That I can vulgar forms deſpiſe,
And have no ſecrets to diſguiſe.
I knew, by what you ſaid and writ,
How dang'rous things were men of wit;
You caution'd me againſt the charms,
But never gave me equal arms;
Your leſſons found the weakeſt part,
Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart.
Cadenus felt within him riſe
Shame, diſappointment, guilt, ſurpriſe.

ſed in other terms highly advantageous, on ſeeing verſes written upon windows.

" The ſage, who ſaid he ſhould be proud
" Of windows in his breaſt,
" Becauſe he ne'er one thought allow'd
" That might not be confeſt;
" His window ſcrawl'd by ev'ry rake,
" His breaſt again would cover,
" And fairly bid the devil take
" The di'mond and the lover."

And ſuch were the noble ſentiments of that old Roman, I forget his name, whoſe reply to an architect could have proceeded only from the mouth of an hero. The architect made him an offer, upon his giving him ſo much money, to contrive a houſe for him in ſuch a manner, as that none from abroad ſhould poſſibly look into it. I will give you double the ſum, replied the hero, if you will contrive a houſe for me in ſuch a manner, as that every one that pleaſes may look into every corner of it.

This maxim of the Doctor's

" That common forms were not deſign'd
" Directors to a noble mind,"

is ſo clear and plain, that it can no more be tortured into an encouragement to vice, as Lord Orrery alledges, above, p. 125. than the ſecond commandment into an encouragement to idolatry. Where do we find in the lines one ſyllable relating either to vice or virtue? Are common forms either vices or virtues? Whoever can imagine them to be either the one or the other, muſt have a certain vacuity in his brain for the reception of the moſt groſs and palpable abſurdities. *Swift.*

He

He knew not how to reconcile
Such language with her uſual ſtyle:
And yet her words were ſo expreſt,
He could not hope ſhe ſpoke in jeſt.
His thoughts had wholly been confin'd
To form and cultivate her mind.
He hardly knew till he was told,
Whether the nymph were young or old;
Had met her in a public place,
Without diſtinguiſhing her face:
Much leſs could his declining age
Vaneſſa's earlieſt thoughts engage:
And if her youth indiff'rence met,
His perſon muſt contempt beget:
Or, grant her paſſion be ſincere,
How ſhall his innocence be clear?
Appearances were all ſo ſtrong,
The world muſt think him in the wrong:
Would ſay, he made a treach'rous uſe
Of wit to flatter and ſeduce:
The town would ſwear he had betray'd
By magic ſpells the harmleſs maid:
And ev'ry beau would have his jokes,
That ſcholars were like other folks:
That, when Platonic flights were over,
The tutor turn'd a mortal lover.
So tender of the young and fair!
It ſhew'd a true paternal care——
Five thouſand guineas in his purſe!
The Doctor might have fancy'd worſe.——
Hardly at length he ſilence broke,
And faulter'd ev'ry word he ſpoke;
Interpreting her complaiſance,
Juſt as a man *ſans conſequence*.
She rally'd well, he always knew:
Her manner now was ſomething new;
And what ſhe ſpoke was in an air
As ſerious as a tragic player,

But thoſe who aim at ridicule,
Should fix upon ſome certain rule,
Which fairly hints they are in jeſt,
Elſ he muſt enter his proteſt:
Fo let a man be ne'er ſo wiſe,
He may be caught with ſober lies;
A ſcience which he never taught,
And, to be free, was dearly bought;
For take it in its proper light,
'Tis juſt what coxcombs call a *bite*.
But not to dwell on things minute,
Vaneſſa finiſh'd the diſpute,
Brought weighty arguments to prove
That reaſon was her guide in love.
She thought ſhe had himſelf deſcrib'd,
His doctrines when ſhe firſt imbib'd:
What he had planted, now was grown;
His virtues ſhe might call her own;
As he approves, as he diſlikes,
Love or contempt her fancy ſtrikes,
Self-love, in nature rooted faſt,
Attends us firſt, and leaves us laſt:
Why ſhe likes him, admire not at her;
She loves herſelf, and that's the matter.
How was her tutor wont to praiſe
The geniuſes of ancient day!
(Thoſe authors he ſo oft had nam'd,
For learning, wit, and wiſdom fam'd);
Was ſtruck with love, eſteem, and awe,
For perſons whom he never ſaw.
Suppoſe Cadenus flouriſh'd then,
He muſt adore ſuch godlike men.
If one ſhort volume could compriſe
All that was witty, learn'd, and wiſe
How would it be eſteem'd, and read,
Although the writer long were dead?
If ſuch an author were alive,
How all would for his friendſhip ſtrive,

And

And come in crowds to ſee his face!
And this ſhe takes to be her caſe.
Cadenus anſwers ev'ry end,
The book, the author, and the friend;
The utmoſt her deſires will reach,
Is but to learn what he can teach:
His converſe is a ſyſtem fit
Alone to fill up all her wit;
While ev'ry paſſion of her mind
In him is center'd and confin'd.
Love can with ſpeech inſpire a mute,
And taught Vaneſſa to diſpute.
This topic, never touch'd before,
Diſplay'd her eloquence the more:
Her knowledge, with ſuch pains acquir'd,
By this new paſſion grew inſpir'd:
Through this ſhe made all objects paſs,
Which gave a tincture o'er the maſs;
As rivers, though they bend and twine,
Still to the ſea their courſe incline;
Or, as philoſophers, who find
Some fav'rite ſyſtem to their mind,
In ev'ry point to make it fit
Will force all nature to ſubmit.
Cadenus, who could ne'er ſuſpect
His leſſons would have ſuch effect,
Or be ſo artfully apply'd,
Inſenſibly came on her ſide.
It was an unforſeen event;
Things took a turn he never meant.
Whoe'er excells in what we prize,
Appears a hero in our eyes:
Each girl, when pleas'd with what is taught,
Will have the teacher in her thought.
The nymph in ſober words intreats
A truce with all ſublime conceits:
For why ſuch raptures, flights, and fancies,
To her who durſt not read romances?

In lofty ſtile to make replies,
Which he had taught her to deſpiſe?
But when her tutor will affect
Devotion, duty, and reſpect,
He fairly abdicates his throne;
The government is now her own:
But though her arguments were ſtrong,
At leaſt could hardly wiſh them wrong.
Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
But ſure ſhe never talk'd ſo well.
His pride began to interpoſe;
Preferr'd before a croud of beaux!
So bright a nymph to come unſought!
Such wonder by his merit wrought!
'Tis merit muſt with her prevail;
He never knew her judgment fail.
She noted all ſhe ever read,
And had a moſt diſcerning head.
'Tis an old maxim in the ſchools,
That vanity's the fool of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condeſcend to take a bit.
So, when Cadenus could not hide,
He choſe to juſtify, his pride;
When Miſs delights in her ſpinnet,
A fiddler may a fortune get;
A blockhead, with melodious voice,
In boarding-ſchools can have his choice:
And oft the dancing-maſter's art
Climbs from the toe to touch the heart.
In learning let a nymph delight,
The pedant gets a miſtreſs by't.
Cadenus, to his grief and ſhame,
Could ſcarce oppoſe Vaneſſa's flame;
Where hot and cold, where ſharp and ſweet,
In all their equipages meet;
Where pleaſures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear;

Wherein

Wherein his dignity and age
Forbid Cadenus to engage.
But friendſhip, in its greateſt height,
A conſtant rational delight,
On virtue's baſis fix'd to laſt,
When love's allurements long are paſt,
Which gently warms, but cannot burn,
He gladly offers in return;
His want of paſſion will redeem
With gratitude, reſpect, eſteem;
With that devotion we beſtow,
When goddeſſes appear below.
While thus Cadenus entertains
Vaneſſa in exalted ſtrains,
Conſtr'ing the paſſion ſhe had ſhown,
Much to her praiſe, more to his own,
Nature in him had merit place'd,
In her a moſt judicious taſte.
Love hitherto a tranſient gueſt,
Ne'er held poſſeſſion in his breaſt;
So long attending at the gate,
Diſdain'd to enter in ſo late.
Love, why do we one paſſion call,
When 'tis a compound of them all?
He has a forfeiture incurr'd;
She vows to take him at his word,
And hopes he will not think it ſtrange,
If both ſhould now their ſtations change.
The nymph will have her turn to be
The tutor; and the pupil, he;
Though ſhe already can diſcern,
Her ſcholar is not apt to learn;
Or wants capacity to reach
The ſcience ſhe deſigns to teach;
Wherein his genius was below
The ſkill of ev'ry common beau;
Who, though he cannot ſpell, is wiſe
Enough to read a lady's eyes,

And will each accidental glance
Interpret for a kind advance.
But what ſucceſs Vaneſſa met,
Is to the world a ſecret yet *.
Whether the nymph, to pleaſe her ſwain,
Talks high in a romantic ſtrain;
Or whether he at laſt deſcends
To act with leſs ſeraphic ends;
Or, to compound the bus'neſs, whether
They temper love and books together;
Muſt never to mankind be told,
Nor ſhall the conſcious muſe unfold †.
Mean while the mournful queen of love
Led but a weary life above.
She ventures now to leave the ſkies,
Grown by Vaneſſa's conduct wiſe:
For though by one perverſe event
Pallas had croſs'd her firſt intent,
Though her deſign was not obtain'd;
Yet had ſhe much experience gain'd,

* The event of Vaneſſa's ſuit is judiciouſly omitted, as foreign to the plan and deſign of the poem.

† Lord Orrery ſays, above. p. 126. "It is impoſible to read this "cruel hint, without great indignation againſt the conſcious muſe." ——But is there no allowance to be made for the rants and vagaries of an heteroclite genius? Or would any poet, who had the leaſt ſpark of honour, ſuppoſing he had been ſo unfortunate as to have had amours with a lady, have told the ſtory, or given the leaſt intimation of it? Is one part of a poem "to be thought fine painting, but, in "general, fictitious," and another part of the ſame to be interpreted, by the raking and torturing of a conjecture, into the moſt ſolid, proſaic, and impure of all imaginable ideas? However, do not, in fact, all profeſſed admirers of particular women temper love and other amuſements together in the days of courtſhip? If then Candenus and Vaneſſa be conjectured to have tempered love and books together; why ſhould they be ſuppoſed to have tranſgreſſed the rules of honour beyond the reſt of the world? But allowing it were juſt that our indignation ſhould riſe againſt the conſcious muſe, (as indeed I am told Miſs Vanhomrigh herſelf was extremely angy with the Doctor on account of theſe lines), the higher ſurely that our indignation ſhould be inflamed againſt her, the more ought Vaneſſa to be cleared and juſtified. *Swift.*

And,

And, by the project vainly try'd,
Could better now the cauſe decide.
She gave due notice, that both parties,
Coram Regina prox' die Martis,
Should at their peril, without fail,
Come and appear, and ſave their bail.
All met; and ſilence thrice proclaim'd,
One lawyer to each ſide was nam'd.
The judge diſcover'd in her face
Reſentment for her late diſgrace;
And, full of anger, ſhame, and grief,
Directed them to mind their brief;
Nor ſpend their time to ſhew their reading;
She'd have a ſummary proceeding.
She gather'd under ev'ry head
The ſum of what each lawyer ſaid,
Gave her own reaſons laſt, and then
Decreed the cauſe againſt the men.
But, in a weighty cauſe like this,
To ſhew ſhe did not judge amiſs,
Which evil tongues might elſe report,
She made a ſpeech in open court;
Wherein ſhe grievouſly complains,
" How ſhe was cheated by the ſwains;"
On whoſe petition, (humbly ſhewing
That women were not worth the wooing,
And that, unleſs the ſex would mend,
The race of lovers ſoon muſt end),
" She was at Lord knows what expenſe
" To form a nymph of wit and ſenſe,
" A model for her ſex deſign'd,
" Who never could one lover find.
" She ſaw her favour was miſplace'd;
" The fellows had a wretched taſte:
" She needs muſt tell them to their face,
" They were a ſenſeleſs, ſtupid race;

" And

" And were ſhe to begin agen,
" She'd ſtudy to reform the men*;
" Or add ſome grains of folly more
" To women, than they had before,
" To put them on an equal foot;
" And this, or nothing elſe would do't.
" This might their mutual fancy ſtrike;
" Since ev'ry being loves its like.
" But now repenting what was done,
" She left all bus'neſs to her ſon;
" She put the world in his poſſeſſion,
" And let him uſe it at diſcretion."
The cry'r was order'd to diſmiſs
The court, ſo made his laſt *O yes!*
The goddeſs would no longer wait!
But, riſing from her chair of ſtate,
Left all below at ſix and ſev'n,
Harneſs'd her doves, and flew to heav'n.

* As the women in their manners and dreſs imitate what the men approve, their faults and follies are little more than the conſequences of the falſe taſte of their admirers; who cannot ſurely be urged by a ſtronger motive to correct it.

BAUCIS and PHILEMON*.

Imitated from the eighth book of Ovid.

Written about the year 1708.

IN ancient times, as ſtory tells,
The ſaints would often leave their cells,
And ſtroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hoſpitality.
It happen'd of a winter-night,
As author's of the legend write,
Two brother hermits, ſaints by trade,
Taking their tour in maſquerade,

* In this tale there is not only abundance of wit and pleaſantry, but ſome peculiar happy ſtrokes, which, although but very rarely to be found in the works of the fineſt authors, are the diſtinguiſhing marks of an improved, conſummate genius. The reader of taſte and learning cannot but obſerve how exactly the ſound doth echo to the ſenſe in the following lines.

" They ſcarce had ſpoke, when fair and ſoft
" The roof began to mount aloft;
" Aloft roſe ev'ry beam and rafter;
" The heavy wall climb'd ſlowly after." l. 51.——54.

And yet, if poſſible, even theſe lines are excelled by the following diſtich:

" The groaning chair began to crawl,
" Like a huge ſnail along the wall." l. 85. 86.

There are many examples in Homer, Pindar, Virgil, Horace, Shakeſpear, and Milton, which, for the ſame reaſon, are univerſally admired above all other paſſages in thoſe ſublime poets. *Swift.*

Diſguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
To a ſmall village down in Kent;
Where, in the ſtrollers canting ſtrain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain,
Try'd ev'ry tone might pity win;
But not a ſoul would let them in.
Our wand'ring ſaints in woful ſtate,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village paſt,
To a ſmall cottage came at laſt;
Where dwelt a good old honeſt ye'man,
Call'd in the neighbourhood Philemon;
Who kindly did theſe ſaints invite
In his poor hut to paſs the night;
And then the hoſpitable fire
Bid goody Baucis mend the fire;
While he from out the chimney took
A flitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fatteſt ſide
Cut out large ſlices to be fry'd;
Then ſtepp'd aſide to fetch 'm drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And ſaw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful!) they found,
'Twas ſtill repleniſh'd to the top,
As if they had not touch'd a drop.
The good old couple were amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd;
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And juſt began to cry,——What art!
Then ſoftly turn'd aſide, to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle pilgrims, ſoon aware on't,
Told them their calling, and their errand:
Good folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but *ſaints*, the hermits ſaid;
No hurt ſhall come to you or yours:
But for that pack of churliſh boors,

Not

Not fit to live on Chriſtian ground,
They and their houſes ſhall be drown'd;
Whilſt you ſhall ſee your cottage riſe,
And grow a church before your eyes.
They ſcarce had ſpoke when, fair and ſoft
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft roſe ev'ry beam and rafter;
The heavy wall climb'd ſlowly after.
The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a ſteeple with a ſpire.
The kettle to the top was hoiſt,
And there ſtood faſten'd to a joiſt,
But with the upſide down, to ſhow
Its inclination for below:
In vain; for a ſuperior force
Apply'd at bottom ſtops its courſe:
Doom'd ever in ſuſpenſe to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.
A wooden jack, which had almoſt
Loſt by diſuſe the art to roaſt,
A ſudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new inteſtine wheels;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion ſlow'r.
The flier, though 't had leaden feet,
Turn'd round ſo quick you ſcarce could ſee't;
But, ſlacken'd by ſome ſecret pow'r,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney near ally'd,
Had never left each other's ſide:
The chimney to a ſteeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone;
But, up againſt the ſteeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and ſtill adher'd;
And ſtill its love to houſehold cares,
By a ſhrill voice at noon, declares,
Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roaſt-meat which it cannot turn.

The groaning chair began to crawl,
Like a huge ſnail, along the wall;
There ſtuck aloft in public view,
And, with ſmall change, a pulpit grew.
The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glitt'ring ſhow,
To a leſs noble ſubſtance change'd,
Were now but leathern buckets range'd.
The ballads paſted on the wall,
Of Joan of France and Engliſh Moll,
Fair Roſamond, and Robin Hood,
The little children in the wood,
Now ſeem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in picture, ſize, and letter;
And, high in order place'd, deſcribe
The heraldry of every tribe *.
A bedſtead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our anceſtors did uſe,
Was metamorphos'd into pews;
Which ſtill their ancient nature keep,
By lodging folks diſpos'd to ſleep.
The cottage, by ſuch feats as theſe,
Grown to a church by juſt degrees,
The hermits then deſir'd their hoſt
To aſk for what he fancy'd moſt.
Philemon, having paus'd a while,
Return'd them thanks in homely ſtyle;
Then ſaid, My houſe is grown ſo fine,
Methinks, I ſtill would call it mine;
I'm old, and fain would live at eaſe;
Make me the parſon, if you pleaſe.
He ſpoke; and preſently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels:

* Of the twelve tribes of Iſrael, which in country churches are ſometimes diſtinguiſhed by the enſigns appropriated to them by Jacob on his death-bed.

He

He ſees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding-ſleeve;
His waiſtcoat to a caſſock grew,
And both aſſum'd a ſable hue;
But, being old, continu'd juſt
As thread-bare, and as full of duſt.
His talk was now of tithes and dues:
He ſmock'd his pipe, and read the news;
Knew how to preach old ſermons next,
Vamp'd in the preface and the text;
At chriſt'nings well could act his part,
And had the ſervice all by heart;
Wiſh'd women might have children faſt,
And thought whoſe ſow had farrow'd laſt;
Againſt Diſſenters would repine,
And ſtood up firm for *right divine*;
Found his head fill'd with many a ſyſtem:
But claſſic authors,——he ne'er miſs'd 'em.

Thus having furbiſh'd up a parſon,
Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on.
Inſtead of home-ſpun coifs, were ſeen
Good pinners edg'd with *colberteen*;
Her petticoat transform'd apace,
Became black ſatin flounce'd with lace.
Plain Goody would no longer down;
'Twas Madam, in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great ſurpriſe,
And hardly could believe his eyes,
Amaz'd to ſee her look ſo prim;
And ſhe admir'd as much at him.

Thus happy in their change of life
Were ſev'ral years this man and wife;
When on a day, which prov'd their laſt,
Diſcourſing o'er old ſtories paſt,
They went by chance, amidſt their talk,
To the church-yard to take a walk;
When Baucis haſtily cry'd out,
My dear, I ſee your forehead ſprout!

Sprout, quoth the man; what this you tell us?
I hope you don't believe me jealous;
But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
And really yours is budding too——
Nay,——now I cannot ſtir my foot;
It feels as if 'twere taking root.
Deſcription would but tire my muſe;
In ſhort, they both were turn'd to yews.
Old Goodman Dobſon of the green
Remembers, he the trees has ſeen;
He'll talk of them from noon to night,
And goes with folks to ſhew the ſight;
On Sundays, after ev'ning pray'r,
He gathers all the pariſh there;
Points out the place of either yew;
Here Baucis, there Philemon grew:
Till once a parſon of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down;
At which 'tis hard to be believ'd
How much the other tree was griev'd,
Grew ſcrubby, dy'd a-top, was ſtunted;
So the next parſon ſtubb'd and burnt it.

A DESCRIPTION of a CITY-SHOWER.

In Imitation of VIRGIL's Georgics.

Written in the year 1712.

CAreful obſervers may foretel the hour
(By ſure prognoſtics) when to dread a ſhow'r.
While rain depends, the penſive cat gives o'er
Her frolics, and purſues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the ſink
Strike your offended ſenſe with double ſtink.
If you be wiſe, then go not far to dine;
You'll ſpend in coach-hire more than ſave in wine.
A coming ſhow'r your ſhooting corns preſage,
Old aches throb, your hollow tooth will rage:
Saunt'ring in coffee-houſe is Dulman ſeen;
He damns the climate, and complains of ſpleen.
Mean while the ſouth, riſing with dabbled wings,
A ſable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That ſwill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Briſk Suſan whips her linen from the rope,
While the firſt drizzling ſhow'r is borne aſlope;
Such is that ſprinkling, which ſome careleſs quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not ſo clean:
You fly, invoke the gods; then turning, ſtop
To rail; ſhe ſinging ſtill whirls on her mop.
Not yet the duſt had ſhunn'd th' unequal ſtrife,
But, aided by the wind, fought ſtill for life,

And

And wafted with its foe by vi'lent guſt,
'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was duſt*.
Ah! where muſt needy poets ſeek for aid,
When duſt and rain at once his coat invade?
Sole coat, where duſt cemented by the rain
Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy ſtain.

Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threat'ning with deluge this devoted town.
To ſhops in crouds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The templar ſpruce, while ev'ry ſpout's abroach,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet ſeems to call a coach.
The tuck'd-up ſemſtreſs walks with haſty ſtrides,
While ſtreams run down her oil'd umbrella's ſides.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a ſhed.
Triumphant Tories †, and deſponding Whigs ‡,
Forget their feuds, and join to ſave their wigs.
Box'd in a chair the beau impatient ſits,
While ſpouts run clatt'ring o'er the roof by fits;
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather ſounds; he trembles from within.
So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden ſteed,
Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed,
(Thoſe bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
Inſtead of paying chairmen, run them through),

* Twas doubtful which was ſea, and which was ſky.
Garth's diſp.

† This was written in the firſt year of the Earl of Oxford's miniſtry.

‡ As *Whig and Wig* only differ by an aſpiration, which is ſcarce to be diſtinguiſhed, it may be thought an exception to the Dean's remarkable exactneſs, that he has made them rhyme: but the ſame thing was afterwards done by Mr. Pope, either upon the Dean's authority, or becauſe he did not think it liable to objection:

A joke on Jekyll or ſome odd old Whig.
Who never change'd his principles or Wig.

Laocoon

Laocoon ſtruck the outſide with his ſpear,
And each impriſon'd hero quak'd for fear.
Now from all parts the ſwelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go:
Filths of all hues and odours ſeem to tell
What ſtreet they ſail'd from, by their ſight and ſmell.
They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force,
From Smithfield or St. 'Pulchre's ſhape their courſe,
And in huge confluence join'd at Snowhill ridge,
Fall from the Conduit prone to Holborn bridge.
*Sweepings from butchers ſtalls, dung, guts, and blood,
Drown'd puppies, ſtinking ſprats, all drench'd in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down the flood.

A DESCRIPTION of the MORNING.

Written about the year 1712.

NOW hardly here and there an hackney-coach
Appearing, ſhew'd the ruddy morn's approach.
Now Betty from her maſter's bed had flown,
And ſoftly ſtole to diſcompoſe her own:
The ſlipſhod 'prentice from his maſter's door
Had par'd the dirt, and ſprinkled round the floor.

* Theſe three laſt lines were intended to ridicule the practice of modern poets, who make three lines rhyme together, which they call *triplets*; and the laſt line two or more ſyllables longer than the reſt, which they call an alexandrine. Theſe triplets and alexandrines were brought in by Dryden and other poets in the reign of Charles II. They were merely the effects of haſte, idleneſs, and want of money; and have been wholly avoided by the beſt poets ſince theſe verſes were written.

Now

Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dextrous airs
Prepar'd to ſcrub the entry and the ſtairs.
The youth * with broomy ſtumps began to trace
The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place.
The ſmall-coal man was heard with cadence deep
Till drown'd in ſhriller notes of chimney-ſweep:
Duns at his Lordſhip's gate began to meet:
And brick-duſt Moll had ſcream'd thro' half the ſtreet.
The turnkey now his flock returning ſees,
Duly let out a-nights to ſteal for fees:
The watchful bailiffs take their ſilent ſtands,
And ſchoolboys lag with ſatchels in their hands.

HORACE, Epiſt. vii. Book 1. IMITATED,

And addreſſed to the Earl of OXFORD †, in the year 1713 ‡.

HARLEY, the nation's great ſupport,
Returning home one day from court,
(His mind with public cares poſſeſt,
All Europe's buſ'neſs in his breaſt),

1. *Strenuus et fortis, cauſſiſque Philippus agendis*
Clarus, ab officiis octavam circiter horam
Dum redit———

* To find old nails.

† Robert Harley, Eſq; three times Speaker of the houſe of Commons, once in King William's reign, and twice in Queen Anne's; created Baron Harley of Wigmore, Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer, the 24th of April 1711, and Lord High Treaſurer of England, on the 29th of the ſaid month.

‡ In this year the author was made Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin. See an account of his firſt interview with Mr. Harley, in his letter to Dr. King, Oct. 10. 1710.

Obſerv'd

Obſerv'd a parſon near Whitehall
Cheap'ning old authors on a ſtall.
The prieſt was pretty well in caſe,
And ſhew'd ſome humour in his face;
Look'd with an eaſy, careleſs mien,
A perfect ſtranger to the ſpleen;
Of ſize that might a pulpit fill,
But more inclining to ſit ſtill.
My Lord (who, if a man may ſay't,
Loves miſchief better than his meat)
Was now diſpos'd to crack a jeſt,
And bid friend Lewis * go in queſt,
(This Lewis is a cunning ſhaver,
And very much in Harley's favour),
In queſt, who might this parſon be,
What was his name, of what degree,
If poſſible, to learn his ſtory,
And whether he were Whig or Tory.
Lewis his patron's humour knows,
Away upon his errand goes,
And quickly did the matter ſift;
Found out that it was Doctor Swift;
A clergyman of ſpecial note
For ſhunning thoſe of his own coat;
Which made his brethren of the gown
Take care betimes to run him down:

5. ——*Conſpexit, ut aiunt,*
Adraſum quendam vacua tonſoris in umbra
Cultello proprios purgantem leniter ungues.
15. *Demetri, (puer hic non laeve juſſa Philippi*
Accipiebat), abi, quaere, et refer: unde domo, qui's,
Cujus fortunae, quo ſit patre, quove patrono?
23. 25. *It, redit, et narrat, Volteium nomine Maenam.*

* Eraſmus Lewis, Eſq; private ſecretary to the Earl of Oxford.

No

No libertine, nor over nice,
Addicted to no ſort of vice,
Went where he pleas'd ſaid what he thought,
Not rich, but ow'd no man a groat:
In ſtate-opinions *a la mode*,
He hated Wharton * like a toad,
Had giv'n the faction many a wound,
And libell'd all the *junto* round;
Kept company with men of wit,
Who often father'd what he writ:
His works were hawk'd in ev'ry ſtreet,
But ſeldom roſe above a ſheet:
Of late indeed the paper ſtamp
Did very much his genius cramp:
And, ſince he could not ſpend his fire,
He now intended to retire
Said Harley, I deſire to know
From his own mouth if this be ſo;
Step to the Doctor ſtrait, and ſay,
I'd have him dine with me to-day.
Swift ſeem'd to wonder what he meant,
Nor would believe my Lord had ſent;
So never offer'd once to ſtir;
But coldly ſaid, *Your ſervant, Sir.*

31. ——*Tenui cenſu, ſine crimine notum,*
Et properare loco, et ceſſare, et quaerere, et uti,
Gaudentem———

47. *Scitari libet ex ipſo quodcunque refers. Dic*
Ad coenam veniat. Non ſane credere Maena;
Mirari ſecum tacitus.

54. *Benigne, reſpondet.*

* Earl of Wharton, father to the Duke of Wharton who died in France.

Does

Does he refuſe me? Harley cry'd:
He does, with inſolence and pride.
Some few days after Harley ſpies
The Doctor, faſten'd by the eyes
At Charing-croſs, among the rout,
Where painted monſters are hung out:
He pull'd the ſtring, and ſtopt his coach,
Beck'ning the Doctor to approach.
Swift, who could neither fly nor hide,
Came ſneaking to the chariot-ſide,
And offer'd many a lame excuſe:
He never meant the leaſt abuſe——
My Lord——the honour you deſign'd——
Extremely proud——but I had din'd——
I'm ſure I never ſhould neglect——
No man alive has more reſpect——
" Well, I ſhall think of that no more,
" If you'll be ſure to come at four."
The Doctor now obeys the ſummons,
Likes both his company and commons;
Diſplays his talent, ſits till ten
Next day invited comes again;

55. *Negat ille mihi?*
56. *——Negat improbus, et te*
Negligit, aut horret.
57. *——Volteium mane Philippus*
Vilia vendentem tunicato ſcruta popello
Occupat, et ſalvere jubet prior.
65. *——Ille Philipo*
Excuſare laborem.——
71. *——Sic ignoviſſe putato*
Me tibi, ſi coenas hodie mecum. Ut libet. Ergo
Poſt nonam venies——
74. *Ut ventum ad caenam eſt, dicenda, tacenda locutus.*
Tandem dormitum dimittitur. Hic ubi ſaepe

Soon grows domeſtic; ſeldom fails
Either at morning or at meals;
Came early, and departed late:
In ſhort, the gudgeon took the bait.
My Lord would carry on the jeſt,
And down to Windſor takes his gueſt.
Swift much admires the place and air,
And longs to be a canon there;
In ſummer round the park to ride,
In winter, never to reſide.
A *canon!* that's a place too mean;
No, Doctor, you ſhall be a Dean;
Two dozen canons round your ſtall,
And you the tyrant o'er them all:
You need but croſs the Iriſh ſeas,
To live in plenty, pow'r, and eaſe.
Poor Swift departs; and, what is worſe,
With borrow'd money in his purſe;
Travels at leaſt an hundred leagues,
And ſuffers numberleſs fatigues.
Suppoſe him now a Dean complete,
Devoutly lolling in his ſeat;
The ſilver virge, with decent pride,
Stuck underneath his cuſhion-ſide,
Suppoſe him gone through all vexations,
Patents, inſtalments, abjurations,
Firſt-fruits, and tenths, and chapter-treats;
Dues, payments, fees, demands, and——cheats,

Occultum viſus decurrere piſcis ad hamum,
Mane cliens, et jam certus conviva:——
81. ——*Jubetur*
Rura ſuburbana indictis comes ire Latinis.
Impoſitus mannis, arvum coelumque Sabinum
Non ceſſat laudare.
87. ——*Videt, ridetque Philippus.*

(The

(The wicked laity's contriving
To hinder clergymen from thriving).
Now all the Doctor's money's ſpent,
His tenants wrong him in his rent;
The farmer's ſpitefully combin'd,
Force him to take his tithes in kind;
And Parviſol * diſcounts arrears
By bills for taxes and repairs †.

Poor

107. ——*Oves furto, morbo periere capellae;*
Spem mentita ſeges, bos eſt enectus arando;

* The Dean's agent, a Frenchman.

† Upon Dr. Swifts arrival in Ireland to take poſſeſſion of his deanery, he found the violence of party raging in that kingdom to the higheſt degree. The common people were taught to look upon him as a Jacobite; and they proceeded ſo far in their deteſtation, as to throw ſtones and dirt at him as he paſſed through the ſtreets. The chapter of St Patrick's, like the reſt of the kingdom, received him with great reluctance; they thwarted him in every point that he propoſed. He was avoided as a peſtilence; he was oppoſed as an invader; he was marked out as an enemy to his country. Such was his firſt reception as Dean of St. Patrick's. Fewer talents, and leſs firmneſs, muſt have yielded to ſo outrageous an oppoſition; *ſed contra audentior ibat.* He had ſeen enough of human nature, to be convinced, that the paſſions of low, ſelf-intereſted minds ebb and flow continually. They love they know not whom, they hate they know not why: they are captivated by words, guided by names, and governed by accidents. *Sacheverel and the church* had been of as great ſervice to one party in the year 1710, as Popery and ſlavery were to the other in the year 1713. But, to ſhew the ſtrange revolutions in this world, Dr. Swift, who was now the deteſtation of the Iriſh rabble, lived to be afterwards the moſt abſolute monarch over them that ever governed men.

His firſt ſtep was, to reduce to reaſon and obedience his rev. brethren the chapter of St. Patrick's: in which he ſucceeded ſo perfectly and ſo ſpeedily, that, in a ſhort time after his arrival, not one member of that body offered to contradict him, even in trifles. On the contrary, they held him in the higheſt reſpect and veneration; ſo that he ſat in the chapter-houſe, like Jupiter in the ſynod of the gods. Whether fear or conviction were the motives of ſo immediate a change, I leave you to conſider; but certain it is,

Viro Phoebi chorus aſſurrexerit omnis.

Poor Swift, with all his loſſes vext,
Not knowing where to turn him next,
Above a thouſand pounds in debt,
Takes horſe, and in a mighty fret
Rides day and night at ſuch a rate
He ſoon arrives at Harley's gate;
But was ſo dirty, pale, and thin,
Old Read * would hardly let him in.
Said Harley, Welcome, Rev'rend Dean;
What makes your Worſhip look ſo lean?
Why, ſure, you won't appear in town
In that old wig and ruſty gown?
I doubt your heart is ſet on pelf
So much that you neglect yourſelf.
What! I ſuppoſe now ſtocks are high,
You've ſome good purchaſe in your eye;
Or is your money out at uſe?——
Truce, good my Lord, I beg a truce,
(The Doctor in a paſſion cry'd),
Your raillery is miſapply'd;
Experience I have dearly bought;
You know I am not worth a groat:

113. *Offenſus damnis, media de nocte caballum*
Arripit, iratuſque Philippi tendit ad aedes.
121. *Quem ſimul aſpexit ſcabrum intonſumque Philippus*
Durus, ait, Voltei, nimis attentuſque videris
Eſſe mihi.

However, Swift made no longer a ſtay in Ireland, in the year 1713, than was requiſite to eſtabliſh himſelf as Dean, and to paſs through certain cuſtoms and formalities, or, to uſe his own words.

——*Through all vexations*, &c. l. 101.—104. *Orrery.*

* The Lord Treaſurer's porter.

But

But 'tis a folly to conteſt,
When you reſolve to have your jeſt;
Then, ſince you now have done your worſt,
Pray leave me where you found me firſt *.

136. *Quod te per genium, dextramque, deoſque penates*
Obſecro, et obteſtor, vitae me redde priori.

HORACE, Lib. ii. Sat. 6. part of it IMITATED †.

Written about the Year 1713.

I'VE often wiſh'd, that I had clear
For life ſix hundred pounds a-year,
A handſome houſe to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terras walk, and half a rood
Of land ſet out to plant a wood.
Well, now I have all this and more,
I aſk not to increaſe my ſtore;

1. *Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,*
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum ſilvae ſuper his foret.
7. ——*Auctius atque*
Dii melius fecere.—

* In England, where he ſeems by this poem to ſolicit a ſettlement in the manner peculiar to himſelf.

† This poem was written about the ſame time with the preceding, and apparently with the ſame view. ——It was afterwards enlarged by Mr. Pope. See Warburton's edition of Pope's works, vol. 4.

But ſhould be perfectly content,
Could I but live on this ſide Trent,
Nor croſs the *channel* twice a-year
To ſpend ſix months with *ſtateſmen here.*
I muſt by all means come to town,
'Tis for the ſervice of the crown.
" Lewis the *Dean* will be of uſe;
" Send for him up, take no excuſe."
The toil, the danger of the ſeas,
Great miniſters ne'er think of theſe;
Or, let it coſt five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found,
It is but ſo much more in debt,
And that they ne'er conſider'd yet.
" Good Mr. *Dean*, go change your gown,
" Let my Lord know you're come to town."
I hurry me in haſte away,
Not thinking it is levee-day;
And find his honour in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
Checquer'd with ribands blue and green;
How ſhould I thruſt myſelf between?
Some wag obſerves me thus perplext,
And ſmiling whiſpers to the next,
" I thought the *Dean* had been too proud
" To juſtle here among a croud."
Another in a furly fit,
Tells me, I have more zeal than wit;
" So eager to expreſs your love,
" You ne'er conſider whom you ſhove,

17. *Sive Aquilo radit terras, ſeu bruma nivalem*
Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire neceſſe eſt.
35. *Quid vis, inſane, et quas res agis? improbus urget,*
Iratis precibus, tu pulſes omne quod obſtat.
Ad Mecænatem memori ſi mente recurras.
Hoc juvat, et melli eſt, non mentiar.—

" But

" But rudely preſs before a Duke."
I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant to ſhow
What I deſire the word ſhould know.
I get a whiſper and withdraw,
When twenty fools I never ſaw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Deſiring I would ſtand their friend.
This humbly offers me his caſe——
That begs my int'reſt for a place——
An hundred other mens affairs
Like bees are humming in my ears.
" To-morrow my appeal comes on,
" Without your help the cauſe is gone"——
The Duke expects my Lord and you
About ſome great affair at two——
" Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind
" To get my warrant quickly ſign'd:
" Conſider, 'tis my firſt requeſt." ——
Be ſatisfy'd, I'll do my beſt:
Then preſently he falls to teaſe,
" You may for certain, if you pleaſe;
" I doubt not, if his Lordſhip knew——
" And, Mr. *Dean*, one word from you"——
'Tis (let me ſee) three years and more
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me firſt attend,
And choſe me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And queſtion me of this and that;

44. ——*Aliena negotia centum*
Per caput et circa ſaliunt latus.
60. ——*Si vis. potes, addit et inſtat.*
63. *Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,*
Ex quo Mecænas me cœpit habere ſuorum
In numero; duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rheda
Vellet iter faciens. et cui concredere nugas.

As,

As, " What's o'clock?" and, How's the wind?
" Whoſe chariot's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country-*ſigns*;
Or, " Have you nothing new to-day
" From Pope, from Parnel, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains
My Lord and me as far as Stains,
As once a-week we travel down
To Windſor, and again to town,
Where all that paſſes *inter nos*
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-croſs.
Yet ſome I know with envy ſwell,
Becauſe they ſee me us'd ſo well:
" How think you of our friend the *Dean*?
" I wonder what ſome people mean;
" My Lord and he are grown ſo great,
" Always together, *tête à tête*,——
" What they admire him for his jokes——
" See but the fortune of ſome folks!"
There flies about a ſtrange report
Of ſome expreſs arriv'd at court,
I'm ſtopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in ev'ry ſtreet.
" You, Mr. *Dean*, frequent the great;
" Inform us, will the *Emp'ror* treat?
" Or, do the prints and papers lie?"
Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
" Ah! Doctor, how you love to jeſt!
" 'Tis now no ſecret"——I proteſt
'Tis one to me.— " Then tell us, pray,
" When are the troops to have their pay?"

81. ——*Subjectior in diem et horam*
Invidiæ.

89. *Frigidus a roſtris manat per compita rumor;*
Quicunque obvius eſt, me conſulit.

And

And though I ſolemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord Mayor,
They ſtand amaz'd, and think me grown
The cloſeſt mortal ever known.
Thus in a ſea of folly toſt,
My choiceſt hours of life are loſt;
Yet always wiſhing to retreat,
Oh, could I ſee my country ſeat!
There leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruſe ſome ancient book!
And there in ſweet oblivion drown
Thoſe cares that haunt the court and town!

101. *Jurantem me ſcire nihil, mirantur, ut unum*
Scilicet egregii mortalem altique ſilenti.
108. *O rus, quando ego te aſpiciam, quandoque licebit*
Nunc veterum libris, nunc ſomno, et inertibus horis
Ducere ſollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ?

* The happy Life of a Country-Parſon.

In Imitation of MARTIAL †.

PArſon, theſe things in thy poſſeſſing
Are better than the Biſhop's bleſſing.
A wife that makes conſerves; a ſteed
That carries double when there's need;
October ſtore, and beſt Virginia,
Tythe-pig, and mortuary guinea;

* This and the two following poems were wrote by Mr. Pope.

Gazettes

Gazettes ſent *gratis* down and frank'd,
For which thy patron's weekly thank'd;
A large concordance, bound long ſince;
Sermons to Charles the Firſt when Prince;
A chronicle of ancient ſtanding;
A Chryſoſtom to ſmooth thy hand in;
The Polyglott,—three parts,—my text,—
Howbeit,—likewiſe—now to my next,—
Lo here the Septuagint,—and Paul,—
To ſum the whole,—the cloſe of all.
He that has theſe, may paſs his life,
Drink with the 'Squire, and kiſs his wife;
On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
And faſt on Fridays—if he will;
Toaſt Church and Queen, explain the news,
Talk with church-wardens about pews,
Pray heartily for ſome new gift,
And ſhake his head at Doctor Swift.

* A TALE of CHAUCER.

Lately found in an old manuſcript.

WOmen, though not ſans lecherie,
Ne ſwinken but with ſecrecie:
This in our tale is plain y-fond,
Of clerk that wonneth in Irelond;
Which to the fennes hath him betake
To filch the gray ducke fro the lake.
Right then there paſſen by the way.
His aunt, and eke her daughters tway:
Ducke in his trowzes hath he hent
Not to be ſpied of ladies gent.
" But ho! our nephew, (crieth one),
" Ho! quoth another, couzen John;

And

And ſtoppen, and lough, and callen out,——
This ſely clerk full low doth lout.
They aſken that, and talken this.
" Lo here is *coz*, and here is *Miſs*."
But as he gloz'd with ſpeeches ſoote,
The ducke ſore tickleth his erſe roote;
Fore-piece and buttons all to-breſt,
Forth thruſt a white neck and red creſt.
Te-he, cry'd ladies; clerke nought ſpake;
Miſs ſtar'd; and gray ducke crieth *quaake*.
" O moder, moder, (quoth the daughter),
" Be thilke ſame thing maids longen a'ter?
" Bette is to pyne on coals and chalke.
" Then truſt on mon, whoſe yerde can talke."

* The ALLEY.

An Imitation of SPENCER.

IN ev'ry town where Thamis rolls his tide,
A narrow paſs there is, with houſes low;
Where ever and anon the ſtream is ey'd,
And many a boat ſoft ſliding to and fro.
There oft' are heard the notes of infant-wo,
The ſhort thick ſob, loud ſcream, and ſhriller ſquall;
How can ye, mothers, vex your children ſo?
Some play, ſome eat, ſome cack againſt the wall,
And, as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

II.

And on the broken pavement, here and there,
Doth many a ſtinking ſprat and herring lie;
A brandy and tobacco ſhop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs are feeding by;

And

And here a ſailor's jacket hangs to dry.
At ev'ry door are ſun-burnt matrons ſeen,
Mending old nets to catch the ſcaly fry:
Now ſinging ſhrill, and ſcolding oft between;
Scolds anſwer foul-mouth'd ſcolds; bad neighbourhood, I ween.

III.

The ſnappiſh cur (the paſſengers annoy)
Cloſe at my heel with yelping treble flies;
The whimp'ring girl, and hoarſer-ſcreaming boy,
Join to the yelping treble, ſhrilling cries:
The ſcolding quean to louder notes doth riſe,
And her full pipes thoſe ſhrilling cries confound;
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies;
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
And curs, girls, boys, and ſcolds in the deep baſe are drown'd.

IV.

Hard by a ſty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days.
Baſkets of fiſh at Billingſgate did watch,
Cod, whiting, oyſter, mackrel, ſprat, or plaice:
There learn'd ſhe ſpeech from tongues that never ceaſe.
Slander beſide her, like a magpye, chatters,
With envy, (ſpitting cat) dread foe to peace:
Like a curs'd cur, Malice before her clatters,
And, vexing ev'ry wight, tears cloaths and all to tatters.

V.

Her dugs were mark'd by ev'ry collier's hand,
Her mouth was black as bull-dogs at the ſtall:
She ſcratch'd, bit, and ſpar'd ne lace ne band;
And bitch and rogue her anſwer was to all;
Nay, e'en the parts of ſhame by name would call.
Whene'er ſhe paſſed by a lane or nook,
Would greet the man who turn'd him to the wall,
And by his hand obſcene the porter took,
Nor never did aſkance like modeſt virgin look.

Such

VI.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town:
  Woolwich and Wapping, ſmelling ſtrong of pitch:
Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown;
  And Twick'nam ſuch, which fairer ſcenes enrich,
  Grots, ſtatues, urns, and Jo—n's *dog* and *bitch*:
Ne village is without on either ſide,
  All up the ſilver Thames, or all a-down;
  Ne Richmond's ſelf, from whoſe tall front are ey'd
Vales, ſpires, meandring ſtreams, and Windſor's tow'ry pride.

* The CAPON's TALE.

To a Lady who fathered her Lampoons upon her acquaintance.

IN Yorkſhire dwelt a ſober yeoman,,
  Whoſe wife, a clean, pains-taking woman,
Fed numerous poultry in her pens,
And ſaw her cocks well ſerve her hens.
  A hen ſhe had, whoſe tuneful clocks
Drew after her a train of cocks;
With eyes ſo piercing, yet ſo pleaſant,
You would have ſworn this hen a pheaſant.
All the plum'd *beau-monde* round her gathers;
Lord! what a bruſtling up of feathers!
Morning from noon there was no knowing,
There was ſuch flutt'ring, chuckling, crowing:
Each forward bird muſt thruſt his head in,
And not a cock but would be treading.

Yet tender was this hen ſo fair,
And hatch'd more chicks than ſhe could rear.
Our prudent dame bethought her then
Of ſome dry nurſe to ſave her hen:
She made a capon drunk; in fine,
He eat the ſops, ſhe ſipp'd the wine;
His rump well pluck'd with nettles ſtings,
And claps the brood beneath his wings.
The feather'd dupe awakes content,
O'erjoy'd to ſee what God had ſent;
Thinks he's the hen, clocks, keeps a pother,
A fooliſh foſter-father-mother.
Such, Lady Mary, are your tricks;
But ſince you hatch, pray own your chicks;
You ſhould be better ſkill'd in nocks,
Nor, like your capons, ſerve your cocks.

VERSES written in a lady's ivory table-book.

Written in the year 1706.

PEruſe my leaves thro' ev'ry part,
And think thou ſeeſt my owner's heart,
Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
As hard, as ſenſeleſs, and as light;
Expos'd to ev'ry coxcomb's eyes,
But hid with caution from the wiſe.
Here you may read, *Dear charming ſaint*,
Beneath, *A new receipt for paint*:
Her in beau-ſpelling, *Tru tel deth*;
There in her own, *Far an el breth*:

Here

Here, *Lovely nymph, pronounce my doom*:
There, *A ſafe way to uſe perfume*:
Here a page fill'd with billetdoux:
On t'other ſide, *Laid out for ſhoes*;
Madam, I die without your grace;
Item, *for half a yard of lace.*
Who that had wit would place it here,
For ev'ry peeping fop to jeer?
In pow'r of ſpittle, and a clout,
Whene'er he pleaſe, to blot it out;
And then to heighten the diſgrace,
Clap his own nonſenſe in the place,
Whoever expects to hold his part
In ſuch a book, and ſuch a heart,
If he be wealthy and a fool,
Is in all points the fitteſt tool;
Of whom it may be juſtly ſaid,
He's a gold pencil tipp'd with lead.

Mrs. HARRIS's PETITION*.

Written in the year 1701.

To their Excellencies,

The LORDS JUSTICES of Ireland†,

The humble petition of Frances Harris,
Who muſt ſtarve, and die a maid, if it miſcarries,

Humbly ſheweth,

THAT I went to warm myſelf in Lady Betty's‡ chamber, becauſe I was cold;
And I had in a purſe ſeven pounds four ſhillings and ſix-pence, beſides farthings, in money and gold;

* When the Earl of Berkeley was one of the Lords Juſtices of Ireland, Swift's true poetical vain (Pindaric flights being en irely out of the road of his talents) began to diſcover itſelf in ſome occaſional pieces which he writ in theſe times, particularly in the Ballad on the game of traffic [vol. 8.], in the Ballad to the tune of the cut-purſe, and in Mrs. Harris's petition. Theſe poems are all wrong dated in the ſeveral editions of his works. It appears to a demonſtration they were all written in the year 1699.—The petition of Mrs. Harris, although it may be ranked in that claſs of poety which is called low humour, is full of mirth and raillery. The Doctor himſelf and Mrs. Harris, are the two principal characters, againſt whom the ridicule is immediately pointed. However, there is one beautiful ſtroke of nature in this poem worthy to be remarked, which in the way of characteriſing can never be excelled by any effort of genius. Do but obſerve the anſwer of the old deaf houſekeeper in the following lines:

Then my dame Wadgar came, &c. l. 25. to l. 29.

In one word, whoever can read this petition of Mrs. Harris without feeling ſome extraordinary pleaſure, hath in my opinion, neither wit, humour, judgement, nor any taſte for poetry in his whole compoſition. *Swift.*

† Earl of Berkeley, and Earl of Galway.

‡ Lady Betty Berkeley.

So,

So, becauſe I had been buying things for my Lady laſt night,
I was reſolv'd to tell my money, to ſee if it was right.
Now, you muſt know, becauſe my trunk has a very bad lock,
Therefore all the money I have, which, God knows, is a very ſmall ſtock,
I kept in my pocket, ty'd about my middle, next to my ſmock.
So, when I went to put up my purſe, as God would have it, my ſmock was unript,
And, inſtead of putting it into my pocket, down it ſlipt:
Then the bell rung, and I went down to put my Lady to bed;
And, God knows, I thought my money was as ſafe as my maidenhead.
So, when I came up again, I found my pocket feel very light:
But when I ſearch'd, and miſs'd my purſe, Lord! I thought I ſhould have ſunk outright.
Lord! Madam, ſays Mary, how d'ye do? Indeed, ſays I, never worſe.
But pray, Mary, can you tell what I have done with my purſe?
Lord help me! ſaid May, I never ſtirr'd out of this place:
Nay ſaid I, I had it in Lady Betty's chamber, that's a plain caſe.
So Mary got me to bed, and cover'd me up warm:
However, ſhe ſtole away my garters, that I might do myſelf no harm.
So I tumbled and toſs'd all night, as you may very well think,
But hardly ever yet ſet my eyes together, or ſlept a wink.

So I was a-dream'd, methought, that we went and ſearch'd the folks round,
And in a corner of Mrs. Duke's box ty'd in a rag the money was found.
So next morning we told Whittle*, and he fell a-ſwearing;
Then my Dame Wadger † came; and ſhe, you know, is thick of hearing:
Dame, ſaid I, as loud as I could bawl, do you know what a loſs I have had?
Nay, ſaid ſhe, my Lord Colway's ‡ folks are all very ſad;
For my Lord Dromedary ‖ comes a Tueſday without fail.
Pugh! ſaid I, but that's not the bus'neſs that I ail.
Says Cary **, ſays he, I have been a ſervant this five and twenty years, come ſpring,
And in all the places I liv'd I never heard of ſuch a thing.
Yes, ſays the ſteward, I remember, when I was at my Lady Shrewſbury's,
Such a thing as this happen'd juſt about the time of gooſeberries.
So I went to the party ſuſpected, and I found her full of grief,
(Now you muſt know, of all things in the world, I hate a thief).
However, I was reſolved to bring the diſcourſe ſlily about:
Mrs. Dukes ††, ſaid I, here's an ugly accident has happen'd out:

* Earl of Berkeley's valet.
† The old deaf houſekeeper.
‡ Galway.
‖ Drogheda, who, with the Primate, was to ſucceed the two Earls.
** Clerk of the kitchen.
†† A ſervant, wife to one of the footmen.

'Tis

'Tis not that I value the money three ſkips of a louſe ‡‡;
But the thing I ſtand upon is the credit of the houſe.
'Tis true, ſeven pounds four ſhillings and ſix-pence makes a great hole in my wages:
Beſides, as they ſay, ſervice is no inheritance in theſe ages.
Now, Mrs. Dukes, you know, and every body underſtands,
That tho' 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't go without hands.
The devil take me, ſaid ſhe, (bleſſing herſelf), if ever I ſaw't!
So ſhe roar'd like a bedlam, as though I had call'd her all to naught.
So you know, what could I ſay to her any more?
I e'en left her, and came away as wiſe as I was before,
Well, but then they would have had me gone to the cunning man:
No, ſaid I, 'tis the ſame thing, the chaplain will be here anon.
So the chaplain * came in, Now, the ſervants ſay he is my ſweetheart,
Becauſe he's always in my chamber, and I always take his part.
So, as the devil would have it, before I was aware, out I blunder'd,
Parſon, ſaid I, can you caſt a nativity, when a body's plunder'd?
(Now, you muſt know, he hates to be call'd parſon like the devil)
Truly, ſays he, Mrs. Nab, it might become you to be more civil:

‡‡ An uſual ſaying of hers.
* The author.

If

If your money be gone, as a learned divine ſays, d'ye ſee,
You are no text for my handling; ſo take that from me:
I was never taken for a conjurer before, I'd have you to know.
Lord! ſaid I, don't be angry, I am ſure I never thought you ſo;
You know, I honour the cloth; I deſign to be a parſon's wife;
I never took one in your coat for a conjurer in all my life.
With that he twiſted his girdle at me like a rope, as who ſhould ſay,
Now you may go hang yourſelf for me, and ſo went away.
Well: I thought I ſhould have ſwoon'd. Lord! ſaid I, what ſhall I do?
I have loſt all my money, and ſhall loſe my true love too.
hen my Lord call'd me: Harry *, ſaid my Lord, don't cry,
I'll give you ſomething towards thy loſs: and ſays my Lady, ſo will I.
Oh! but, ſaid I, what if, after all, my chaplain won't come to?
For that, he ſaid, (an't pleaſe your Excellencies), I muſt petition you.
The premiſſes tenderly conſider'd, I deſire your Excellencies protection,
And that I may have a ſhare in next Sunday's collection;
And, over and above, that I may have your Excellencies letter,
With an order for the chaplain aforeſaid, or, inſtead of him a better:

* A cant word of my Lord and Lady to Mrs Harris.

And

And then your poor petioner both night and day,
Or the chaplain, (for 'tis his trade) as in duty
bound, ſhall ever pray.

*Lady Betty Berkeley, finding in the author's room ſome verſes * unfiniſhed, underwrit a ſtanza of her own, with raillery upon him; which gave occaſion to this ballad, written by the author in a counterfeit hand, as if a third perſon had done it.*

Written in the year 1703.

To the Tune of *The cutpurſe.*

ONCE on a time, as old ſtories rehearſe,
A friar would needs ſhew his talent in Latin:
But was ſorely put to't in the midſt of a verſe,
Becauſe he could find no word to come pat in:
Then all in the place
He left a void ſpace,
And ſo went to bed in a deſperate caſe:
When behold the next morning a wonderful riddle!
He found it was ſtrangely fill'd up in the middle.
Chorus. *Let cenſuring critics then think what they liſt on't;*
Who would not write verſes with ſuch an aſſiſtant?

* Theſe verſes are called, A ballad on the game of traffic, and may be found among the poſthumous poetry.

This

II.

This put me the friar into an amazement;
For he wiſely conſider'd it muſt be a ſprite,
That came thro' the key-hole, or in at the caſement;
And it needs muſt be one that could both read and write;
Yet he did not know
If it were friend or foe,
Or whether it came from above or below:
Howe'er, it was civil in angel or elf,
For he ne'er could have fill'd it ſo well of himſelf.
Cho. *Let cenſuring*, &c.

III.

Even ſo Maſter Doctor had puzzled his brains
In making a ballad, but was at a ſtand:
He had mix'd little wit with a great deal of pains;
When he found a new help from inviſible hand.
Then good Doctor Swift,
Pay thanks for the gift,
For you freely muſt own you were at a dead lift:
And, though ſome malicious young ſpirit did do't,
You may know by the hand it had no cloven foot.
Cho. *Let cenſuring*, &c.

VANBRUGH's HOUSE:

Built from the ruins of Whitehall that was burnt.

Written in the year 1706.

IN times of old, when time was young,
And poets their own verſes ſung,

A verſe could draw a ſtone or beam,
That now would overload a team;
Lead them a dance of many a mile,
Then rear them to a goodly pile.
Each number had its diff'rent pow'r;
Heroic ſtrains could build a tow'r;
Sonnets, or elegies to Chloris,
Might raiſe a houſe about two ſtories;
A lyric ode would ſlate; a catch
Would tile; an epigram would thatch.
But, to their own, or landlord's coſt,
Now poets feel this art is loſt.
Not one of all our tuneful throng
Can raiſe a lodging for a ſong:
For Jove conſider'd well the caſe,
Obſerv'd they grew a num'rous race;
And ſhould they build as faſt as write,
'Twould ruin undertakers quite.
This evil therefore to prevent,
He wiſely change'd their element:
On earth the god of wealth was made
Sole patron of the building trade;
Leaving the wits the ſpacious air,
With licence to build caſtles there:
And, 'tis conceiv'd, their old pretence
To lodge in garrets comes from thence.
Premiſing thus, in modern way,
The better half we have to ſay:
Sing, Muſe, the houſe of poet Van
In higher ſtrains than we began.
Van (for 'tis fit the reader know it)
Is both a herald and a poet;
No wonder then if nicely ſkill'd
In both capacities to build.
As herald, he can in a day
Repair a houſe * gone to decay;

* Houſe, family.

Or

Or by atchievement, arms, device,
Erect a new one in a trice;
And as a poet, he has ſkill
To build in ſpeculation ſtill.
Great Jove! he cry'd, the art reſtore
To build by verſe as heretofore,
And make my muſe the architect;
What palaces ſhall we erect!
No longer ſhall forſaken Thames
Lament his old Whitehall in flames;
A pile ſhall from its aſhes riſe,
Fit to invade or prop the ſkies.
Jove ſmil'd, and like a gentle god,
Conſenting with the uſual nod,
Told Van, he knew his talent beſt,
And left the choice to his own breaſt.
So Van reſolv'd to write a farce;
But, well perceiving wit was ſcarce,
With cunning that defect ſupplies;
Takes a French play as lawful prize;
Steals thence his plot and ev'ry joke,
Not once ſuſpecting Jove would ſmoke;
And (like a wag) ſat down to write,
Would whiſper to himſelf, a bite.
Then from the motley, mingled ſtyle
Proceeded to erect his pile.
So men of old, to gain renown, did
Build Babel with their tongues confounded.
Jove ſaw the cheat, but thought it beſt
To turn the matter to a jeſt:
Down from Olympus' top he ſlides,
Laughing as if he'd burſt his ſides:
Ay, thought the god, are theſe your tricks?
Why then old plays deſerve old bricks;
And ſince your ſparing of your ſtuff,
Your building ſhall be ſmall enough.
He ſpake, and, grudging, lent his aid:
Th' experience'd bricks that knew their trade,

(As

(As being bricks at ſecond hand),
Now move, and now in order ſtand.
  The building, as the poet writ,
Roſe in proportion to his wit:
And firſt the prologue built a wall;
So wide as to encompaſs all.
The ſcene, a wood, produce'd no more
Than a few ſcrubby trees before.
The plot as yet lay deep; and ſo
A cellar next was dug below:
But this a work ſo hard was found,
Two acts it coſt him under ground.
Two other acts, we may preſume,
Were ſpent in building each a room.
Thus far advance'd, he made a ſhift
To raiſe a roof with act the fifth.
The epilogue behind, did frame
A place not decent here to name.
  Now poets from all quarters ran
To ſee the houſe of brother Van;
Look'd high and low, walk'd often round;
But no ſuch houſe was to be found.
One aſks the watermen hard by,
"Where may the poet's palace lie?"
Another of the Thames inquires,
If he has ſeen its gilded ſpires?
At length they in the rubbiſh ſpy
A thing reſembling a gooſe-pye.
Thither in haſte the poets throng,
And gaze in ſilent wonder long,
Till one in raptures thus began
To praiſe the pile and builder Van.
  Thrice happy poet! who mayſt trail
Thy houſe about thee like a ſnail;
Or, harneſs'd to a nag, at eaſe
Take journeys in it, like a chaiſe;
Or in a boat, whene'er thou wilt,
Canſt make it ſerve thee for a tilt.

Capacious houſe! 'tis own'd by all,
Thour't well contriv'd, though thou art ſmall:
For ev'ry wit in Britain's iſle
May lodge within thy ſpacious pile.
Like Bacchus thou, as poets feign,
Thy mother burnt, art born again,
Born like a Phœnix from the flame;
But neither bulk nor ſhape the ſame:
As animals of largeſt ſize
Corrupt to maggots, worms, and flies;
A type of modern wit and ſtyle,
" The rubbiſh of an ancient pile."
So chymiſts boaſt they have a pow'r
From the dead aſhes of a flow'r
Some faint reſemblance to produce,
But not the virtue, taſte, or juice.
So modern rhymers wiſely blaſt
The poetry of ages paſt;
Which, after they have overthrown,
They from its ruins build their own.

The HISTORY of VANBRUGH's HOUSE.

Written in the year 1708.

WHen mother Clud had roſe from play,
And call'd to take the cards away,
Van ſaw, but ſeem'd not to regard,
How Miſs pick'd every painted card,
And, buſy both with hand and eye,
Soon rear'd a houſe too ſtories high.
Van's genius, without thought or lecture,
Is hugely turn'd to architecture:

He

He view'd the edifice, and ſmil'd,
Vow'd it was pretty for a child:
It was ſo perfect in its kind,
He kept the model in his mind.
But when he found the boys at play,
And ſaw them dabbling in their clay,
He ſtood behind a ſtall to lurk,
And mark the progreſs of their work,
With true delight obſerv'd them all
Raking up mud to build a wall.
The plan he much admir'd, and took
The model in his table-book;
Thought himſelf now exactly ſkill'd,
And ſo reſolv'd a houſe to build:
A real houſe, with rooms, and ſtairs,
Five times at leaſt as big as theirs;
Taller than Miſs's by two yards;
Not a ſham thing of clay or cards.
And ſo he did; for in a while
He built up ſuch a monſtrous pile,
That no two chairmen could be found
Able to lift it from the ground.
Still at Whitehall it ſtands in view,
Juſt in the place where firſt it grew:
There all the little ſchoolboys run,
Envying to ſee themſelves out-done.
From ſuch deep rudiments as theſe,
Van is become by due degrees
For building fam'd, and juſtly reckon'd
At court Vitruvius the ſecond:
No wonder, ſince wiſe authors ſhow,
That beſt foundations muſt be low;
And now the Duke * has wiſely ta'en him
To be his architect at Blenheim.

* The Duke of Marlborough, to whom Q. Anne gave the palace of Woodſtock, for his Grace's victory over the French and Bavarians at Blenheim, Aug. 2. 1704.

But, raillery for once apart,
If this rule holds in ev'ry art;
Or if his grace were no more ſkill'd in
The art of batt'ring walls than building,
We might expect to ſee next year
A mouſe-trap man chief engineer.

The Virtues of SID HAMET the Magician's Rod †.

Written in the year 1712.

THE rod was but a harmleſs wand,
While Moſes held it in his hand;
But, ſoon as e'er he laid it down,
'Twas a devouring ſerpent grown.
Our great magician, Hamet Sid,
Reverſes what the prophet did:
His rod was honeſt Engliſh wood,
That ſenſeleſs in a corner ſtood,
Till metamorphos'd by his graſp,
It grew an all-devouring aſp;
Would hiſs, and ſting, and roll, and twiſt,
By the mere virtue of his fiſt;
But when he laid it down, as quick
Reſum'd the figure of a ſtick.
So to her midnight-feaſt the hag
Rides on a broom-ſtick for a nag,
That, rais'd by magic of her breech,
O'er ſea and land conveys the witch;

† The ſtaff of Lord Treaſurer Godolphin, which, on the 29th of May 1711, was given to Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford.

But

But with the morning-dawn reſumes
The peaceful ſtate of common brooms.
They tell us ſomething ſtrange and odd
About a certain magic rod,
That, bending down its top, divines
Whene'er the ſoil has golden mines *;
Where there are none, it ſtands erect,
Scorning to ſhew the leaſt reſpect;
As ready was the wand of Sid
To bend where golden mines were hid;
In Scottiſh hills found precious ore †,
Where none e'er look'd for it before;
And by a gentle bow divin'd
How well a cully's purſe was lin'd;
To a forlorn and broken rake,
Stood without motion, like a ſtake.
The rod of Hermes was renown'd
For charms above and under ground;
To ſleep could mortal eyelids fix,
And drive departed ſouls to Styx.
That rod was juſt a type of Sid's,
Which o'er a Britiſh ſenate's lids
Could ſcatter opium full as well,
And drive as many ſouls to hell.
Sid's rod's was ſlender, white, and tall,
Which oft he us'd to fiſh withal;
A plaice was faſten'd to the hook,
And many ſcore of gudgeons took:
Yet ſtill ſo happy was his fate,
He caught his fiſh, and ſav'd his bait.
Sid's brethren of the conj'ring tribe
A circle with their rod deſcribe,

* The *virgula divina*, or divining rod, is deſcribed to be a forked branch of a hazel or willow, two feet and an half long. It is to be held in the palms of the hands, with the ſingle end elevated about eighty degrees, and in this poſition is ſaid to be attracted by minerals and ſprings, ſo as by a forcible inclination to direct where they are to be found.

† Supposed to allude to the union of the two kingdoms.

Which proves a magical redoubt
To keep miſchievous ſpirits out.
Sid's rod was of a larger ſtride,
And made a circle thrice as wide,
Where ſpirits throng'd with hideous din,
And he ſtood there to take them in:
But when th' inchanted rod was broke,
They vaniſh'd in a ſtinking ſmoke.
Achilles' ſceptre was of wood,
Like Sid's, but nothing near ſo good;
That down from anceſtors divine
Tranſmitted to the hero's line;
Thence, through a long deſcent of kings,
Came an heir-loom, as Homer ſings.
Though this deſcription looks ſo big,
That ſceptre was a ſapleſs twig,
Which from the fatal day, when firſt
It left the foreſt where 'twas nurs'd,
As Homer tells us o'er and o'er,
Nor leaf, nor fruit, nor bloſſom bore.
Sid's ſceptre, full of juice, did ſhoot
In golden boughs, and golden fruit;
And he, the dragon, never ſleeping,
Guarded each fair Heſperian pippin.
No hobby-horſe, with gorgeous top,
The deareſt in Charles Mather's ſhop *,
Or glitt'ring tinſel of May-fair,
Could with this rod of Sid compare.
Dear Sid, then why wert thou ſo mad
To break thy rod like naughty lad?
You ſhould have kiſs'd it in your diſtreſs,
And then return'd it to your miſtreſs;
Or made it a Newmarket ſwitch,
And not a rod for thy own breech.
But, ſince old Sid has broken this,
His next may be a rod in piſs.

* An eminent toyman in Fleet-ſtreet.

ATLAS;

OR,

The MINISTER of STATE.

To the Lord Treaſurer OXFORD.

Written in the year 1712.

ATLAS, we read in ancient ſong,
Was ſo exceeding tall and ſtrong,
He bore the ſkies upon his back,
Juſt as a pedlar does his pack:
But, as a pedlar overpreſs'd
Unloads upon a ſtall to reſt,
Or, when he can no longer ſtand
Deſires a friend to lend a hand;
So Atlas, leſt the pond'rous ſpheres
Should ſink, and fall about his ears,
Got Hercules to bear the pile,
That he might ſit and reſt a while.
Yet Hercules was not ſo ſtrong,
Nor could have borne it half ſo long.
Great ſtateſmen are in this condition;
And Atlas is a politician,
A *premier* miniſter of ſtate:
Alcides one of ſecond rate.
Suppoſe then Atlas ne'er ſo wiſe,
Yet, when the weight of kingdoms lies
Too long upon his ſingle ſhoulders,
Sink down he muſt, or find upholders.

The

The DESCRIPTION of a SALAMANDER *.

Out of Pliny's Natural Hiſtory, *lib.* 10. *c.* 67. *and lib.* 29. *c.* 4.

Written in the year 1706.

AS maſtiff dogs in modern phraſe are
Call'd Pompey, Scipio, and Cæſar;
As pyes and daws are often ſtyl'd
With Chriſtian nicknames, like a child;
As we ſay Monſieur to an ape,
Without offence to human ſhape;
So men have got from bird and brute
Names that would beſt their natures ſuit.
The lion, eagle, fox, and boar,
Were heroes titles heretofore.
Beſtow'd as hi'roglyphics fit
To ſhew their valour, ſtrength, or writ:
For what is underſtood by fame,
Beſides the getting of a name?
But, e'er ſince men invented guns,
A diff'rent way their fancy runs:
To paint a hero, we inquire
For ſomething that will conquer fire.

* This exceſſive bitter deſcription of a ſalamander was occaſioned by the Duke of Marlborough's giving that appellation to Lord Cutts, after he had come off victorious, and without a wound, from an engagement with part of the French army, whoſe fire was ſo extremely briſk, and ſo inceſſantly poured in upon the Engliſh forces, that it was ſuppoſed nothing but a ſalamander could have lived in the midſt of it. *Swift.*

Would

Would you deſcribe Turenne * or Trump † ?
Think of a bucket or a pump.
Are theſe too low?—then find out grander,
Call my Lord Cutts a Salamander ‡.
'Tis well;—but ſince we live among
Detractors with an evil tongue,
Who may object againſt the term,
Pliny ſhall prove what we affirm;
Pliny ſhall prove, and we'll apply,
And I'll be judg'd by ſtanders-by.
Firſt, then, our author has defin'd
This reptile of the ſerpent kind,
With gaudy coat, and ſhining train;
But loathſome ſpots his body ſtain:
Out from ſome hole obſcure he flies,
When rains deſcend, and tempeſts riſe,
Till the ſun clears the air; and then
Crawls back neglected to his den.
So, when the war has rais'd a ſtorm,
I've ſeen a ſnake in human form,
All ſtain'd with infamy and vice,
Leap from the dunghill in a trice,
Burniſh, and make a gaudy ſhow,
Become a gen'ral, peer, and beau,
Till peace hath made the ſky ſerene;
Then ſhrink into its hole again.

All this we grant——why then look yonder,
Sure that muſt be a ſalamander!

* The famous Marechal Turenne, General of the French forces, ſaid to have been the greateſt commander of the age.

† Van Trump, Admiral of the States General in their laſt war with England, eminent for his courage and his victories.

‡ Lord Cutts. Salamander was a name given him by his flatterers, upon his having ſurvived an engagement in which he ſtood an inceſſant fire for many hours. He is ſaid frequently to have lamented himſelf in theſe terms: "G—d d—n my bl———d, I'm the moſt "unlucky dog upon earth; for I never engaged an enemy without "being wounded, nor a whore without being p—x'd."

Farther,

Farther, we are by Pliny told,
This ſerpent is extremely cold;
So cold that, put it in the fire,
'Twill make the very flames expire:
Beſides, it ſpues a filthy froth
(Whether through rage, or luſt, or both)
Of matter purulent and white,
Which happening on the ſkin to light,
And there corrupting to a wound,
Spreads leproſy and baldneſs round.
So have I ſeen a batter'd beau,
By age and claps grown cold as ſnow,
Whoſe breath or touch, where'er he came,
Blew out love's torch, or chill'd the flame:
And ſhould ſome nymph who ne'er was cruel,
Like Charleton cheap, or fam'd Du-Ruel,
Receive the filth which he ejects,
She ſoon would find the ſame effects
Her tainted carcaſe to purſue,
As from the ſalamander's ſpue;
A diſmal ſhedding of her locks,
And, if no leproſy, a pox.

Then I'll appeal to each by-ſtander,
If this be not a ſalamander?

* The ELEPHANT;

Or, The PARLIAMENT-MAN.

Written many Years ſince.

Taken from Coke's Inſtitutes.

ERE bribes convince you whom to chuſe,
The precepts of Lord Coke peruſe.
Obſerve an elephant, ſays he,
And let like him your member be:
Firſt, take a man that's free from gall:
For elephants have none at all:
In flocks or parties he muſt keep;
For elephants live juſt like ſheep:
Stubborn in honour he muſt be;
For elephants ne'er bend the knee:
Laſt, let his memory be ſound,
In which your elephant's profound;
That old examples from the wiſe
May prompt him in his No's and Ay's.
Thus the Lord Coke hath gravely writ,
In all the form of lawyers wit;
And then with Latin, and all that,
Shews the compariſon is pat.
Yet in ſome points my Lord is wrong:
One's teeth are ſold, and t' other's tongue:
Now men of parliament, God knows,
Are more like elephants of ſhows,
Whoſe docile memory and ſenſe
Are turn'd to trick, to gather pence.

To

To get their maſter half a crown,
They ſpread their flag, or lay it down,
Thoſe who bore bulwarks on their backs,
And guarded nations from attacks,
Now practiſe every pliant geſture,
Op'ning their trunk for every teſter.
Siam, for elephants ſo fam'd,
Is not with England to be nam'd:
There elephants by men are ſold;
Ours ſell themſelves, and take the gold.

An ELEGY on the ſuppoſed Death of PARTRIDGE the Almanack-maker *.

WELL; 'tis as Bickerſtaff has gueſt,
Though we all took it for a jeſt:
Partridge is dead; nay more, he dy'd
Ere he could prove the good 'Squire ly'd.
Strange, an aſtrologer ſhould die
Without one wonder in the ſky!
Not one of all his *crony* ſtars
To pay their duty at his herſe!
No meteor, no eclipſe appear'd!
No comet with a flaming beard!
The ſun has roſe, and gone to bed,
Juſt as if Partridge were not dead;
Nor hid himſelf behind the moon,
To make a dreadful night at noon.
He at fit periods walks through Aries,
Howe'er our earthly motion varies;
And twice a-year he'll cut th' equator,
As if there had been no ſuch matter.

* See an account of his death, which Patridge averred to be falſe, and Bickerſtaff defended as true, vol. 4.

Some

Some wits have wonder'd what analogy
There is 'twixt cobling * and aſtrology;
How Partridge made his optics riſe
From a ſhoe-ſole to reach the ſkies.

A liſt the cobler's temples ties,
To keep the hair out of his eyes;
From whence 'tis plain, the diadem
That princes wear derives from them:
And therefore crowns are now-a-days
Adorn'd with golden ſtars and rays;
Which plainly ſhews the near alliance
'Twixt cobling and the planets ſcience.

Beſides, that ſlow-pace'd ſign Boötes,
As 'tis miſcall'd, we know not who 'tis:
But Partridge ended all diſputes;
He knew his trade, and call'd it † boots.

The horned moon, which heretofore
Upon their ſhoes the Romans wore,
Whoſe wideneſs kept their toes from corns.
And whence we claim our ſhoeing-horns,
Shews how the art of cobling bears
A near reſemblance to the ſpheres.

A ſcrap of parchment hung by geometry
(A great refinement in barometry)
Can, like the ſtars, foretel the weather;
And what is parchment elſe but leather?
Which an aſtrologer might uſe
Either for almanacks or ſhoes.

Thus Partridge, by his wit and parts,
At once did practiſe both theſe arts:
And as the boading owl (or rather
The bat, becauſe her wings are leather)
Steals from her private cell by night,
And flies about the candle-light;
So learned Partridge could as well
Creep in the dark from leathern cell,

* Partridge was a cobler. † See his almanack.

And in his fancy fly as far,
To peep upon a twinkling ſtar.
Beſides, he could confound the ſpheres,
And ſet the planets by the ears;
To ſhew his ſkill, he Mars could join
To Venus in aſpect malign;
Then call in Mercury for aid,
And cure the wound that Venus made.
Great ſcholars have in Lucian read,
When Philip King of Greece was dead,
His ſoul and ſpirit did divide,
And each part took a diff'rent ſide:
One roſe a ſtar; the other fell
Beneath, and mended ſhoes in hell.
Thus Partridge ſtill ſhines in each art,
The cobling and ſtar-gazing part,
And is inſtall'd as good a ſtar
As any of the Cæſars are.
Triumphant ſtar! ſome pity ſhow,
On coblers militant below,
Whom roguiſh boys in ſtormy nights
Torment, by piſſing out their lights,
Or through a chink convey their ſmoke
Inclos'd artificers to choke.
Thou, high exalted in thy ſphere,
Mayſt follow ſtill thy calling there.
To thee the Bull will lend his hide.
By Phœbus newly tann'd and dry'd:
For thee they Argo's hulk will tax,
And ſcrape her pitchy ſides for wax;
Then Ariadne kindly lends
Her braided hair to make thee ends:
The point of Sagittarius' dart
Turns to an awl by heav'nly art;
And Vulcan, wheedled by his wife,
Will forge for thee a paring-knife.

For want of room by Virgo's ſide,
She'll ſtrain a point, and ſit aſtride *,
To take thee kindly in between;
And then the ſigns will be thirteen.

The EPITAPH.

" HERE, five feet deep, lies on his back
" A Cobler, Starmonger, and Quack;
" Who to the ſtars, in pure good-will,
" Does to his beſt, look upward ſtill.
" Weep, all you cuſtomers that uſe
" His pills, his almanacks, or ſhoes:
" And you that did your fortunes ſeek,
" Step to his grave but once a-week:
" This earth, which bears his body's print,
" You'll find has ſo much virtue in't,
" That I durſt pawn my ears 'twill tell
" Whate'er concerns you full as well,
" In phyſic, ſtolen goods, or love,
" As he himſelf could, when above."

* VERSES to be prefixed before BERNARD LINTOT's New Miſcellany †.

SOME Colinæus ‡ praiſe, ſome Bleau ‡,
Others account them but ſo ſo;
Some Plantin ‡ to the reſt prefer,
And ſome eſteem old Elzevir ‡;

* ——— Vibi brachia contrahet ingens
Scorpius, &c.

† The Oxford and Cambridge miſcellany, 8vo.

‡ Printers famous for having publiſhed fine editions of the Bible, and of the Greek and Roman claſſics.

Others with Aldus ‡ would beſot us;
I, for my part, admire Lintotus.——
His character's beyond compare,
Like his own perſon, large and fair.
They print their names in letters ſmall,
But LINTOT ſtands in capital:
Author and he with equal grace
Appear, and ſtare you in the face.
Stephens prints Heathen Greek, 'tis ſaid,
Which ſome can't conſtrue, ſome can't read;
But all that comes from Lintot's hand,
Ev'n Rawlinſon might underſtand.
Oft in an Aldus, or a Plantin,
A page is blotted, or leaf wanting:
Of Lintot's books this can't be ſaid,
All fair, and not ſo much as read.
Their copy coſt 'em not a penny
To Homer, Virgil, or to any;
They ne'er gave ſixpence for two lines
To them, their heirs, or their aſſigns:
But Lintot is at vaſt expenſe,
And pays prodigious dear for——ſenſe,
Their books are uſeful but to few,
A ſcholar, or a wit or two;
Lintot's for gen'ral uſe are fit;
For ſome folks read, but all folks ſh——.

* To

* To Mr. JOHN MOORE,

Author of the celebrated WORM-POWDER †.

HOW much, egrégious Moore, are we
Deceiv'd by ſhews and forms!
Whate'er we think, whate'er we ſee,
All humankind are worms.

Man is a very worm by birth,
Vile, reptile, weak, and vain!
A while he craws upon the earth,
Then ſhrinks to earth again.

That woman is a worm, we find,
E'er ſince our grandam's evil;
She firſt convers'd with her own kind,
That ancient worm, the devil.

The learn'd themſelves we book-worms name;
The blockhead is a ſlow-worm;
The nymph, whoſe tail is all on flame,
Is aptly term'd a glow-worm.

The fops are painted butterflies,
That flutter for a day;
Firſt from a worm they take their riſe,
And in a worm decay.

* This poem was wrote by Mr. Pope.

The flatterer an earwig grows;
  Thus worms ſuit all conditions;
Miſers are muck-worms, ſilk-worms beaus,
  And death-watches phyſicians.

That ſtatefmen have the worm, is ſeen
  By all their winding play:
Their conſcience is a worm within,
  That gnaw them night and day.

Ah, Moore! thy ſkill were well employ'd,
  And greater gain would riſe,
If thou could'ſt make the courtier void
  The worm that never dies.

O! learned friend of Abchurch-lane,
  Who ſett'ſt our entrails free!
Vain is thy art, thy powder vain,
  Since worms ſhall eat e'en thee.

Our fate thou only canſt adjourn
  Some few ſhort years no more!
Ev'n Button's wits * to worms ſhall turn,
  Who maggots were before.

* VERSES occaſioned by an *&c.* at the end of Mr. D'URFY's name in the title to one of his plays †.

JOVE call'd before him t'other day
  The vowels, U, O, I, E, A;

* Button's coffeehouſe, in Covent-Garden, frequented by the wits of that time.

† This accident happened by Mr. D'Urfy's having made a flouriſh there, which the printer miſtook for an, &c.

All

All dipthongs, and all conſonants,
Either of England, or of France;
And that all were, or wiſh'd to be,
Rank'd in the name of Tom D'Urfy.
Fierce is this cauſe, the letters ſpoke all,
Liquids grew rough, and mutes turn'd vocal.
Theſe four proud ſyllables alone
Were ſilent, which by fate's decree
Chim'd in ſo ſmoothly, one by one,
To the ſweet name of Tom D'Urfy.
N, by whom names ſubſiſt, declar'd,
To have no place in this was hard;
And Q maintain'd 'twas but his due
Still to keep company with U;
So hop'd to ſtand no leſs than he
In the great name of Tom D'Urfy.
E ſhew'd, a comma ne'er could claim
A place in any Britiſh name;
Yet, making here a perfect botch,
Thruſts your poor vowel from his notch;
Hiatus mi valde deſtendus!
From which, good Jupiter, defend us!
Sooner I'd quit my part in thee,
That be no part in Tom D'Urfy.
P proteſted, puff'd, and ſwore,
He'd not be ſerv'd ſo like a beaſt;
He was a piece of emperor,
And made up half a pope at leaſt;
C vow'd he'd frankly have releas'd
His double ſhare in Cæſar Caius
For only one in *Tom Durfeius*,
I, conſonant and vowel too,
To Jupiter did humbly ſue,
That of his grace he would proclaim
Durfeius his true Latin name:
For though without them both 'twas clear
Himſelf could ne'er be Jupiter;

Yet

Yet they'd reſign that poſt ſo high
To be the genitive, *Duſei*.
B and L ſwore b----- and w------s :
X and Z cry'd, p----x and z-----s ;
G ſwore by G---d, it ne'er ſhould be ;
And W would not loſe, not he,
An Engliſh letters property
In the great name of Tom D'Urfy.
In ſhort, the reſt were all in fray,
From Chriſt-croſs to *et cætera*.
They, though but ſtanders-by, too mutter'd ;
Dipthongs and tripthongs ſwore and flutter'd ;
That none had ſo much right to be
Part of the name of ſtuttering T——
T—Tom---a---as——De---D'Ur---fy---fy.
Then Jove thus ſpake : With care and pain
We form'd this name, renown'd in rhyme :
Not thine, immortal Neufgermain * !
Coſt ſtudious cabaliſts more time,
Yet now, as then, you all declare,
Far hence to Egypt you'll repair,
And turn ſtrange hi'roglyphics there,
Rather than letters longer be,
Unleſs i' th' name of Tom D'Urfy.
Were you all pleas'd, yet what, I pray,
To foreign letters could I ſay ?
What if the Hebrew next ſhould aim
To turn quite backward D'Urfy's name ?
Should the Greek quarrel too, by Styx, I
Could never bring in Pſi and Xi ;
Omicron and Omega from us
Would each hope to be O in Thomas :
And all th' ambitious vowels vie
No leſs than Pythagoric Y,
To have a place in Tom D'Urfy.

* A poet, who uſed to make verſes ending with the laſt ſyllabl s of the names of thoſe perſons he praiſed; which Voiture turned againſt him in a poem of the ſame kind.

Then,

Then, well-beloved and truſty letters!
Cons'nants, and vowels much their betters,
We, willing to repair this breach,
And, all that in us lies, pleaſe each,
Et cæt'ra to our aid muſt call;
Et cæt'ra repreſents ye all:
Et cæt'ra therefore we decree,
Henceforth for ever join'd ſhall be
To the great name of Tom D'Urfy.

* PROLOGUE deſign'd for Mr. D'UREY's laſt play.

GRown old in rhyme, 'twere barbarous to diſcard
Your perſevering, unexhauſted bard:
Damnation follows death in other men,
But your damn'd poet lives, and writes again.
Th' advent'rous lover is ſucceſsful ſtill,
Who ſtrives to pleaſe the fair againſt her will:
Be kind and make him in his wiſhes eaſy,
Who in your own deſpite has ſtrove to pleaſe ye.
He ſcorn'd to borrow from the wits of yore,
But ever writ, as none e'er writ before.
You modern wits, ſhould each man bring his claim,
Have deſperate debentures on your fame;
And little would be left you, I'm afraid,
If all your debts to Greece and Rome were paid.
From this deep fund our author largely draws,
Nor ſinks his credit lower than it was.
Though plays for honour in old time he made,
'Tis now for better reaſons---to be paid.

Believe

Believe him, he has known the world too long,
And ſeen the death of much immortal ſong.
He ſays, poor poets loſt, while players won,
As pimps grow rich, while gallants are undone.
Though Tom the poet writ with eaſe and pleaſure,
The comic Tom abounds in other treaſure.
Fame is at beſt an unperforming cheat;
But 'tis ſubſtantial happineſs to eat.
Let eaſe, his laſt requeſt, be of your giving,
Nor force him to be damn'd to get his living.

* PROLOGUE to The three hours after marriage.

AUthors are judg'd by ſtrange capricious rules;
The great ones are thought mad, the ſmall ones fools:
Yet ſure the beſt are moſt ſeverely fated;
For fools are only laugh'd at, wits are hated.
Blockheads with reaſon men of ſenſe abhor;
But fool 'gainſt fool is barb'rous civil war.
Why on all authors then ſhould critics fall?
Since ſome have writ, and ſhewn no wit at all,
Condemn a play of theirs, and they evade it:
Cry, "Damn not us, but damn the French who made it."
By running goods theſe graceleſs owlers gain;
Theirs are the rules of France, the plots of Spain:
But wit, like wine, from happier climates brought,
Daſh'd by theſe rogues, turns Engliſh common draught,
They pall Moliere's and Lopez' ſprightly ſtrain,
And teach dull Harlequins to grin in vain.

How

How ſhall our author hope a gentler fate,
Who dares moſt impudently not tranſlate!
It had been civil in theſe tickliſh times
To fetch his fools and knaves from foreign climes.
Spaniards and French abuſe to the world's end,
But ſpare Old England, leaſt you hurt a friend.
If any fool is by your ſatire bit,
Let him hiſs loud, to ſhew you all he's hit.
Poets make characters, as ſaleſmen cloaths:
We take no meaſure of your fops and beaus;
But here all ſizes and all ſhapes you meet,
And fit yourſelves like chaps in Monmouth-ſtreet,
Gallants! look here: this fool's cap * has an air
Goodly and ſmart, with ears of Iſſachar.
Let no one fool ingroſs it, or confine,
A common bleſſing! now 'tis yours, now mine.
But poets in all ages had the care
To keep this cap, for ſuch as will, to wear.
Our author has it now, (for ev'ry wit
Of courſe reſign'd it to the next that writ);
And thus upon the ſtage 'tis fairly thrown †;
Let him that takes it, wear it as his own.

* Shews a cap with ears. † Flings down the cap and exit.

*SANDY's CHOST;

OR.

A proper new BALLAD on the new OVID's METAMORPHOSES, as it was intended to be tranſlated by perſons of quality.

YE Lords and Commons, men of wit
And pleaſure about town,
Read this, ere you tranſlate one bit
Of books of high renown.

Beware of Latin authors all!
Nor think your verſes Sterling,
Though with a golden pen you ſcrawl,
And ſcribble in a *berlin*:

For not the deſk with ſilver nails,
Nor bureau of expenſe,
Nor ſtandiſh well japann'd, avails
To writing of good ſenſe.

Hear how a ghoſt in dead of night,
With ſaucer eyes of fire,
In woful wiſe did ſore affright
A wit and courtly 'ſquire.

Rare imp of Phœbus, hopeful youth!
Like puppy tame, that uſes
To fetch and carry in his mouth
The works of all the muſes,

Ah!

Ah! why did he write poetry,
That hereto was ſo civil;
And ſell his ſoul for vanity
To rhyming and the devil?

A deſk he had of curious work,
With glittering ſtuds about;
Within the ſame did Sandys lurk,
Though Ovid lay without.

Now, as he ſcratch'd to fetch up thought,
Forth popp'd the ſprite ſo thin,
And from the key-hole bolted out
All upright as a pin.

With whiſkers, band, and pantaloon,
And ruff compos'd moſt duly,
This 'ſquire he dropt his pen full ſoon,
While as the light burnt bluely,

Ho! Maſter Sam, quoth Sandys' ſprite,
Write on, nor let me ſcare ye;
Forſooth, if rhymes fall not in right,
To Budgel ſeek, or Carey,

I hear the beat of Jacob's drums,
Poor Ovid finds no quarter!
See firſt the merry P—— comes
In haſte without his garter.

Then lords and lordings, 'ſquires and knights,
Wits, witlings, prigs, and peers:
Garth at St. James's, and at White's,
Beats up for volunteers.

What Fenton will not do, nor Gay,
Nor Congreve, Rowe, nor Stanyan,
Tom Burnet or Tom D'Urfy may,
John Dunton, Steele, or any one.

If Juſtice Philips' coſtive head
Some frigid rhymes diſburſes:
They ſhall like Perſian tales be read,
And glad both babes and nurſes.

Let Warwick's nurſe with Aſh——t join,
And Ozel's with Lord Hervey's,
Tickell and Addiſon combine,
And Pope tranſlate with Jervis.

L—— himſelf, that lively lord,
Who bows to ev'ry lady,
Shall join with F—— in one accord,
And be like Tate and Brady.

Ye *ladies* too draw forth your pen;
I pray where can the hurt lie?
Since you have brains as well as men,
As witneſs Lady Wortley.

Now, Tonſon, liſt thy forces all,
Review them, and tell noſes:
For to poor Ovid ſhall befal
A ſtrange *metamorphoſis*.

A *metamorphoſis* more ſtrange
Than all his books can vapour——
"To what (quoth 'ſquire) ſhall Ovid change?"
Quoth Sandys, *To waſte paper*.

* UMBRA.

CLoſe to the beſt-known author Umbra ſits,
The conſtant index to all Button's wits.

Who's

Who's here? cries Umbra: only Johnſon——*Oh!*
Your ſlave, and *exit*; but returns with Rowe:
Dear Rowe let's ſit and talk of tragedies:
Ere long Pope enters, and to Pope he flies.
Then up comes Steele: he turns upon his *heel*,
And in a moment faſtens upon *Steele*;
But cries as ſoon, *Dear Dick, I muſt be gone*;
For if I know his tread, here's Addiſon.
Says Addiſon to Steele, 'Tis time to go:
Pope to the cloſet ſteps aſide with Rowe.
Poor Umbra, left in this abandon'd pickle,
E'en ſits him down, and writes to honeſt Tickell.
Fool? 'tis in vain from wit to wit to roam;
Know, ſenſe, like charity, *begins at home.*

* DUKE upon DUKE.

An excellent new Ballad.

To the Tune of *Chevy-chace.*

TO lordings proud I tune my lay,
Who feaſt in bow'r or hall:
Though Dukes they be, to Dukes I ſay,
That pride will have a fall.

Now, that this ſame it is right ſooth,
Full plainly doth appear,
From what befel John Duke of Guiſe,
And Nic. of Lancaſtere.

When Richard Cœur-de Lion reign'd,
(Which means a lion's heart),
Like him his barons rage'd and roar'd;
Each play'd a lion's part.

A word and blow was then enough:
Such honour did them prick;
If you but turn'd your cheek, a cuff;
And if your a—ſe, a kick.

Look in their face, they tweak'd your noſe,
At every turn fell to't;
Come near, they trod upon your toes;
They fought from head to foot,

Of theſe the Duke of Lancaſtere
Stood paramount in pride;
He kick'd, and cuff'd, and tweak'd, and trod
His foes, and friends beſide.

Firm on his front his beaver ſat;
So broad, it hid his chin;
For why? he deem'd no man his mate,
And fear'd to tan his ſkin,

With Spaniſh wool he dy'd his cheek,
With eſſence oil'd his hair;
No vixen civet-eat ſo ſweet,
Nor could ſo ſcatch and tear.

Right tall he made himſelf to ſhow,
Though made full ſhort by God;
And when all other Dukes did bow,
This Duke did only nod.

Yet courteous, blithe, and debonnair
To Guiſe's Duke was he:
Was ever ſuch a loving pair?
How could they diſagree?

Oh, thus it was: He lov'd him dear,
And caſt how to requite him;
And having no friend left but this,
He deem'd it meet to fight him.

Forthwith

Forthwith he drench'd his deſp'rate quill,
And thus he did indite;
" This eve at whiſk ourſelf will p'ay,
Sir Duke! be here to-night."

Ah no! ah no! the guileleſs Guiſe
Demurely did reply;
I cannot go, nor yet can ſtand,
So ſure the gout have I.

The Duke in wrath call'd for his ſteeds,
And fiercely drove them on;
Lord! Lord! how rattled then thy ſtones,
O kingly Kenſington!

All in a trice he ruſh'd on Guiſe,
Thruſt out his lady dear;
He tweak'd his noſe, trode on his toes,
And ſmote him on the ear.

But mark, how 'midſt of victory
Fate plays her old dog-trick!
Up leap'd Duke John, and knock'd him down,
And ſo fell down Duke Nic.

Alas, oh Nic.! oh Nic. alas!
Right did thy goſſip call thee:
As who ſhould ſay, Alas the day
When John of Guiſe ſhall maul thee!

For on thee did he clap his chair
And on that chair did ſit;
And look'd, as if he meant therein
To do——what was not fit.

Up didſt thou look, oh woful Duke!
Thy mouth yet durſt not ope,
Certes for fear of finding there
A t——d, inſtead of trope.

" Lie there, thou caitiff vile!" quoth Guiſe;
" No *ſheet* is here to ſave thee:
" The caſement it is ſhut likewiſe;
Beneath my feet I have thee.

" If thou haſt aught to ſpeak, ſpeak out."
Then Lancaſtere did cry,
" Know'ſt thou not me, nor yet thyſelf?
" Who thou, and who am I?

" Know'ſt thou not me, who (God be prais'd)
" Have brawl'd and quarrel'd more,
" Than all the line of Lancaſtere,
" That battled heretofore?

" In ſenates fam'd for many a ſpeech,
" And (what ſome awe muſt give ye,
" Though laid thus low beneath thy breach)
" Still of the council privy;

" Still of the *duchy* chancellor;
" *Durante life* I have it;
" And turn, as now thou doſt on me,
" Mine a—e on them that gave it."

But now the ſervants they ruſh'd in;
And Duke Nic. up leap'd he:
I will not cope againſt ſuch odds,
But, Guiſe! I'll fight with thee:

To-morrow with thee will I fight
Under the green-wood tree;
" No, not to-morrow, but to-night
" (Quoth Guiſe) I'll fight with thee.

And now the ſun declining low
Beſtreak'd with blood the ſkies;
When, with his ſword at ſaddle-bow,
Rode forth the valiant Guiſe.

Full

Full gently prance'd he o'er the lawn:
Oft roll'd his eyes around,
And from the ſtirrip ſtretch'd to find
Who was not to be found.

Long brandiſh'd he the blade in air,
Long look'd the field all o'er:
At length he ſpy'd the merry-men brown,
And eke the coach and four.

From out the boot bold Nicolas
Did wave his wand ſo white,
As pointing out the gloomy glade
Wherein he meant to fight.

All in that dreadful hour ſo calm
Was Lancaſtere to ſee,
As if he meant to take the air,
Or only take a fee.

And ſo he did——for to New Court
His rowling wheels did run;
Nor that he ſhunn'd the doubtful ſtrife;
But bus'neſs muſt be done.

Back in the dark by Brompton-park,
He turn'd up through the gore;
So ſlunk to Cambden houſe ſo high,
All in his coach and four.

Meanwhile Duke Guiſe did fret and fume,
A ſight it was to ſee,
Benumb'd beneath the evening-dew
Under the green-wood tree.

Then, wet and weary, home he far'd,
Sore mutt'ring all the way,
"The day I meet him, Nic. ſhall rue
"The cudgel of that day.

"Meantime

" Meantime on ev'ry piſſing-poſt,
" Paſte we this recreant's name,
" So that each paſſer-by ſhall read
" And piſs againſt the ſame."

Now God preſerve our gracious King,
And grant his nobles all
May learn this leſſon from Duke Nic.
That *pride will have a fall.*

* Fragment of a SATIRE †.

IF meagre Gildon draws his venal quill,
I wiſh the man a dinner, and ſit ſtill:
If dreadful Dennis raves in furious fret,
I'll anſwer Dennis when I am in debt.
'Tis hunger, and not malice, makes them print;
And who'll wage war with *bedlam* or the *mint?*
Should ſome more ſober critics come abroad,
If wrong, I ſmile; if right, I kiſs the rod.
Pains, reading, ſtudy, are their juſt pretence;
And all they want is ſpirit, taſte, and ſenſe.
Commas and *points* they ſet exactly right;
And 'twere a ſin to rob them of their *mite*:
Yet ne'er one ſprig of laurel grace'd thoſe ribalds,
From flaſhing Bentley down to pidling Tibalds,
Who thinks he *reads*, when he but *ſcans* and *ſpells*;
A word-catcher, that lives on ſyllables.
Yet ev'n this creature may ſome notice claim,
Wrapt round and ſanctify'd with Shakeſpear's name.

* This and the four following poems were wrote by Mr. Pope.

Pretty!

Pretty! in amber to obſerve the forms
Of hairs, or ſtraws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The *thing*, we know, is neither rich nor rare;
And wonder how the devil it got there.
Are others angry? I excuſe them too:
Well may they rage; I give them but their due.
Each man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's ſecret ſtandard in his mind,
That caſting-weight pride adds to emptineſs,
This, who can gratify? for who can *gueſs?*
The wretch * whom pilfer'd paſtorals renown,
Who turns a Perſian tale for half a crown,
Juſt writes to make his barrenneſs appear,
And ſtrains from hard-bound brains ſix lines a-year;
In ſenſe ſtill wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, ſpends little, yet has nothing left:
† Johnſon, who now to ſenſe, now nonſenſe leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
And he whoſe fuſtian's ſo ſublimely bad,
‡ It is not poetry, but proſe run mad:
Should modeſt ſatire bid all theſe *tranſlate*,
And own that nine ſuch poets make a Tate;
How would they fume, and ſtamp, and roar, and chaſe!
How would they ſwear not Congreve's ſelf was ſafe!
Peace to all ſuch! but were there one whoſe fires
Apollo kindled, and fair *fame* inſpires;
Bleſs'd with each talent and each art to pleaſe,
And born to write, converſe, and live with eaſe:
Should ſuch a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne;
View him with ſcornful, yet with fearful eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himſelf to riſe;

* Philips. † Author of the Victim, and Cobler of Preſton.
‡ Verſe of Dr. Ev.

Damn

Damn with faint praiſe, aſſent with civil leer,
And without ſneering teach the reſt to ſneer;
Willing to wound, and, and yet afraid to ſtrike.
Juſt hint a fault, and heſitate diſlike;
Alike reſerv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a ſuſpicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers as beſiege'd,
And ſo obliging that he ne'er oblige'd;
Who, if two wits on rival themes conteſt,
Approves of each, but likes the worſt the beſt;
Like Cato, gives his little ſenate laws,
And ſits attentive to his own applauſe;
While wits and templars ev'ry ſentence raiſe,
And wonder with a fooliſh face of praiſe——
What pity, heav'n! if ſuch a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Addiſon were he!

* MACER.

WHen ſimple Macer now of high renown;
Firſt ſought a poet's fortune in the town;
'Twas all th' ambition his great ſoul could feel,
To wear red ſtockings, and to dine with Steel.
Some ends of verſe his betters might afford,
And gave the harmleſs fellow a good word.
Set up with theſe, he ventur'd on the town,
And in a borrow'd play outdid poor Crown.
There he ſtopt ſhort, nor ſince has writ a tittle.
But has the wit to make the moſt of little;
Like ſtunted hide-bound trees, that juſt have got
Sufficient ſap at once to bear and rot.
† Now he begs verſe, and what he gets commends,
Not of the wits his foes, but fools his friends.

† He requeſted by public advertiſements the aid of the ingenious to make up a miſcellany in 1713.

So

So ſome coarſe country-wench, almoſt decay'd,
Trudges to town, and firſt turns chambermaid:
Awkward, and ſupple each devoir to pay,
She flatters her good lady twice a-day;
Thought wondrous honeſt, though of mean degree,
And ſtrangely lik'd for her *ſimplicity*:
In a tranſlated ſuit then tries the town,
With borrow'd pins, and patches not her own;
But juſt endur'd the winter ſhe began,
And in four months a batter'd harridan.
Now nothing's left, but wither'd, pale, and ſhrunk,
To bawd for others, and go ſhares with punk.

* SYLVIA; a FRAGMENT.

SYLVIA my heart in wondrous wiſe alarm'd,
Aw'd without ſenſe, and without beauty charm'd;
But ſome odd graces and fine flights ſhe had,
Was juſt not ugly, and was juſt not mad:
Her tongue ſtill run on credit from her eyes,
More pert than witty, more a wit than wiſe:
Good-nature, ſhe declar'd it, was her ſcorn,
Though 'twas by that alone ſhe could be borne:
Affronting all, yet fond of a good name;
A fool to pleaſure, yet a ſlave to fame:
Now coy, and ſtudious in no point to fall,
Now all agog for D——y at a ball:
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres.
Men, ſome to buſ'neſs, ſome to pleaſure take;
But ev'ry woman's in her ſoul a rake.
Frail, fev'riſh ſex! their fit now chills, now burns:
Atheiſm and ſuperſtition rule by turns;

And

And the mere Heathen in her carnal part
Is ſtill a ſad good Chriſtian at her heart.

* ARTEMISIA.

THough Artemiſia talks, by fits,
Of councils, claſſics, fathers, wits;
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke:
Yet in ſome things, methinks, ſhe fails;
'Twere well, if ſhe would pair her nails,
And wear a cleaner ſmock.

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
Such naſtineſs and ſo much pride
Are oddly join'd by Fate:
On her large ſquab you find her ſpread,
Like a fat corpſe upon a bed,
That lies and ſtinks in ſtate.

She wears no colours (ſign of grace)
On any part, except her face;
All white and black beſide:
Dauntleſs her look, her geſture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
And maſculine her ſtride.

So have I ſeen, in black and white,
A prating thing, a magpye hight,
Majeſtically ſtalk;
A ſtately, worthleſs animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
All flutter, pride, and talk.

* PHRYNE.

PHRYNE had talents for mankind;
Open ſhe was, and unconfin'd,
Like ſome free port of trade:
Merchants unloaded here their freight,
And agents from each foreign ſtate
Here firſt their entry made.

Her learning and good breeding ſuch,
Whether th' Italian, or the Dutch,
Spaniard or French came to her;
To all obliging ſhe'd appear;
Twas *Si Signior*, 'twas *Yaw Mynheer*,
'Twas *S' il vous plait, Monſieur.*

Obſcure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
Still changing names, religions, climes,
At length ſhe turns a bride:
In di'monds, pearls, and rich brocades,
She ſhines the firſt of batter'd jades,
And flutters in her pride.

So have I known thoſe inſects fair,
Which curious Germans hold ſo rare,
Still vary ſhapes and dyes;
Still gain new titles with new forms;
Firſt grubs obſcene, then wriggling worms,
Then painted butterflies.

On Mrs. BIDDY FLOYD*:

OR,

The RECEIPT to form a BEAUTY.

Written in the Year 1707.

WHen Cupid did his grandſire Jove intreat
To form ſome beauty by a new receipt,
Jove ſent, and found far in a country ſcene
Truth, innocence, good nature, look ſerene:
From which ingredients firſt the dext'rous boy
Pick'd the demure, the aukward, and the coy.
The graces from the court did next provide
Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride:
Theſe Venus cleans from ev'ry ſpurious grain
Of nice, coquet, affected, pert, and vain.
Jove mix'd up all, and his beſt clay employ'd;
Then call'd the happy compoſition *Floyd*.

* This poem is allowed by all perſons of taſte and judgement, to be ſuch a maſterpiece in its kind, that it muſt abide the teſt of all future ages. *Swift.*

APOLLO

APOLLO OUTWITTED.

To the Honourable Mrs FINCH, afterwards Countess of WINCHELSEA, under her name of ARDELIA.

Written in the year 1707.

PHœbus, now short'ning ev'ry shade,
  Up to the northern tropic came,
And thence beheld a lovely maid,
  Attending on a royal dame.

The god laid down his feeble rays,
  Then lighted from his glitt'ring coach;
But fence'd his head with his own bays,
  Before he durst the nymph approach.

Under those sacred leaves, secure
  From common lightning of the skies,
He fondly thought he might endure
  The flashes of Ardelia's eyes.

The nymph, who oft had read in books
  Of that bright god whom bards invoke,
Soon knew Apollo by his looks,
  And guess'd his bus'ness ere he spoke.

He in the old celestial cant
  Confest his flame, and swore by Styx
Whate'er she would desire to grant——
  But wise Ardelia knew his tricks.

Ovid had warn'd her to beware
Of ſtrolling gods, whoſe uſual trade is,
Under pretence of taking air,
To pick up ſublunary ladies.

Howe'er, ſhe gave no flat denial,
As having malice in her heart;
And was reſolv'd upon a trial,
To cheat the god in his own art.

Hear my requeſt, the virgin ſaid;
Let which I pleaſe of all the Nine
Attend, whene'er I want their aid,
Obey my call, and only mine.

By vow oblige'd, by paſſion led,
The god could not refuſe her pray'r:
He wav'd his wreath thrice o'er her head.
Thrice mutter'd ſomething to the air.

And now he thought to ſeize his due:
But ſhe the charm already try'd:
Thalia heard the call, and flew
To wait at bright Ardelia's ſide.

On ſight of this celeſtial prude,
Apollo thought it vain to ſtay;
Nor in her preſence durſt be rude;
But made his leg, and went away.

He hop'd to find ſome lucky hour,
When on their queen the muſes wait;
But Pallas owns Ardelia's pow'r;
For vows divine are kept by fate.

Then, full of rage, Apollo ſpoke;
Deceitful nymph, I ſee thy art;
And, though I can't my gift revoke,
I'll diſappoint its nobler part.

Let

Let ſtubborn pride poſſeſs thee long,
And be thou negligent of fame;
With ev'ry muſe to grace thy ſong,
May'ſt thou deſpiſe a poet's name.

Of modeſt poets be thou firſt;
To ſilent ſhades repeat thy verſe,
Till Fame and Echo almoſt burſt,
Yet hardly dare one line rehearſe.

And laſt, my vengeance to complete,
May you deſcend to take renown,
Prevail'd on by the thing you hate,
A Whig *, and one that wears a gown.

* IMPROMPTU.

To Lady WINCHELSEA.

Occaſioned by four ſatirical verſes on *women-wits* in The Rape of the Lock.

IN vain you boaſt poetic names of yore,
And cite thoſe Sapphos we admire no more:
Fate doom'd the fall of ev'ry female wit;
But doom'd it then when firſt Ardelia writ.
Of all examples by the world confeſt,
I knew Ardelia could not quote the beſt;
Who, like her miſtreſs on Britannia's throne,
Fights and ſubdues in quarrels not her own.
To write their praiſe you but in vain eſſay;
Ev'n while you write, you take that praiſe away:

* To underſtand what the Doctor meaneth by a whig in this paſſage, conſult vol. 4.

Light to the ſtars the ſun does thus reſtore,
But ſhines himſelf till they are ſeen no more.

* EPIGRAM.

A Biſhop by his neighbours hated,
Has cauſe to wiſh himſelf tranſlated:
But why ſhould Hough deſire tranſlation,
Lov'd and eſteem'd by all the nation?
Yet, if it be the old man's caſe,
I'll lay my life I know the place:
'Tis where God ſent ſome that adore him,
And whither Enoch went before him.

STELLA's BIRTH-DAY, 1718.

STELLA this day is thirty-four,
(We ſha'n't diſpute a year or more):
However, Stella, be not troubled;
Although thy ſize and years are doubled,
Since firſt I ſaw thee at ſixteen,
The brighteſt virgin on the green,
So little is thy form declin'd;
Made up ſo largely in thy mind.
Oh, would it pleaſe the gods to ſplit
Thy beauty, ſize, and years, and wit!
No age could furniſh out a pair
Of nymphs ſo graceful, wiſe, and fair;
With half the luſtre of your eyes,
With half your wit, your years, and ſize.

And

And then, before it grew too late,
How ſhould I beg of gentle fate,
(That either nymph might have her ſwain),
To ſplit my Worſhip too in twain.

STELLA's BIRTH-DAY, 1720.

ALL travellers at firſt incline
Where'er they ſee the faireſt ſign;
And if they find the chambers neat,
And like the liquor and the meat,
Will call again, and recommend
The Angel-inn to ev'ry friend.
What though the painting grows decay'd?
The houſe will never loſe its trade:
Nay, though the treach'rous tapſter Thomas
Hangs a new angel two doors from us,
As fine as dawber's hands can make it,
In hopes that ſtrangers may miſtake it,
We think it both a ſhame and ſin
To quit the true old Angel-inn.
Now this is Stella's caſe in fact;
An angel's face, a little crackt;
(Could poets, or could painters fix
How angels look at thirty-ſix):
This drew us in at firſt to find
In ſuch a form an angel's mind;
And ev'ry virtue now ſupplies
The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.
See at her levee crouding ſwains,
Whom Stella freely entertains
With breeding, humour, wit, and ſenſe;
And puts them but to ſmall expenſe;

Their

Their mind ſo plentifully fills,
And makes ſuch reaſonable bills,
So little gets for what ſhe gives,
We really wonder how ſhe lives!
And, had her ſtock been leſs, no doubt
She muſt have long ago run out.

Then who can think we'll quit the place,
When Doll hangs out a newer face;
Or ſtop and light at Cloe's head,
With ſcraps and leavings to be fed?

Then, Cloe, ſtill go on to prate
Of thirty-ſix and thirty-eight;
Purſue your trade of ſcandal-picking,
Your hints, that Stella is no chicken;
Your inuendos, when you tell us
That Stella loves to talk with fellows:
And let me warn you to believe
A truth, for which your ſoul ſhould grieve;
That, ſhould you live to ſee the day
When Stella's locks muſt all be gray,
When age muſt print a furrow'd trace
On ev'ry feature of her face;
Though you and all your ſenſeleſs tribe,
Could art, or time, or nature bribe,
To make you look like beauty's queen,
And hold for ever at fifeteen;
No bloom of youth can ever blind
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind;
All men of ſenſe will paſs your door,
And croud to Stella's at fourſcore.

STELLA's BIRTH-DAY;

A great Bottle of Wine, long buried, being that Day dug up. 1722.

RESolv'd my annual verſe to pay,
By duty bound, on Stella's day,
Furniſh'd with paper, pens, and ink,
I gravely ſat me down to think:
I bit my nails, and ſcratch'd my head,
But found my wit and fancy fled:
Or, if with more than uſual pain,
A thought came ſlowly from my brain,
It coſt me Lord knows how much time
To ſhape it into ſenſe and rhyme:
And, what was yet a greater curſe,
Long thinking made my fancy worſe.
Forſaken by th' inſpiring Nine,
I waited at Apollo's ſhrine;
I told him what the world would ſay,
If Stella were unſung to-day;
How I ſhould hide my head for ſhame,
When both the Jacks and Robin came:
How Ford would frown, how Jim would leer,
How Sh——n the rogue would ſneer,
And ſwear it does not always follow,
That *ſemel 'n anno ridet Apollo.*
I have aſſur'd them twenty times,
That Phœbus help'd me in my rhymes;
Phœbus inſpir'd me from above,
And he and I were hand and glove.
But, finding me ſo dull and dry ſince,
They'll call it all poetic licence;

And

And, when I brag of aid divine,
Think Euſden's right as good as mine.
  Nor do I aſk for Stella's ſake;
'Tis my own credit lies at ſtake:
And Stella will be ſung, while I
Can only be a ſtander-by.
  Apollo, having thought a little,
Return'd this anſwer to a tittle.
  Though you ſhould live like old Methuſalem,
I furniſh hints, and you ſhould uſe all 'em,
You yearly ſing as ſhe grows old,
You'd leave her virtues half untold,
But, to ſay truth, ſuch dulneſs reigns
Through the whole ſet of Iriſh deans,
I'm daily ſtunn'd with ſuch a medley,
Dean W——, Dean D——, and Dean Smedley,
That, let what dean ſo ever come,
My orders are, I'm not at home;
And, if your voice had not been loud,
You muſt have paſs'd among the croud.
  But now, your danger to prevent,
You muſt apply to Mrs. Brent *;
For ſhe, as prieſteſs, knows the rites
Wherein the god of earth delights.
Firſt, nine ways looking, let her ſtand
With an old poker in her hand;
Let her deſcribe a circle round
In Saunder's † cellar on the ground:
A ſpade let prudent Archy ‡ hold,
And with diſcretion dig the mould:
Let Stella look with watchful eye,
Rebecca ‖, Ford, and Grattons ** by.
  Behold the bottle, where it lies
With neck elated tow'rds the ſkies!

* The Houſekeeper.
† The butler.
‡ The footman.
‖ A lady, friend to Stella.
** Friends of the author.

The

The god of winds, and god of fire,
Did to its wondrous birth conſpire;
And Bacchus, for the poet's uſe,
Pour'd in a ſtrong inſpiring juice.
See! as you raiſe it from its tomb,
It drags behind a ſpacious womb,
And in the ſpacious womb contains
A ſov'reign med'cine for the brains.
You'll find it ſoon, if fate conſents;
If not, a thouſand Mrs. Brents,
Ten thouſand Archys arm'd with ſpades,
May dig in vain to Pluto's ſhades.
From thence a plenteous draught infuſe,
And boldly then invoke the muſe;
(But firſt let Robert**, on his knees,
With caution drain it from the lees);
The muſe will at your call appear,
With Stella's praiſe to crown the year.

STELLA's BIRTH-DAY, 1724.

AS when a beauteous nymph decays,
We ſay, ſhe paſt her dancing days;
So poets loſe their feet by time,
And can no longer dance in rhyme.
Your annual bard had rather choſe
To celbrate your birth in proſe:
Yet merry folks, who want by chance
A pair to make a country-dance,
Call the old houſekeeper, and get her
To fill a place for want of better:

** The valet.

While

While Sheridan is off the hooks,
And friend Delany at his books,
That Stella may avoid diſgrace,
Once more the Dean ſupplies her place.
Beauty and wit, too ſad a truth!
Have always been confin'd to youth;
The god of wit and beauty's queen,
He twenty-one, and ſhe fifteen.
No poet ever ſweetly ſung,
Unleſs he were, like Phœbus, young;
Nor ever nymph inſpir'd to rhyme,
Unleſs, like Venus, in her prime.
At fifty-ſix, if this be true,
Am I a poet fit for you?
Or, at the age of forty-three,
Are you a ſubject fit for me?
Adieu! bright wit, and radiant eyes,
You muſt be grave, and I be wiſe.
Our fate in vain we would oppoſe;
But I'll be ſtill your friend in proſe:
Eſteem and friendſhip to expreſs,
Will not require poetic dreſs;
And if the muſe deny her aid
To have them ſung, they may be ſaid.
But, Stella, ſay, what evil tongue
Reports you are no longer young;
That Time ſits with his ſcythe to mow
Where erſt ſat Cupid with his bow;
That half your locks are turn'd to gray?
I'll ne'er believe a word they ſay.
'Tis true, but let it not be known,
My eyes are ſomewhat dimmiſh grown:
For nature, always in the right,
To your decays adapt my ſight;
And wrinkles undiſtinguiſh'd paſs,
For I'm aſham'd to uſe a glaſs;
And till I ſee them with theſe eyes,
Whoever ſays you have them, lies,

No

No length of time can make you quit
Honour and virtue, ſenſe and wit:
Thus you may ſtill be young to me,
While I can better hear than ſee,
Oh, ne'er may Fortune ſhew her ſpight,
To make me deaf and mend my ſight!

STELLA's BIRTH-DAY, March 13. 1726.

THIS day, whate'er the fates decree,
Shall ſtill with joy be kept by me:
This day then let us not be told,
That you are ſick, and I grown old;
Nor think on our approaching ills,
And talk of ſpectacles and pills:
To-morrow will be time enough
To hear ſuch mortifying ſtuff.
Yet ſince from reaſon may be brought
A better and more pleaſing thought,
Which can, in ſpite of all decays,
Support a few remaining days,
From not the graveſt of divines
Accept for once ſome ſerious lines.
Although we now can form no more
Long ſchemes of life, as heretofore;
Yet you, while time is running faſt,
Can look with joy on what is paſt.
Were future happineſs and pain
A mere contrivance of the brain,
As Atheiſts argue to entice
And fit their proſelytes for vice,
(The only comfort they propoſe,
To have companions in their woes),

Grant this the caſe; yet ſure 'tis hard
That virtue, ſtyl'd its own reward,
And by all ſages underſtood
To be the chief of human good,
Should acting die, nor leave behind
Some laſting pleaſure in the mind,
Which by remembrance will aſſwage
Grief, ſickneſs, poverty, and age,
And ſtrongly ſhoot a radiant dart
To ſhine through life's declining part.
Say, Stella, feel you no content
Reflecting on a life well ſpent?
Your ſkilful hand employ'd to ſave
Deſpairing wretches from the grave;
And then ſupporting with your ſtore
Thoſe whom you dragg'd from death before:
So providence on mortals waits,
Preſerving what it firſt creates:
Your gen'rous boldneſs to defend
An innocent and abſent friend;
That courage which can make you juſt
To merit humbled in the duſt;
The deteſtation you expreſs
For vice in all its glitt'ring dreſs;
That patience under tort'ring pain,
Where ſtubborn Stoics would complain:
Muſt theſe like empty ſhadows paſs,
Or forms reflected from a glaſs?
Or mere chimæras in the mind,
That fly, and leave no marks behind?
Does not the body thrive and grow
By food of twenty years ago?
And had it not been ſtill ſupply'd,
It muſt a thouſand times have dy'd.
Then who with reaſon can maintain,
That no effects of food remain?
And is not virtue in mankind
The nutriment that feeds the mind;

Upheld

Upheld by each good action paſt,
And ſtill continu'd by the laſt?
Then, who with reaſon can pretend
That all effects of virtue end?
  Believe me Stella, when you ſhow
That true contempt for things below.
Nor prize your life for other ends
Than merely to oblige your friends,
Your former actions claim their part,
And join to fortify your heart.
For virtue in her daily race,
Like Janus, bears a double face;
Looks back with joy where ſhe has gone,
And therefore goes with courage on.
She at your ſickly couch will wait,
And guide you to a better ſtate.
  O then, whatever Heav'n intends,
Take pity on your pitying friends!
Nor let your ills affect your mind,
To fancy they can be unkind.
Me, ſurely, me, you ought to ſpare,
Who gladly would your ſuff'rings ſhare;
Or give my ſcrap of life to you,
And think it far beneath your due:
You, to whoſe care ſo oft I owe
That I'm alive to tell you ſo,

* To Mrs MARTHA BLOUNT †.

Sent on her birth-day, June 15.

OH, be thou bleſs'd with all that Heav'n can ſend,
Long health, long youth, long pleaſure, and a friend!
Not with thoſe toys the female race admire,
Riches that vex, and vanities that tire;
Not as the world its pretty ſlaves rewards,
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;
Fair to no purpoſe, artful to no end;
Young without lovers, old without a friend;
A fop their paſſion, but their prize a ſot;
Alive, ridiculous; and dead, forgot!
Let joy, or eaſe, let iuſluence, or content,
And the gay conſcience of a life well ſpent,
Calm ev'ry thought, inſpirit ev'ry grace,
Glow in thy heart, and ſmile upon thy face;
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear:
'Till death unfelt that tender frame deſtroy,
In ſome ſoft dream, or ecſtaſy of joy,
Peaceful ſleep out the ſabbath of the tomb,
And wake to raptures in a life to come!

† This poem was wrote by Mr. Pope. It appears from his will, that he had a ſincere regard and long affection for the lady to whom it is addreſſed.

* SONG. By a perſon of quality.

I Said to my heart, between ſleeping and waking,
Thou wild thing, that always art leaping or aking,
What black, brown, or fair, in what clime, in what nation,
By turns has not taught thee a pit---a---patation?

Thus accus'd, the wild thing gave this ſober reply:
See the heart without motion, though Cælia paſs by!
Not the beauty ſhe has, or the wit that ſhe borrows,
Gives the eye any joys, or the heart any ſorrows.

When our Sappho appears, ſhe whoſe wit's ſo refin'd,
I am force'd to applaud with the reſt of mankind;
Whatever ſhe ſays, is with ſpirit and fire;
Ev'ry word I attend; but I only admire.

Prudentia as vainly would put in her claim,
Ever gazing on heav'n, though man is her aim:
'Tis love, not devotion, that turns up her eyes;
Thoſe ſtars of this word are too good for the ſkies.

But Chloe ſo lively, ſo eaſy, ſo fair,
Her wit ſo genteel, without art, without care;
When ſhe comes in my way, the motion, the pain,
The leapings, the akings, return all again,

O wonderful creature! a woman of reaſon?
Never grave out of pride, never gay out of ſeaſon!
When ſo eaſy to gueſs who this angel ſhould be,
Would one think Mrs. Howard ne'er dream'd it was ſhe?

* BALLAD.

OF all the girls that e'er was ſeen.
There's none ſo fine as Nelly,
For charming face, and ſhape, and mien.
And what's not fit to tell ye.
Oh! the turn'd neck and ſmooth white ſkin
Of lovely deareſt Nelly!
For many a ſwain it well had been,
Had ſhe ne'er paſs'd by Calai.

For when as Nelly came to France,
(Invited by her couſins),
Acroſs the Tuilleries each glance
Kill'd Frenchmen by whole dozens,
The King, as he at dinner ſat,
Did beckon to his *buffar*,
And bid him bring his taby-cat,
For charming Nell to buſs her.

The ladies were with rage provok'd
To ſee her ſo reſpected:
The men look'd arch, as Nelly ſtrok'd,
And puſs her tail erected.
But not a man did look employ,
Except on pretty Nelly:
Then ſaid the Duke de Villeroy,
Ah! qu'elle eſt bien jolie!

But

But who's that grave philoſopher
That carefully looks at 'er?
By his concern it ſhould appear,
The fair one is his daughter.
Ma foy! (quoth then a courtier ſly),
He on his child does leer too:
I wiſh he has no mind to try
What ſome papas will here do.

The courtiers all, with one accord,
Broke out in Nelly's praiſes,
Admir'd her roſe, and *lys ſans farde*,
Which are your *termes Francoiſes*),
Then might you ſee a painted ring
Of dames that ſtood by Nelly;
She like the pride of all the ſpring,
And they like *fleurs de palais*.

In Marli's gardens, and St. Clou,
I ſaw this charming Nelly,
Where ſhameleſs nymphs, expos'd to view,
Stand naked in each alley:
But Venus had a brazen face,
Both at Verſailles and Meudon,
Or elſe ſhe had reſign'd her place,
And left the ſtone ſhe ſtood on,

Were Nelly's figure mounted there,
'Twould put down all th' Italian:
Lord! how thoſe foreigners would ſtare!
But I ſhould turn Pigmalion:
For ſpite of lips, and eyes, and mien,
Me nothing can delight ſo,
As does that part that lies between
Her left toe and her right toe.

ODE,

ODE, for MUSIC.

On the LONGITUDE.

RECITATIVO.

THE longitude miſs'd on
By wicked Will. Whiſton;
And not better hit on
By good Maſter Ditton.

RITORNELLO.

So Ditton and Whiſton
May both be bep-ſt on;
And Whiſton and Ditton
May both be beſh-t on.
Sing Ditton
Beſh-t-on;
And Whiſton
Bep-ſt on.
Sing Ditton and Whiſton,
And Whiſton and Ditton,
Beſh-t and bep-ſt on,
Bep-ſt and beſh-t on.

DA CAPO.

* EPIGRAM

* EPIGRAM on the feuds about HANDEL and BONONCINI.

STrange! all this difference ſhould be
'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee!

* On Mrs. TOFTS.

SO bright is thy beauty, ſo charming thy ſong,
As had drawn both the beaſts and their Orpheus along:
But ſuch is thy av'rice, and ſuch is thy pride,
That the beaſts muſt have ſtarv'd, and the poet have dy'd.

TWO OR THREE;

OR,

A Receipt to make a CUCKOLD.

TWO or three viſits, and two or three bows,
Two or three civil things, two or three vows,
Two

Two or three kiſſes, with two or three ſighs,
Two or three *Jeſuſes* and *Let-me-die's*,
Two or three ſqueezes, and two or three towzes,
With two or three thouſand pound loſt at their houſes,
Can never fail cuckolding two or three ſpouſes.

* On a LADY who p---t at the tragedy of CATO; occaſioned by an epigram on a Lady who wept at it.

WHILE maudlin Whigs deplor'd their Cato's fate,
Still with dry eyes the Tory Celia ſate:
But, while her pride forbids her tears to flow,
The guſhing waters find a vent below:
Though ſecret, yet with copious grief ſhe mourns,
Like twenty river-gods with all their urns.
Let others ſcrew their hypocritic face,
She ſhews her grief in a ſincerer place:
There nature reigns, and paſſion void of art;
For that road leads directly to the heart.

* EPIGRAM, in a maid of honour's prayer-book.

WHEN Iſrael's daughters mourn'd their paſt offences,
They dealt in ſackcloth, and turn'd cinder-wenches:

But

But Richmond's fair ones never ſpoil their locks;
They uſe white powder, and wear Holland ſmocks.
O comely church! where females find clean linen
As decent to repent in, as to ſin in. 6

EPIGRAM.

Written in the year 1712.

AS Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to the ſtreet, and fled for his life;
Tom's three deareſt friends came by in the ſquabble,
And ſav'd him at once from the ſhrew and the rabble;
Then ventur'd to give him ſome ſober advice—
But Tom is a perſon of honour ſo nice,
Too wiſe to take counſel, to proud to take warning.
That he ſent to all three a challenge next morning.
Three duels he fought, thrice ventur'd his life;
Went home, and was cudgell'd again by his wife. 10

* The BALANCE of EUROPE.

NOw Europe's balance'd, neither ſide prevails,
For nothing's left in either of the ſcales.

* A PANEGYRICAL EPISTLE to Mr. THOMAS SNOW, goldſmith, near Temple-bar; occcaſioned by his buying and ſelling the third South-ſea ſubſcriptions, taken in by the directors at a thouſand *per cent.* †.

DIſdain not, Snow, my humble verſe to hear;
Stick thy black pen a while behind thy ear.
Whether thy compter ſhine with ſums untold,
And thy wide-graſping hand grows black with gold;
Whether thy mien erect, and ſable locks,
In crouds of brokers overawe the ſtocks;
Suſpend the wordly bus'neſs of the day,
And to enrich thy mind, attend my lay.
O thou, whoſe penetrative wiſdom found
The South ſea rocks and ſhelves, where thouſands drown'd!
When credit ſunk, and commerce gaſping lay,
Thou ſtood'ſt; no bill was ſent unpaid away.
When not a guinea chink'd on Martin's * boards,
And * Atwill's ſelf was drain'd of all his hoards,
Thou ſtood'ſt; an Indian king in ſize and hue!
Thy unexhauſted ſhop was our Peru.

† In the year 1720, the South-ſea company, under pretence of paying the public debt, obtained an act of parliament for enlarging their capital, by taking into it all the debts of the nation incurred before the year 1716, amounting to 31,664,551 l. Part of this ſum was ſubſcribed into their capital at three ſubſcriptions; the firſt at 300 l. *per cent.* the ſecond at 400 l. and a third at 1000 l. Such was the infatuation of the time, that theſe ſubſcriptions were bought and ſold at exhorbitant premiums; ſo that 100 l. South-ſea ſtock ſubſcribed at 1000 l. was ſold for 1200 l. in Exchange alley.

* Names of eminent goldſmiths.

Why

Why did 'Change-alley waſte thy precious hours
Among the fools who gap'd for golden ſhow'rs?
No wonder, if we find ſome poets there,
Who live on fancy, and can feed on air;
No wonder *they* were caught by South-ſea ſchemes,
Who ne'er enjoy'd a guinea, but in dreams;
No wonder *they* their third ſubſcription ſold
For millions of imaginary gold;
No wonder that *their* fancies wild can frame
Strange reaſons, that a thing is ſtill the ſame,
Though change'd throughout in ſubſtance and in name,
But *you* (whoſe judgement ſcorns poetic flights)
With contracts furniſh boys for paper-kites.
Let vulture Hopkins ſtretch his ruſty throat,
Who ruins thouſands for a ſingle groat:
I know thou ſcorn'ſt his mean, his ſordid mind;
Nor with ideal debts would'ſt plague mankind.
Madmen alone their empty dreams purſue,
And ſtill believe the fleeting viſion true;
They ſell the treaſures which their ſlumbers get,
Then wake and fancy all the world in debt.
If to inſtruct thee all my reaſons fail,
Yet be diverted by this moral tale.
Through fam'd Moorfields extends a ſpacious ſeat,
Where mortals of exalted wit retreat;
Where wrapp'd in contemplation, and in ſtraw,
The wiſer few from the mad world withdraw.
There in full opulence a *banker* dwelt,
Who all the joys and pangs of riches felt:
His ſide-board glitter'd with imagin'd plate;
And his proud fancy held a vaſt eſtate.
As on a time he paſs'd the vacant hours
In raiſing piles of ſtraw and twiſted bow'rs,
A poet enter'd of the neighbouring cell,
And with fix'd eye obſerv'd the ſtructure well:
A ſharpen'd ſkew'r croſs his bare ſhoulders bound
A tatter'd rug, which dragg'd upon the ground.

The banker cry'd, " Behold my caſtle-walls,
" My ſtatues, gardens, fountains, and canals,
" With land of more than twenty acres round!
" All theſe I ſell thee for ten thouſand pound,"
The bard with wonder the cheap purchaſe ſaw,
So ſign'd the contract (as ordains the law).
The banker's brain was cool'd; the miſt grew clear;
The viſionary ſcene was loſt in air.
He now the vaniſh'd proſpect underſtood,
And fear'd the fancy'd bargain was not good:
Yet loath the ſum entire ſhould be deſtroy'd,
" Give me a penny, and thy contract's void."
The ſtartled bard with eye indignant frown'd:
" Shall I, ye gods, (he cries) my debts compound!"
So ſaying, from his rug the ſkew'r he takes,
And on the ſtick ten equal notches makes;
With juſt reſentment flings it on the ground;
" There, take my tally * of ten thouſand."

The SOUTH-SEA 1721.

YE wiſe philoſophers! explain
What magic makes our money riſe,
When dropt into the Southern main?
Or do theſe jugglers cheat our eyes?

Put in your money fairly told;
Preſto be gone——'Tis here agen;
Ladies and gentlemen, behold,
Here's ev'ry piece as big as ten.

* Charles II. having borrowed a conſiderable ſum, gave tallies as a ſecurity for the repayment; but ſoon after, ſhutting up the exchequer, theſe tallies were as much reduced from their original value, as the South-ſea had exceeded it.

Thus

Thus in a baſon drop a ſhilling,
Then fill the veſſel to the brim:
You ſhall obſerve, as you are filling,
The pond'rous metal ſeems to trim.

It riſes both in bulk and height;
Behold it ſwelling like a ſop!
The liquid medium cheats your ſight;
Behold it mounted to the top?

In ſtock three hundred thouſand pound;
I have in view a lord's eſtate;
My manors all contiguous round;
A coach and ſix, and ſerv'd in plate,

Thus the deluded bankrupt raves.
Puts all upon a deſp'rate bet;
Then plunges in the ſouthern waves,
Dipt over head and ears——in debt.

So, by a calenture miſled,
The mariner with rapture ſees
On the ſmooth ocean's azure bed
Enamel'd fields, and verdant trees.

With eager haſte he longs to rove
In that fantaſtic ſcene, and thinks
It muſt be ſome inchanted grove;
And *in* he leaps, and *down* he ſinks.

Two hundred chariots, juſt beſpoke,
Are ſunk in theſe devouring waves,
The horſes drawn'd, the harneſs broke;
And here the owners find their gvaves.

Like Pharaoh, by *directors* led,
They with their ſpoils went ſafe before;
His chariots tumbling out the dead,
Lay ſhatter'd on the Red-ſea ſhore.

Rais'd upon *Hope*'s aſpiring plumes,
The young advent'rer o'er the deep
An eagle's flight and ſtate aſſumes,
And ſcorns the middle way to keep.

On *paper* wings he takes his flight;
With *wax* the *father* bound them faſt;
The *wax* is melted by the height,
And down the tow'ring boy is caſt.

A moraliſt might here explain
The raſhneſs of the Cretan youth;
Deſcribe his fall into the main,
And from a fable form a truth.

His *wings* are his *paternal rent*;
He melts his *wax* at ev'ry flame;
His credit ſunk, his money ſpent.
In Southern ſeas he leaves his name.

Inform us, you that beſt can tell,
Why in your dang'rous gulf profound,
Where hundred and where thouſands fell
Fools chiefly float, the wiſe are drown'd?

So have I ſeen from Severn's brink
A flock of *geeſe* jump down together,
Swim where the bird of Jove would ſink,
And ſwimming never wet a feather.

One fool may from another win,
And then get off with money ſtor'd:
But if a ſharper once comes in,
He throws at all, and ſweeps the board.

As fiſhes on each other prey,
The great ones ſwall'wing up the ſmall;
So fares it in the Southern Sea;
The whale directors eat up all.

When

When *ſtock* is high, they come between,
Making by ſecond hand their offers:
Then cunningly retire unſeen,
With each a million in his coffers.

So, when upon a moonſhine night
An aſs was drinking at a ſtream,
A cloud aroſe, and ſtopt the light
By intercepting ev'ry beam.

The day of judgment will be ſoon,
(Cries out a ſage among the croud);
An aſs hath ſwallow'd up the moon:
The moon lay ſafe behind the cloud.

Each poor *ſubſcriber* to the ſea
Sinks down at once, and there he lies:
Directors fall as well as they;
Their fall is but a trick to riſe.

So fiſhes riſing from the main,
Can ſoar with moiſten'd wings on high;
The moiſture dry'd, they ſink again,
And dip their fins again to fly.

Undone at play, the female troops
Come here their loſſes to retrieve;
Ride o'er the waves in ſpacious hoops,
Like Lapland witches in a ſieve.

Thus Venus to the ſea deſcends,
As poets feign; but where's the moral?
It ſhews the queen of love intends
To ſearch the deep for pearl and coral.

The ſea is richer than the land,
I heard it from my grannam's mouth,
Which now I clearly underſtand;
For by the ſea ſhe meant the *South*.

Thus by *directors* we are told,
  Pray, Gentlemen, believe your eyes;
Our ocean's cover'd o'er with gold.
  Look round, and ſee how thick it lies.

Oh! would thoſe patriots be ſo kind,
  Here in the deep to waſh their hands;
Then, like Pactolus, we ſhould find
  The ſea indeed had *golden ſands*.

A ſhilling in the Bath you fling,
  The ſilver takes a nobler hue
By magic virtue in the ſpring,
  And ſeems a guinea to your view.

But, as a guinea will not paſs
  At market for a farthing more,
Shewn through a multiplying glaſs,
  Than what it alwas did before;

So caſt it in the Southern ſeas,
  And view it through a *jobber*'s bill;
Put on what ſpectacles you pleaſe,
  Your guinea's but a guinea ſtill.

One night a fool into a brook
  Thus from a hillock looking down,
The golden ſtars for guineas took,
  And ſilver Cynthia for a crown.

The point he could no longer doubt;
  He ran, he leap'd into the flood;
There ſprawl'd a while, and ſcarce got out,
  All cover'd o'er with ſlime and mud.

Upon the waters caſt thy bread
  And after many day thou'lt find it;
But gold upon this ocean ſpread
  Shall ſink, and leave no mark behind it.

There

There is a gulf where thouſands fell;
  Here all the bold advent'rers came;
A narrow ſound, though deep as hell;
  'Change-alley is the dreadful name.

Nine times a-day it ebbs and flows;
  Yet he that on the ſurface lies,
Without a pilot, ſeldom knows
  The time it falls, or when 'twill riſe.

Subſcribers here by thouſands float,
  And juſtle one another down;
Each padling in his leaky boat,
  And here they fiſh for gold, and drown.

Now bury'd in the depth below,
  Now mounted up to heav'n again,
They reel and ſtagger to and fro,
  At their wits end, like drunken men *.

Mean time ſecure on Garr'way † cliffs
  A ſavage race, by ſhiprecks fed,
Lie waiting for the founder'd ſkiffs,
  And ſtrip the bodies of the dead.

But theſe, you ſay, are factious lies,
  From ſome malicious Tory's brain
For where *directors* get a prize,
  The Swiſs and Dutch whole millions drain.

Thus, when by rooks a Lord is ply'd,
  Some cully often wins a bet,
By vent'ring on the cheating ſide,
  Though not into the ſecret let.

* Pſal. cvii.
† Coffeehouſe in 'Change alley.

While

While ſome build caſtles in the air,
  Directors build them in the ſeas:
Subſcribers plainly ſee 'em there;
  For fools will ſee as wiſe men pleaſe.

Thus oft by mariners are ſhown
  (Unleſs the men of Kent are liars)
Earl Goodwin's caſtles overflown,
  And palace-roofs, and ſteeple-ſpires.

Mark where the ſly directors creep,
  Nor to the ſhore approach too nigh!
The monſters neſtle in the deep
  To ſeize you in your paſſing by.

Then, like the dogs of Nile, be wiſe,
  Who, taught by inſtinct how to ſhun
The crocodile that lurking lies,
  Run as they drink, and drinking run.

Antœus could, by magic charms,
  Recover ſtrength whene'er he fell:
Alcides held him in his arms,
  And ſent him *up in air to hell.*

Directors thrown into the ſea,
  Recover ſtrength and vigour there;
But may be tam'd another way,
  Suſpended for a while in air.

Directors! for 'tis you I warn,
  By long experience we have found,
What planet rul'd when you were born;
  We ſee you never can be drown'd.

Beware, nor over-bulky grow,
  Nor come within your cully's reach;
For if the ſea ſhould ſink ſo low,
  To leave you dry upon the beach;

You'll

You'll owe your ruin to your bulk:
  Your foes already waiting ſtand,
To tear you like a founder'd hulk,
  While you lie helpleſs on the ſand.

Thus, when a whale hath loſt the tide,
  The coaſters croud to ſeize the ſpoil;
The monſter into parts divide,
  And ſtrip the bones, and melt the oil.

Oh! may ſome weſtern tempeſts ſweep
  Theſe locuſts, whom our fruits have fed,
That plague, directors, to the deep,
  Driv'n from the South-ſea to the Red!

May he, whom nature's laws obey,
  Who lifts the poor, and ſinks the proud,
Quiet the raging of the ſea,
  And *ſtill the madneſs of the* croud!

But never ſhall our iſle have reſt,
  Till thoſe devouring *ſwine* run down,
(*The devils leaving the poſſeſt*),
  And *headlong in the waters* drown.

The nation then too late will find,
  Computing all their coſt and trouble,
Directors promiſes but wind,
  South-ſea at beſt a mighty bubble.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vaſto,
Arma virum, tabulæque, et Troïa gaza per undas.
VIRG.

* A Ballad on QUADRILLE.

I.

WHEN as corruption hence did go,
And left the nation free;
When *Ay* ſaid *Ay*, and *No* ſaid *No*,
Without a place or fee;
Then Satan thinking things went ill,
Sent forth his ſpirit call'd *Quadrille*,
Quadrille, *Quadrille*, &c.

II.

Kings, queens, and knaves, made up his pack,
And four fair ſuits he wore;
His troops they are with red and black
All blotch'd and ſpotted o'er;
And ev'ry houſe, go where you will,
Is haunted by the imp *Quadrille*, &c.

III.

Sure cards he has for ev'ry thing,
Which well court-cards they name;
And, ſtateſman-like, calls in the king
To help out a bad game:
But, if the parties manage ill,
The king is force'd to loſe *Codille*, &c.

IV.

When two and two were met of old,
Though they ne'er meant to marry,
They were in Cupid's books inroll'd,
And call'd a *party quaree*:
But now, meet when and where you will,
A *party quaree* is *Quadrille*, &c.

V. The

V.

The commoner, and knight, the peer,
Men of all ranks and fame,
Leave to their wives the only care
To propagate their name;
And well that duty they fulfil,
When the good huſband's at *Quadrille*, &c.

VI.

When patients lie in piteous caſe,
In comes th' apothecary;
And to the doctor cries, alas!
Non debes quadrillare.
The patient dies without a pill;
For why? the doctor's at *Quadrille*, &c.

VII.

Should France and Spain again grow loud,
The Muſcovite grow louder;
Britain, to curb her neighbours proud,
Would want both ball and powder;
Muſt want both ſword and gun to kill;
For why? the gen'ral's at *Quadrille*, &c.

VIII.

The King of late drew forth his ſword,
(Thank God 'twas not in wrath),
And made of many a 'ſquire and lord
An unwaſh'd Knight of Bath:
What are their feats of arms and ſkill?
They're but nine parties at *Quadrille*, &c.

IX.

A party late at Cambray met,
Which drew all Europe's eyes;
'Twas call'd in Poſtboy and Gazette
The *quadruple allies:*
But ſome body took ſomething ill,
So broke this party at *Quadrille*, &c.

X. And

X.

And now God ſave this noble realm,
And God ſave eke Hanover;
And God ſave thoſe who hold the helm,
When as the King goes over:
But let the King go where he will,
His ſubjects muſt play at *Quadrille*,
Quadrille, *Quadrille*, &c.

* MOLLY MOG.

OR,

The FAIR MAID of the Inn †.

SAys my uncle, I pray you diſcover
What hath been the cauſe of your woes,
Why you pine, and you whine, like a lover?
I've ſeen Molly Mog of the Roſe.

O nephew! your grief is but folly;
In town you may find better prog;
Half a crown there will get you a Molly,
A Molly much better than Mog.

I know that by wits 'tis recited,
That women at beſt are a clog:
But I'm not ſo eaſily frighted
From loving my ſweet Molly Mog.

† The Roſe-inn at Ockingham in Berkſhire.

The

The ſchoolboy's deſire is a play-day;
The ſchoolmaſter's joy is to flog;
The milk-maid's delight is on May-day;
But mine is on ſweet Molly Mog.

Will-o'-wiſp leads the traveller a-gadding
Thro' ditch and thro' quagmire and bog:
But no light can ſet me a-madding,
Like the eyes of my ſweet Molly Mog.

For guineas in other mens breeches
Your gameſters will palm and will cog:
But I envy them none of their riches,
So I may win ſweet Molly Mog.

The heart, when half wounded, is changing,
It here and there leaps like a frog:
But my heart can never be ranging,
'Tis ſo fix'd upon ſweet Molly Mog.

Who follows all ladies of pleaſure,
In pleaſure is thought but a hog:
All the ſex cannot give ſo good meaſure
Of joys, as my ſweet Molly Mog.

I feel I'm in love to diſtraction,
My ſenſes all loſt in a fog;
And nothing can give ſatisfaction
But thinking of ſweet Molly Mog.

A letter when I am inditing,
Comes Cupid and gives me a jog;
And I fill all the paper with writing
Of nothing but ſweet Molly Mog.

If I would not give up the three Graces,
I wiſh I were hang'd like a dog,
And at court all the drawing-room faces,
For a glance of my ſweet Molly Mog.

Thoſe faces want nature and ſpirit,
And ſeem as cut out of a log:
Juno, Venus, and Pallas's merit
Unite in my ſweet Molly Mog.

Thoſe who toaſt all the family royal
In bumpers of *hogan* and *nog*,
Have hearts not more true or more loyal
Than mine to my ſweet Molly Mog.

Were Virgil alive with his Phillis,
And writing another eclogue;
Both his Phillis and fair Amaryllis
He'd give up for ſweet Molly Mog.

When ſhe ſmiles on each gueſt, like her liquor,
Then jealouſy ſets me agog;
To be ſure ſhe's a bit for the vicar,
And ſo I ſhall loſe Molly Mog.

* A new SONG of new SIMILES.

MY paſſion is as muſtard ſtrong;
I ſit all ſober ſad,
Drunk as a piper all day long,
Or like a March hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow;
I drink, yet can't forget her;
For, though as Drunk as David's ſow,
I love her ſtill the better.

Pert

Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,
If Molly were but kind;
Cool as a cucumber could ſee
The reſt of woman-kind.

Like a ſtuck pig I gaping ſtare,
And eye her o'er and o'er;
Lean as a rake with ſighs and care,
Sleek as a mouſe before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And ſoft as ſilk my ſkin;
My cheeks as fat as butter grown;
But as a groat now thin!

I, melancholy as a cat,
Am kept awake to weep;
But ſhe, inſenſible of that,
Sound as a top can ſleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or ſtone;
She laughs to ſee me pale,
And merry as a grig is grown,
And briſk as bottled ale.

The god of love, at her approach,
Is buſy as a bee!
Hearts ſound as any bell or roach,
Are ſmit, and ſigh like me.

Ah me! as thick as hops or hail,
The fine men croud about her:
But ſoon as dead as a door-nail
Shall I be, if without her.

Strait as my leg her ſhape appears;
O were we join'd together!
My heart would be ſcot free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as fivepence is her mien;
No drum was ever tighter;
Her glance is as the razor keen,
And not the ſun is brighter.

As ſoft as pap her kiſſes are;
Methinks I taſte them yet;
Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes as black as jet.

As ſmooth as glaſs, as white as curds,
Her pretty hand invites:
Sharp as a needle are her words;
Her wit like pepper bites.

Briſk as a body louſe ſhe trips,
Clean as a penny dreſt;
Sweet as a roſe her breath and lips,
Round as the globe her breaſt.

Full as an egg was I with glee,
And happy as a king;
Good Lord! how all men envy'd me!
She lov'd like any thing.

But falſe as hell, ſhe, like the wind,
Change'd as her ſex muſt do;
Though ſeeming as the turtle kind,
And like the goſpel true.

If I and Molly could agree,
Let who would take Peru!
Great as an emp'ror ſhould I be,
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any poſt:
Let us like burs together ſtick,
And warm as any toaſt.

You'll

You'll know me truer than a dye,
And wiſh me better ſped,
Flat as a flounder when I lie,
And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun, ſhe'll drop a tear,
And ſigh perhaps, and wiſh,
When I am rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fiſh.

*NEWGATE's GARLAND.

Being a new Ballad, ſhewing how Mr. Jonathan Wild's throat was cut from ear to ear with a penknife, by Mr. Blake, alias Blueſkin, the bold highwayman, as he ſtood at his trial in the Old Bailey, 1725.

To the tune of the Cutpurſe.

I.

YE gallants of Newgate, whoſe fingers are nice
In diving in pockets, or cogging of dice;
Ye ſharpers ſo rich, who can buy off the nooſe;
Ye honeſter poor rogues, who die in your ſhoes,
Attend and draw near,
Good news ye ſhall hear,
How Jonathan's throat was cut from ear to ear,
How Blueſkin's ſharp penknife hath ſet you at eaſe,
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

II.

When to the old Bailey this Blueſkin was led,
He held up his hand; his indictment was read;

Loud rattled his chains; near him Jonathan ſtood;
For full forty pounds was the price of his blood.
Then, hopeleſs of life,
He drew his penknife,
And made a ſad widow of Jonathan's wife.
But forty pounds paid her, her grief ſhall appeaſe;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

III.

Some ſay there are courtiers of higheſt renown,
Who ſteal the King's gold, and leave him but a crown:
Some ſay there are peers, and ſome parliament-men,
Who meet once a-year to rob courtiers agen.
Let them all take their ſwing
To pillage the King,
And get a blue ribband inſtead of a ſtring.
Now Blueſkin's ſharp penknife hath ſet you at eaſe;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

IV.

Knaves of old, to hide guilt by their cunning inventions,
Call'd briberies grants, and plain robberies penſions;
Phyſicians and lawyers (who take their degrees
To be learned rogues) call'd their pilfering fees.
Since this happy day
Now ev'ry man may
Rob (as ſafe as in office) upon the highway.
For Blueſkin's ſharp penknife hath ſet you at eaſe;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

V.

Some cheat in the cuſtoms, ſome rob the exciſe;
But he who robs both is eſteemed moſt wiſe.
Churchwardens, too prudent to hazard the halter,
As yet only venture to ſteal from the altar.
But now to get gold,
They may be more bold,
And rob on the highway, ſince Jonathan's cold:
For Blueſkin's ſharp penknife hath ſet you at eaſe;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

Some

VI.

Some by public revenues, which paſs'd thro' their hands,
Have purchas'd clean houſes, and bought dirty lands:
Some to ſteal from a charity think it no ſin,
Which at home (ſays the proverb) does always begin.
But, if ever you be
Aſſign'd the truſtee,
Treat not orphans like maſters of the chancery;
But take the highway, and more honeſtly ſeize;
For ev'ry man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

VII.

What a pother has here been with Wood and his braſs!
Who would modeſtly make a few halfpennies paſs!
The patent is good, and the precedent's old,
For Diomede changed his copper for gold:
But if Ireland deſpiſe
The new halfpennies,
With more ſafety to rob on the road I adviſe:
For Blueſkin's ſharp penknife hath ſet thee at eaſe;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

PROMETHEUS.

On Wood * the patentees Iriſh halfpence.

Written in the year 1724.

I.

AS when the 'ſquire and tinker, Wood,
Gravely conſulting Ireland's good,
Together mingled in a maſs
Smith's duſt and copper, lead and braſs;

* See an account of Wood's project in the Drapier's letters, vol. 3.

The

The mixture thus by chymic art
United close in ev'ry part,
In fillets roll'd, or cut in pieces,
Appear'd like one continu'd species;
And by the forming engine struck,
On all the same impression stuck:
So, to confound this hated coin,
All parties and religions join;
Whigs, Tories, Trimmers, Hanoverians,
Quakers, Conformists, Presbyterians,
Scotch, Irish, English, French, unite,
With equal int'rest, equal spite;
Together mingled in a lump,
Do all in one opinion jump;
And ev'ry one begins to find
The same impression on his mind.
A strange event! whom gold incites
To blood and quarrels, brass unites:
So, goldsmiths say, the coarsest stuff
Will serve for solder well enough:
So, by the kettle's loud alarm,
The bees are gather'd to a swarm;
So, by the brazen trumpet's bluster,
Troops of all tongues and nations muster:
And so the harp of Ireland brings
Whole crouds about its brazen strings.

II.

There is a chain let down from Jove,
But fasten'd to his throne above,
So strong, that from the lower end,
They say, all human things depend.
This chain, as ancient poets hold,
When Jove was young, was made of gold.
Prometheus once this chain purloin'd,
Dissolv'd, and into money coin'd;
Then Whips me on a chain of brass.
(Venus was brib'd to let it pass *).

* A great lady was said to have been bribed by Wood.

Now,

Now, while this brazen chain prevail'd,
Jove ſaw that all devotion fail'd;
No temple to his godſhip rais'd;
No ſacrifice on altars blaz'd;
In ſhort, ſuch dire confuſion follow'd,
Earth muſt have been in chaos ſwallow'd.
Jove ſtood amaz'd; but, looking round,
With much ado the cheat he found;
'Twas plain he could no longer hold,
The world in any chain but gold;
And to the god of wealth, his brother,
Sent Mercury to get another.
Prometheus on a rock is laid,
Ty'd with a chain himſelf had made,
On icy Caucaſus to ſhiver,
While vultures eat his growing liver.

III.

Ye pow'rs of Grubſtreet, make me able
Diſcreetly to apply this fable;
Say, who is to be underſtood
By that old thief Prometheus? Wood.
For Jove, it is not hard to gueſs him;
I mean his Majeſty, God bleſs him.
The thief and blackſmith was ſo bold,
He ſtrove to ſteal that chain of gold
Which links the ſubject to the king,
And change it for a brazen ſtring.
But ſure, if nothing elſe muſt paſs
Between the king and us, but braſs,
Although the chain will never crack,
Yet our devotion may grow ſlack.
But Jove will ſoon convert, I hope,
This brazen chain into a rope;
With which Prometheus ſhall be ty'd,
And high in air for ever ride;
Where, if we find his liver grows
For want of vultures, we have crows.

* STREPHON

* STREPHON and FLAVIA.

WITH ev'ry lady in the land
Soft Strephon kept a pother;
One year he languiſh'd for one hand,
And next year for the other.
Yet when his love the ſhepherd told
To Flavia fair and coy,
Reſerv'd, demure, than ſnow more cold,
She ſcorn'd the gentle boy.
Late at a ball he own'd his pain:
She bluſh'd, and frown'd, and ſwore,
With all the marks of high diſdain,
She'd never hear him more.
The ſwain perſiſted ſtill to pray,
The nymph ſtill to deny;
At laſt ſhe vow'd ſhe would not ſtay;
He ſwore ſhe ſhould not fly.
Enrag'd ſhe call'd her footman ſtrait,
And ruſh'd from out the room.
Drove to her lodging, lock'd the gate,
And lay with Ralph at home.

CORINNA.

Written in the year 1712.

THIS day, (the year I dare not tell)
Apollo play'd the midwife's part;
Into the world Corinna fell,
And he endow'd her with his art;

But

But Cupid with a Satyr comes;
  Both ſoftly to the cradle creep
Both ſtroke her hands, and rub her gums,
  While the poor child lay faſt aſleep.
Then Cupid thus: This little maid
  Of love ſhall always ſpeak and write:
And I pronounce (the Satyr ſaid)
  The world ſhall feel her ſcratch and bite.
Her talent ſhe diſplay'd betimes;
  For in twice twelve revolving moons
She ſeem'd to laugh and ſquall in rhymes,
  And all her geſtures were lampoons.
At ſix years old the ſubtle jade
  Stole to the pantry-door, and found
The butler with my Lady's maid;
  And you may ſwear the tale went round,
She made a ſong how little Miſs
  Was kiſs'd and ſlobber'd by a lad;
And how when Maſter went to p——,
  Miſs came, and peep'd at all he had.
At twelve a wit and a coquette;
  Marries for love, half whore, half wife:
Cuckolds, elopes, and runs in debt;
  Turns auth'reſs, and is Curll's for life.
Her common-place book all gallant is,
  Of ſcandal now a *cornucopia*;
She pours it out in Atalantis *,
  Or memoirs of the New Utopia.

* The Atalantis was written by Mrs. Manley; and may be conſidered as a pander for the ſtews, who gains admittance into good company by a genteel appearance, and good addreſs.

* The QUIDNUNCKIS.

A TALE occaſioned by the death of the Duke Regent of FRANCE.

HOW vain are mortal man's endeavours!
(Said at Dame Elleot's †, Mr. T——s);
Good Orleans dead! in truth 'tis hard:
Oh! may all ſtateſmen die prepar'd!
I do foreſee (and for foreſeeing
He equals any man in being)
The army ne'er can be diſbanded.
——I wiſh the King were ſafely landed.
Ah friends! great changes threat the land!
All France and England at a ſtand!
There's Meroweis—mark! ſtrange work!
And there's the Czar, and there's the Turk——
The Pope—An India merchant by
Cut ſhort the ſpeech with this reply.
All at a ſtand? you ſee great changes!
Ah, Sir! you never ſaw the Ganges:
There dwells the nation of Quidnunckis,
(So Monomotapa calls monkies):
On either bank, from bough to bough,
They meet and chat (as we may now):
Whiſpers go round, they grin, they ſhrug,
They bow, they ſnarl, they ſcratch, they hug;
And, juſt as chance or whim provoke them,
They either bite their friends, or ſtroke them.
There have I ſeen ſome active prig,
To ſhew his parts, beſtride the twig;

† A coffee houſe near St. James's.

Lord!

Lord! how the chatt'ring tribe admire!
Not that he's wiſer, but he's higher;
All long to try the vent'rous thing,
(For pow'r is but to have one ſwing).
From ſide to ſide he ſprings, he ſpurns,
And bangs his foes and friends by turns.
Thus as in giddy freaks he bounces,
Crack goes the twig, and in he flounces!
Down the ſwift ſtream the wretch is borne;
Never, ah never, to return!
Z———ds! what a fall had our dear brother?
Morbleu! cries one, and *Damme*, t'other.
The nation gives a gen'ral ſcreech;
None cocks his tail, none claws his breech;
Each trembles for the public weal,
And for a while forgets to ſteal.
A while all eyes intent and ſteddy
Purſue him whirling down the eddy:
But, out of mind when out of view,
Some other mounts the twig anew;
And buſ'neſs, on each monkey ſhore,
Runs the ſame track it run before.

AY and NO: A FABLE.

IN fable all things hold diſcourſe;
Then words, no doubt, muſt talk of courſe.
Once on a time, near Channel-row †,
Two hoſtile adverbs, Ay and No,

† Channel row is a dirty ſtreet near the parliament-houſe, Weſtminſter.

Were haſt'ning to the field of fight,
And front to front ſtood oppoſite.
Before each gen'ral join'd the van,
Ay, the more courteous knight, began:
  Stop, peeviſh particle, beware!
I'm told you are not ſuch a bear,
But ſometimes yield, when offer'd fair.
Suffer yon folks a while to tattle;
'Tis we who muſt decide the battle.
Whene'er we war on yonder ſtage
With various fate, and equal rage,
The nation trembles at each blow,
That No gives Ay, and Ay gives No:
Yet in expenſive long contention
We gain nor office, grant, or penſion:
Why then ſhould kinsfolks quarrel thus?
(For two of you make one of us *).
To ſome wiſe ſtateſman let us go,
Where each his proper uſe may know:
He may admit two ſuch commanders,
And make thoſe wait who ſerv'd in Flanders.
Let's quarter on a great man's tongue,
A treas'ry-lord, not Mr. Y——g.
Obſequious at his high command
Ay ſhall march forth to tax the land.
Impeachments No can beſt reſiſt,
And Ay ſupport the civil liſt:
Ay quick as Cæſar wins the day;
And No, like Fabius, by delay.
Sometimes in mutual fly diſguiſe,
Let Ay's ſeem No's, and No's ſeem Ay's;
Ay's be in court's denials meant,
And No's in biſhops give conſent.
  Thus Ay propos'd——and for reply
No for the firſt time anſwer'd Ay,
They parted with a thouſand kiſſes,
And fight e'er ſince for pay, like Swiſſes.

* In Engliſh two negatives make an affirmative.

PHILLIS;

PHILLIS;

OR,

The PROGRESS of LOVE.

Written in the year 1716.

DEſponding Phillis was endu'd
With ev'ry talent of a prude;
She trembled when a man drew near;
Salute her, and ſhe turn'd her ear;
If o'er againſt her you were place'd,
She durſt not look above her waiſt:
She'd rather take you to her bed,
Then let you ſee her dreſs her head:
In church you hear her, through the croud,
Repeat the abſolution loud:
In church ſecure behind her fan,
She durſt behold that monſter man;
There practis'd how to place her head,
And bit her lips to make them red;
Or on the mat devoutly kneeling,
Would lift her eyes up to the ceiling,
And heave her boſom unaware,
For neighb'ring beaux to ſee it bare.
At length a lucky lover came,
And found admittance to the dame.
Suppoſe all parties now agreed,
The writings drawn, the lawyer fee'd,
The vicar and the ring beſpoke:
Gueſs, how could ſuch a match be broke?

See then what mortals place their bliſs in!
Next morn betimes the bride was miſſing:
The mother ſcream'd, the father chid;
Where can this idle wench be hid?
No news of Phil! the bridegroom came,
And thought his bride had ſkūlk'd for ſhame;
Becauſe her father us'd to ſay,
The girl had ſuch a baſhful way.
Now John the butler muſt be ſent
To learn the road that Phillis went.
The groom was wiſh'd to ſaddle Crop;
For John muſt neither light nor ſtop,
But find her, whereſoe'r ſhe fled,
And bring her back, alive or dead.
See here again the devil to do;
For truly John was miſſing too:
The horſe and pillion both were gone!
Phillis, it ſeems, was fled with John.
Old Madam, who went up to find
What papers Phil had left behind,
A letter on the toilet ſees,
To my much honour'd father—— theſe.
('Tis always done, romances tell us,
When daughters run away with fellows),
Fill'd with the choiceſt common places,
By others us'd in the like caſes.
" That long ago a fortune-teller
" Exactly ſaid what now befel her;
" And in a glaſs had made her ſee
" A ſerving man of low degree.
" It was her fate, muſt be forgiven;
" For marriages were made in heaven:
" His pardon begg'd; but, to be plain,
" She do't, if 'twere to do again:
" Thank'd God, 'twas neither ſhame nor ſin;
" For John was come of honeſt kin,
" Love never thinks of rich and poor:
" She'd beg with John from door to door.

Forgive

" Forgive her, if it be a crime;
" She'll never do't another time.
" She ne'er before in all her life
" Once diſobey'd him, maid nor wife.
" One argument ſhe ſumm'd up all in,
" The thing was done, and paſt recalling;
" And therefore hop'd ſhe ſhould recover
" His favour, when his paſſion's over.
" She valu'd not what others thought her,
" And was——his moſt obedient daughter."
Fair maidens, all attend the muſe,
Who now the wand'ring pair purſues:
Away they rode in homely ſort,
Their journey long, their money ſhort;
The loving couple well bemir'd;
The horſe and both the riders tir'd;
Their victuals bad, their lodging worſe;
Phil cry'd, and John began to curſe;
Phil wiſh'd, that ſhe had ſtrain'd a limb,
When firſt ſhe ventur'd out with him;
John wiſh'd, that he had broke a leg,
When firſt for her he quitted Peg.
But what adventures more befel 'em.
The muſe hath now no time to tell 'em;
How Johnny wheedled, threaten'd, fawn'd,
Till Phillis all her trinkets pawn'd;
How oft ſhe broke her marriage-vows,
In kindneſs to maintain her ſpouſe,
Till ſwains unwholeſome ſpoil'd the trade;
For now the ſurgeons muſt be paid,
To whom thoſe perquiſites are gone,
In Chriſtian juſtice due to John.
When food and raiment now grew ſcarce,
Fate put a period to the farce,
And with exact poetic juſtice;
For John is landlord, Phillis hoſteſs:
They keep at Staines the Old Blue Boar,
Are cat and dog, and rogue and whore.

The PROGRESS of POETRY.

Written in the year 1720.

THE farmer's gooſe, who in the ſtubble
Has fed without reſtraint or trouble,
Grown fat with corn, and ſitting ſtill,
Can ſcarce get o'er the barn-door ſill!
And hardly waddles forth to cool
Her belly in the neighb'ring pool;
Nor loudly cackles at the door;
For cackling ſhews the gooſe is poor.
But, when ſhe muſt be turn'd to graſe,
And round the barren common ſtrays,
Hard exerciſe and harder fare
Soon make my dame grow lank and ſpare:
Her body light, ſhe tries her wings,
And ſcorns the ground, and upward ſprings;
While all the pariſh, as ſhe flies,
Hear ſounds harmonious from the ſkies.
Such is the poet freſh in pay,
(The third night's profits of his play);
His morning draughts till noon can ſwill
Among his brethren of the quill:
With good roaſt beef his belly full,
Grown lazy, foggy, fat, and dull,
Deep ſunk in plenty and delight,
What poet e'er could take his flight?
Or ſtuff'd with phlem up to the throat,
What poet e'er could ſing a note?
Nor Pegaſus could bear the load
Along the high celeſtial road;

The

The ſteed, oppreſs'd, would break his girth
To raiſe the lumber from the earth.
But view him in another ſcene,
When all his drink is Hippocrene,
His money ſpent, his patrons fail,
His credit out for cheeſe and ale;
His two years coat ſo ſmooth and bare,
Through ev'ry thread it lets in air;
With hungry meals his body pin'd,
His guts and belly full of wind;
And, like a jockey for a race,
His fleſh brought down to flying caſe:
Now his exalted ſpirit loaths
Incumbrances of food and cloaths;
And up he riſes, like a vapour,
Supported high on wings of paper;
He ſinging flies, and flying ſings,
While from below all Grubſtreet rings.

The PROGRESS of BEAUTY.

Written in the year 1720.

WHEN firſt Diana leaves her bed,
Vapours and ſteams her looks diſgrace,
A frowzy dirty-colour'd red
Sits on her cloudy wrinkled face:

But by degrees, when mounted high,
Her artificial face appears
Down from her window in the ſky,
Her ſpots are gone, her viſage clears.

'Twixt

'Twixt earthly females and the moon
All parallels exactly run :
If Celia ſhould appear too ſoon.
Alas the nymph would be undone!

To ſee her from her pillow riſe,
All reeking in a cloudy ſteam,
Crack'd lips, foul teeth, and gummy eyes,
Poor Strephon, how would he blaſpheme !

Three colours, black, and red, and white,
So graceful in their proper place,
Remove them to a diff'rent ſite,
They form a frightful hideous face :

For inſtance, when the lily ſkips
Into the precincts of the roſe,
And takes poſſeſſion of the lips,
Leaving the purple to the noſe.

So Celia went entire to bed,
All her complexion ſafe and ſound ;
But when ſhe roſe, white, black, and red,
Though ſtill in ſight, had change'd their ground,

The black, which would not be confin'd,
A more inferior ſtation ſeeks,
Leaving the fiery red behind,
And mingles in her muddy cheeks.

But Celia can with eaſe reduce,
By help of pencil, paint, and bruſh,
Each colour to its place and uſe,
And teach her cheeks again to bluſh.

She knows her early ſelf no more ;
But fill'd with admiration ſtands,
As other painters oft adore
The workmanſhip of their own hands.

Thus

Thus after four important hours,
Celia's the wonder of her ſex:
Say, which among the heav'nly pow'rs
Could cauſe ſuch marvellous effects?

Venus, indulgent to her kind,
Gave women all their hearts could wiſh,
When firſt ſhe taught them where to find
White lead and Luſitanian * diſh.

Love with white lead cements his wings:
White lead was ſent us to repair
Two brighteſt, brittleſt, earthly things,
A lady's face, and China ware.

She ventures now to lift the ſaſh;
The window is her proper ſphere:
Ah lovely nymph! be not too raſh,
Nor let the beaux approach too near:

Take pattern by your ſiſter ſtar;
Delude at once, and bleſs our ſight;
When you are ſeen, be ſeen from far,
And chiefly chuſe to ſhine by night.

But art no longer can prevail,
When the materials all are gone;
The beſt machanic hand muſt fail,
Where nothing's left to work upon.

Matter, as wiſe logicians ſay,
Cannot without a form ſubſiſt;
And form, ſay I, as well as they,
Muſt fail, if matter brings no griſt.

And this is fair Diana's caſe;
For all aſtrologers maintain,

* Portugal.

Each

Each night a bit drops off her face,
When mortals say she's in her wane:

While * Partridge wisely shews the cause
Efficient of the moon's decay,
That Cancer with his pois'nous claws
Attacks her in the milky way:

But Gadbury *, in art profound,
From her pale cheeks pretends to show,
That swain Endymion † is not sound,
Or else that Mercury's her foe.

But, let the cause be what it will,
In half a month she looks so thin,
That Flamstead can, with all his skill,
See but her forehead and her chin.

Yet, as she wastes, she grows discreet
Till midnight never shews her head:
So rotting Celia strolls the street,
When sober folks are all a-bed.

For sure, if this be Luna's fate,
Poor Celia but of mortal race,
In vain expects a longer date
To the materials of her face.

When Mercury her tresses mows,
To think of black-lead combs is vain:
No painting can restore a nose.
Nor will her teeth return again.

Ye pow'rs who over love preside!
Since mortal beauties drop so soon,
If you would have us well supply'd,
Send us new nymphs with each new moon.

* Partridge and Gadbury wrote each an ephemeris.

† Endymion, a young shepherd, of whom Diana was feigned to be enamoured.

PETHOX

PETHOX the GREAT.

Written in the Year 1723.

FROM Venus born, thy beauty ſhows;
But who thy father, no man knows:
Nor can the ſkilful herald trace
The founder of thy ancient race:
Whether thy temper full of fire,
Diſcovers Vulcan for thy ſire;
The god who made Scamander boil,
And round his margin ſinge'd the ſoil,
From whence, philoſophers agree,
An equal pow'r deſcends to thee!
Whether from dreadful Mars you claim
The high deſcent from whence you came;
And, as a proof, ſhew num'rous ſcars
By fierce encounters made in wars,
Thoſe honourable wounds you bore
From head to foot, and *all before*;
And ſtill the bloody field frequent,
Familiar in each leader's tent:
Or whether, as the learn'd contend,
You from the neighb'ring Gaul deſcend;
Or from Parthenope * the proud,
Where numberleſs thy vot'ries croud:
Whether thy great forefathers came
From realms that bear Veſputio's name;
For ſo conject'rers would obtrude,
And from thy painted ſkin conclude:

* Naples.

Whether,

Whether, as Epicurus ſhows,
The world from juſtling ſeeds aroſe,
Which, mingling with prolific ſtrife
In chaos, kindled into life;
So your production was the ſame,
And from contending atoms came.
Thy fair indulgent mother crown'd
Thy head with ſparkling rubies round:
Beneath thy decent ſteps the road
Is all with precious jewels ſtrow'd.
The bird of Pallas * knows his poſt,
Thee to attend, where-e'er thou go'ſt.
Byzantians boaſt, that on the clod
Where once their *Sultan*'s horſe hath trod,
Grows neither graſs, nor ſhrub, nor tree:
The ſame thy ſubjects boaſt of thee.
The greateſt lord, when you appear,
Will deign your livery to wear,
In all the various colours ſeen
Of red, and yellow, blue, and green.
With half a word, when you require,
The man of bus'neſs muſt retire.
The haughty miniſter of ſtate
With trembling muſt thy leiſure wait;
And, while his fate is in thy hands,
The bus'neſs of the nation ſtands.
Thou dar'ſt the greateſt prince attack,
Canſt hourly ſet him on the rack,
And, as an inſtance of thy pow'r,
Incloſe him in a wooden tow'r:
With pungent pains on ev'ry ſide,
So Regulus in torments dy'd.
From thee our youth all virtues learn,
Dangers with prudence to diſcern;
And well thy ſcholars are endu'd
With temp'rance, and with fortitude;

* Bubo, the owl.

With

With patience, which all ills ſupports;
And ſecrecy, the art of courts.
The glitt'ring beau could hardly tell,
Without your aid, to read or ſpell;
But having long convers'd with you,
Knows how to write a billet-doux.
With what delight, methinks, I trace
Your blood in ev'ry noble race?
In whom thy features, ſhape, and mien
Are to the life diſtinctly ſeen.
The Britons once a ſavage kind,
By you were brighten'd and refin'd,
Deſcendants of the barb'rous Huns,
With limbs robuſt, and voice that ſtuns:
But you have molded them afreſh,
Remov'd the tough ſuperfluous fleſh,
Taught them to modulate their tongues,
And ſpeak without the help of lungs.
Proteus on you beſtow'd the boon
To change your viſage like the moon;
You ſometimes half a face produce,
Keep t'other half for private uſe.
How fam'd thy conduct in the fight
With * Hermes, ſon of Pleias bright!
Outnumber'd, half encompaſs'd round,
You ſtrove for ev'ry inch of ground;
Then, by a ſoldierly retreat,
Retir'd to your imperial ſeat.
The victor, when your ſteps he trace'd,
Found all the realms before him waſte;
You, o'er the high triumphal arch
Pontific, made your glorious march;
The wondrous arch behind you fell,
And left a chaſm profound as hell:
You, in your capitol ſecur'd,
A ſiege as long as Troy endur'd.

* Mercury.

The Lamentation of GLUMDALCLITCH for the loſs of GRILDRIG †.

A PASTORAL.

SOON as Glumdalclitch miſs'd her pleaſing care,
She wept, ſhe blubber'd, and ſhe tore her hair;
No Britiſh Miſs ſincerer grief has known,
Her ſquirrel miſſing, or her ſparrow flown.
She furl'd her ſampler, and hawl'd in her thread,
And ſtuck her needle into Grildrig's bed;
Then ſpread her hands, and with a bounce let fall
Her baby, like the giant in Guildhall.
In peals of thunder now ſhe roars, and now
She gently whimpers like a lowing cow;
Yet lovely in her ſorrow ſtill appears:
Her locks diſhevell'd, and her flood of tears,
Seem like the lofty barn of ſome rich rich ſwain,
When from the thatch drips faſt a ſhow'r of rain.
In vain ſhe ſearch'd each cranny of the houſe,
Each gaping chink, impervious to a mouſe.
"Was it for this (ſhe cry'd) with daily care,
"Within thy reach I ſet the vinegar,
"And fill'd the cruet with the acid tide,
"While pepper-water worms thy bait ſupply'd;
"Where twin'd the ſilver eel around thy hook,
"And all the little monſters of the brook!
"Sure in that lake he dropt; my Grilly's drown'd!"
She dragg'd the cruet, but no Grildrig found.

† See Gulliver's travels, in vol. 5.

Vain

" Vain is thy courage, Grilly, vain thy boaſt;
" But little creatures enterpriſe the moſt.
" Trembling, I've ſeen thee dare the kitten's paw,
" Nay mix with children, as they play'd at taw,
" Nor fear the marbles, as they bounding flew:
" Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you.
" Why did I truſt thee with that giddy youth?
" Who from a *page* can ever learn the truth?
" Vers'd in court-tricks, that money-loving boy
" To ſome lord's daughter ſold the living toy,
" Or rent him limb from limb in cruel play,
" As children tear the wings of flies away.
" From place to place o'er Brobdingnag I'll roam,
" And never will return, or bring thee home.
" But who hath eyes to trace the paſſing wind?
" How then thy fairy footſteps can I find?
" Doſt thou bewilder'd wander all alone
" In the green thicket of a moſſy ſtone:
" Or, tumbled from the toadſtool's ſlipp'ry round,
" Perhaps all maim'd lie grov'ling on the ground?
" Doſt thou, imboſom'd in the lovely roſe?
" Or ſunk within the peach's dow repoſe?
" Within the king-cup if thy limbs are ſpread,
" Or in the golden cowſlip's velvet head.
" O ſhew me, Flora, 'midſt thoſe ſweets, the flow'r
" Where ſleeps my Grildrig in his fragrant bow'r!
" But ah! I fear thy little fancy roves
" On little females, and on little loves;
" Thy pigmy children, and thy tiny ſpouſe,
" The baby play-things that adorn thy houſe,
" Doors, windows, chimnies, and the ſpacious rooms,
" Equal in ſize to cells of honey-combs;
" Haſt thou for theſe now ventur'd from the ſhore,
" Thy bark a bean-ſhell, and a ſtraw thine oar?
" Or in thy box now bounding on the main,
" Shall I ne'er bear thyſelf and houſe again?
" And ſhall I ſet thee on my hand no more,
" To ſee thee leap the lines, and traverſe o'er

" My ſpacious palm? of ſtature ſcarce a ſpan,
" Mimic the actions of a real man?
" No more behold thee turn my watch's key,
" As ſeamen at a capſtern anchors weigh?
" How wert thou wont to walk with cautious tread,
" A diſh of tea, like milk-pail, on thy head?
" How chaſe the mite that bore thy cheeſe away,
" And keep the rolling maggot at a bay?"
She ſaid; but broken accents ſtopt her voice,
Soft as the ſpeaking-trumpets mellow noiſe;
She ſobb'd a ſtorm, and wip'd her flowing eyes,
Which ſeem'd like two broad ſuns in miſty ſkies.
O ſquander not thy grief! thoſe tears command
To weep upon our god in Newfoundland:
The plenteous pickle ſhall preſerve the fiſh,
And Europe taſte thy ſorrows in a diſh.

* MARY GULLIVER to Captain LEMUEL GULLIVER.

ARGUMENT.

The Captain, ſome time after his return, being retired to Mr. Sympſon's in the country, Mrs. Gulliver, apprehending from his late behaviour ſome eſtrangement of his affections, writes him the following expoſtulating, ſoothing, and tenderly-complaining epiſtle.

WElcome, thrice welcome, to thy native place!
—What, touch me not? what, ſhun a wife's embrace?
Have I for this thy tedious abſence borne,
And wak'd and wiſh'd whole nights for thy return?

In

In five long years I took no second ſpouſe;
What Redriff wife ſo long hath kept her vows?
Your eyes, your noſe, inconſtancy betray;
Your noſe you ſtop, your eyes you turn away.
'Tis ſaid, that thou ſhouldſt *cleave unto thy wife*;
Once thou didſt cleave, and I could cleave for life.
Hear, and relent! hark how thy children moan!
Be kind at leaſt to theſe; they are thy own:
Be bold, and count them all; ſecure to find
The honeſt number that you left behind.
See how they pat thee with their pretty paws?
Why ſtart you? are they ſnakes? or have they claws?
Thy Chriſtian ſeed, our mutual fleſh and bone:
Be kind at leaſt to theſe, they are thy own.
Biddel *, like thee, might fartheſt India rove;
He change'd his country, but retain'd his love.
There's Captain Pennel * abſent half his life,
Comes back, and is the kinder to his wife.
Yet Pennel's wife is brown, compar'd to me,
And Mrs. Biddel ſure is fifty-three.
Not touch me! never neighbour call'd me ſlut:
Was Flimnap's dame more ſweet in Lilliput?
I've no red hair to breathe an odious fume;
At leaſt thy conſort's cleaner than thy groom.
Why then that dirty ſtable-boy thy care?
What mean thoſe viſits to thy ſorrel mare?
Say, by what witchcraft, or what dæmon led,
Preferr'ſt thou litter to the marriage-bed!
Some ſay the devil himſelf is in that mare:
If ſo, our Dean ſhall drive him forth by pray'r.
Some think you mad, ſome think you are poſſeſt.
That Bedlam and clean ſtraw will ſuit you beſt.
Vain means, alas, this frenzy to appeaſe!
That ſtraw, that ſtraw would heighten the diſeaſe.
My bed (the ſcene of all our former joys,
Witneſs two lovely girls, two lovely boys)

* Names of the ſea-captains mentioned in Gulliver's travels.

Alone I preſs; in dreams I call my dear,
I ſtretch my hand; no Gulliver is there!
I wake, I riſe, and, ſhiv'ring with the froſt,
Search all the houſe; my Gulliver is loſt!
Forth in the ſtreet I ruſh with frantic cries;
The windows open, all the neighbours riſe;
"Where ſleeps my Gulliver? O tell me where!"
The neighbours anſwer, "With the ſorrel mare."
At early morn I to the market haſte,
(Studious in ev'ry thing to pleaſe thy taſte);
A curious fowl and ſparagraſs I choſe,
(For I remember you were fond of thoſe):
Three ſhillings coſt the firſt, the laſt ſeven groats:
Sullen you turn from both, and call for oats.
Others bring goods and treaſures to their houſes,
Something to deck their pretty babes and ſpouſes:
My only token was a cup like horn,
That's made of nothing but a lady's corn.
'Tis not for that I grive; no, 'tis to ſee
The groom and ſorrel mare preferr'd to me!
Theſe for ſome moments when you deign to quit,
And (at due diſtance) ſweet diſcourſe admit,
'Tis all my pleaſure thy paſt toil to know;
For pleas'd remembrance builds delight in wo.
At ev'ry danger pants thy conſort's breaſt,
And gaping infants ſquawl to hear the reſt.
How did I tremble when, by thouſands bound,
I ſaw thee ſtretch'd on Lilliputian ground?
When ſcaling armies climb'd up ev'ry part,
Each ſtep they trod I felt upon my heart.
But when thy torrent quench'd the dreadful blaze,
King, Queen, and nation, ſtaring with amaze,
Full in my view how all my huſband came!
And what extinguiſh'd theirs, increas'd my flame.
Thoſe ſpectacles ordain'd thine eyes to ſave,
Were once my preſent; love that armour gave.
How did I mourn at Bolgolam's decree!
For when he ſign'd thy death, he ſentence'd me.

When

When folks might ſee thee all the country round
For ſix-pence, I'd have giv'n a thouſand pound.
Lord! when the giant-babe that head of thine
Got in his mouth, my heart was up in mine!
When in the marrow-bone I ſee thee ramm'd,
Or on the houſe-top by the monkey cramm'd,
The piteous images renew my pain,
And all thy dangers I weep o'er again.
But on the maiden's nipple when you rid,
Pray heav'n, 'twas all a wanton maiden did!
Glumdalclitch too!—with thee I mourn her caſe:
Heav'n guard the gentle girl from all diſgrace!
O may the king that one neglect forgive,
And pardon her the fault by which I live!
Was there no other way to ſet him free!
My life, alas! I fear, prov'd death to thee.
O teach me, dear, new words to ſpeak my flame!
Teach me to woo thee by thy beſt-lov'd name!
Whether the ſtyle of Grildrig pleaſe thee moſt,
So call'd on Brobdingnag's ſtupenduous coaſt,
When on the monarch's ample hand you ſate,
And hollow'd in his ear intrigues of ſtate;
Or Quinbus Fleſtrin more endearment brings,
When like a mountain you look'd down on kings:
If ducal Nardac, Lilliputian peer,
Or Glumglum's humbler title ſoothe thine ear:
Nay, would kind Jove my organs ſo diſpoſe,
To hymn harmonious Houyhnhnm thro' the noſe,
I'd call the Houyhnhnm, that high-ſounding name;
Thy childrens noſes all ſhould twang the ſame.
So might I find my loving ſpouſe of courſe
Endu'd with all the virtues of a horſe.

* To Quinbus Flestrin, the Man-Mountain.

A LILLIPUTIAN ODE.

IN amaze
Loſt, I gaze;
Can our eyes
Reach thy ſize?
May my lays
Swell with praiſe,
Worthy thee!
Worthy me!
Muſe, inſpire
All thy fire!
Bards of old
Of him told,
When they ſaid,
Atlas' head
Propt the ſkies;
See! and believe your eyes!

See him ſtride
Valleys wide,
Over woods,
Over floods!
When he treads,
Mountains heads
Groan and ſhake;
Armies quake:

Let

Let his ſpurn
Overturn
Man and ſteed:
Troops, take heed!
Left and right,
Speed your flight!
Left an hoſt
Beneath his foot be loſt.

Turn'd aſide
From his hyde
Safe from wound
Darts rebound.
From his noſe
Clouds he blows:
When he ſpeaks,
Thunder breaks!
When he eats,
Famine threats!
When he drinks,
Neptune ſhrinks!
Nigh thy ear,
In mid air,
On thy hand
Let me ſtand;
So ſhall I,
Lofty poet! touch the ſky.

* A Gentle ECHO on WOMAN.

In the DORIC Manner.

Shepherd,

ECHO, I ween, will in the woods reply,
And quaintly anſwer queſtions: ſhall I try?
Echo, *Try.*

Shepherd,

What muſt we do our paſſion to expreſs?
Echo, *Preſs.*

Shepherd,

How ſhall I pleaſe her who ne'er lov'd before?
Echo, *Before.*

Shepherd,

What moſt moves women, when we them addreſs?
Echo, *A dreſs.*

Shepherd,

Say, what can keep her chaſte whom I adore?
Echo, *A door.*

Shepherd,

If muſic ſoftens rocks, love tunes my lyre.
Echo, *Lyar.*

Shepherd,

Then teach me, Echo, how ſhall I come by her?
Echo, *Buy her.*

Shepherd,

When bought, no queſtion, I ſhall be her dear?
Echo, *Her deer.*

Shepherd,

But deer have horns; how muſt I keep her under?
Echo, *Keep her under.*

Shepherd,

Shepherd,
How ſhall I hold her ne'er to part aſunder?
Echo, *A—ſe under.*

Shepherd,
But what can glad me, when ſhe's laid on bier?
Echo, *Beer.*

Shepherd,
What muſt I do when woman will be kind?
Echo, *Be kind.*

Shepherd,
What muſt I do when woman will be croſs?
Echo, *Be croſs.*

Shepherd,
Lord! what is ſhe that can ſo turn and wind?
Echo, *Wind.*

Shepherd,
If ſhe be wind, what ſtills her when ſhe blows?
Echo, *Blows.*

Shepherd,
But if ſhe bang again, ſtill ſhould I bang her?
Echo, *Bang her.*

Shepherd,
Is there no way to moderate her anger?
Echo, *Hang her.*

Shepherd,
Thanks, gentle Echo; right thy anſwers tell,
What woman is, and how to guard her well.
Echo, *Guard her well.*

EPILOGUE to a Play for the Benefit of the WEAVERS in Ireland, 1721.

WHO dares affirm this is no pious age,
When charity begins to tread the ſtage?
When

When actors, who at beſt are hardly ſavers,
Will give a night of benefit to weavers?
Stay,——let me ſee, how finely will it ſound!
Imprimis, from his Grace * a hundred pound:
Peers, clergy, gentry, all are benefactors;
And then comes in the *item* of the actors:
Item, the actors freely give a day,——
The poet had no more who made the play.

But whence this wondrous charity in play'rs?
They learn'd it not at ſermons, or at pray'rs.
Under the roſe, ſince here are none but friends,
To own the truth, we have ſome private ends,
Since waiting-women, like exacting jades,
Hold up the prices of their old brocades;
We'll dreſs in manufactures made at home,
Equip our kings and gen'rals at the Comb *:
We'll rig in Meath-ſtreet Ægypt's haughty queen;
And Anthony ſhall court her in rateen.
In blue ſhalloon ſhall Hannibal be clad,
And Scipio trail an Iriſh purple plad.
In drugget dreſs'd, of thirteen pence a-yard,
See Philip's ſon amidſt his Perſian guard;
And proud Roxana, fir'd with jealous rage,
With fifty yards of crape ſhall ſweep the ſtage.
In ſhort, our kings and princeſſes within
Are all reſolv'd the project to begin;
And you, our ſubjects, when you here reſort,
Muſt imitate the faſhions of the court.

Oh! could I ſee this audience clad in ſtuff,
Tho' money's ſcarce, we ſhould have trade enough,
But chints, brocades, and lace, take all away,
And ſcarce a crown is left to ſee a play.
Perhaps you wonder whence this friendſhip ſprings,
Between the weavers and us playhouſe kings:
But wit and weaving had the ſame beginning;
Pallas firſt taught us poetry and ſpinning.

* Dr. William King, Archbiſhop of Dublin.
* A ſtreet in Dublin famous for woollen manufactures.

And

And next obſerve how this alliance fits,
For weavers now are juſt as poor as wits:
Their brother quill-men, workers for the ſtage,
For ſorry ſtuff can get a crown a-page;
But weavers will be kinder to the play'rs,
And ſell for twenty-pence a yard of theirs:
And, to your knowledge, there is often leſs in
The poet's wit, than in the player's dreſſing.

EPITAPH on a MISER.

BEneath this verdant hillock lies,
Demar, the wealthy and the wiſe,
His heirs, that he might ſafely reſt,
Have put his carcaſe in a cheſt;
The very cheſt in which, they ſay,
His other ſelf, his money, lay.
And, if his heirs continue kind
To that dear ſelf he left behind,
I dare believe, that four in five
Will think his better half alive.

To STELLA, who collected and tranſcribed his poems.

Written in the year 1720.

AS, when a lofty pile is rais'd,
We never hear the workmen prais'd,
Who bring the lime or place the ſtones;
But all admire Inigo Jones:

So, if this pile of ſcatter'd rhymes
Should be approv'd in after times,
If it both pleaſes and endures,
The merit and the praiſe are yours.
  Thou, Stella, wert no longer young,
When firſt for thee my harp I ſtrung,
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts:
With friendſhip and eſteem poſſeſt,
I ne'er admitted love a gueſt.
  In all the habitudes of life,
The friend, the miſtreſs, and the wife,
Variety we ſtill purſue,
In pleaſures ſeek for ſomething new;
Or elſe, comparing with the reſt,
Take comfort, that our own is beſt:
The beſt we value by the worſt,
(As tradeſmen ſhew their traſh at firſt):
But his purſuits are at an end,
Whom Stella chuſes for a friend.
  A poet ſtarving in a garret,
Conning old topics like a parrot,
Invokes his miſtreſs and his muſe,
And ſtays at home for want of ſhoes:
Should but his muſe, deſcending, drop
A ſlice of bread and mutton-chop;
Or kindly, when his credit's out,
Surpriſe him with a pint of ſtout *;
Or patch his broken ſtocking-ſoals,
Or ſend him in a peck of coals;
Exalted in his mighty mind,
He flies, and leaves the ſtars behind;
Counts all his labours amply paid,
Adores her for the timely aid.
  Or, ſhould a porter make inquiries
For Cloe, Sylvia, Phillis, Iris,

* A cant word for ſtrong beer.

Be

Be told the lodging, lane, and ſign,
The bow'rs that hold thoſe nymphs divine;
Fair Chloe would perhaps be found
With footman tippling under ground;
The charming Sylvia beating flax,
Her ſhoulders mark'd with bloody tracts;
Bright Phillis mending ragged ſmocks;
And radiant Iris in the pox.
These are the goddeſſes inroll'd
In Curll's collection †, new and old,
Whoſe ſcoundrel fathers would not know 'em,
If they ſhould meet them in a poem.
True poets can depreſs and raiſe,
Are lords of infamy and praiſe;
They are not ſcurrilous in ſatire,
Nor will in panegyric flatter.
Unjuſtly poets we aſperſe;
Truth ſhines the brighter clad in verſe;
And all the fictions they purſue,
Do but inſinuate what is true.
Now, ſhould my praiſes owe their truth
To beauty, dreſs, or paint, or youth,
What Stoics call "without our pow'r,"
They could not be inſur'd an hour:
'Twere grafting on an annual ſtock,
That muſt our expectation mock,
And, making one luxuriant ſhoot,
Die the next year for want of root:
Before I could my verſes bring,
Perhaps you're quit another thing.
So Mævius, when he drain'd his ſcull
To celebrate ſome ſuburb-trull,
His ſimiles in order ſet,
And ev'ry crambo he could get;
Had gone thro' all the common places
Worn out by wits, who rhyme on faces:

† See an account of Curll, in vol. 7.

Before he could his poem cloſe,
The lovely nymph had loſt her noſe.
Your virtues ſafely I commend;
They on no accidents depend:
Let Malice look with all her eyes,
She dares not ſay the poet lies.
Stella, when you theſe lines tranſcribe,
Leſt you ſhould take them for a bribe,
Reſolv'd to mortify your pride,
I'll here expoſe your weaker ſide.
Your ſpirits kindle to a flame,
Mov'd with the lighteſt touch of blame;
And when a friend in kindneſs tries
To ſhew you where your error lies,
Conviction does but more incenſe;
Perverſeneſs is your whole defence;
Truth, judgement, wit, gave place to ſpight,
Regardleſs both of wrong and right;
Your virtues all ſuſpended wait
Till Time hath open'd Reaſon's gate;
And, what is worſe, your paſſion bends
Its force againſt your neareſt friends;
Which manners, decency, and pride,
Have taught you from the world to hide:
In vain; for ſee, your friend hath brought
To public light your only fault;
And yet a fault we often find
Mix'd in a noble gen'rous mind;
And may compare to Ætna's fire,
Which, tho' with trembling all admire;
The heat that makes the ſummit glow,
Enriching all the vales below.
Thoſe who in warmer climes complain
From Phœbus' rays they ſuffer pain,
Muſt own, that pain is largely paid
By gen'rous wines beneath a ſhade.
Yet, when I find your paſſions riſe,
And anger ſparkling in your eyes,

I grieve

I grieve thoſe ſpirits ſhould be ſpent,
For nobler ends by nature meant.
One paſſion with a diff'rent turn
Makes wit inflame, or anger burn.
So the ſun's heat with diff'rent pow'rs
Ripens the grape, the liquor ſours.
Thus Ajax, when with rage poſſeſt
By Pallas breath'd into his breaſt,
His valour would no more employ,
Which might alone have conquer'd Troy;
But, blinded by reſentment, ſeeks
For vengeance on his friends, the Greeks.
You think this turbulence of blood
From ſtagnating preſerves the flood,
Which, thus fermenting, by degrees
Exalts the ſpirits, ſinks the lees.
Stella, for once you reaſon wrong;
For, ſhould this ferment laſt too long,
By time ſubſiding, you may find
Nothing but acid left behind:
From paſſion you may then be freed,
When peeviſhneſs and ſpleen ſucceed.
Say, Stella, when you copy next,
Will you keep ſtrictly to the text?
Dare you let theſe reproaches ſtand,
And to your failing ſet your hand?
Or, if theſe lines your anger fire,
Shall they in baſer flames expire?
Whene'er they burn, if burn they muſt,
They'll prove my accuſation juſt.

* Stella to Dr. Swift on his Birthday, Nov. 30. 1721 †.

ST. Patrick's Dean, your country's pride,
My early and my only guide,
Let me among the reſt attend,
Your pupil and you humble friend,
To celebrate in female ſtrains
The day that paid your mother's pains;
Deſcend to take that tribute due
In gratitude alone to you.
When men began to call me fair,
You interpos'd your timely care;
You early taught me to deſpiſe
The ogling of a coxcomb's eyes;
Shew'd where my judgement was miſplace'd;
Refin'd my fancy and my taſte.
Behold that beauty juſt decay'd,
Invoking art to nature's aid;
Forſook by her admiring train,
She ſpreads her tatter'd nets in vain;
Short was her part upon the ſtage;
Went ſmoothly on for half a page;
Her bloom was gone, ſhe wanted art,
As the ſcene change'd, to change her part:

† This poem ſhews the delicacy of Stella's taſte. It is the only remaining performance of that improved and lovely woman that I know of in the poetic ſtrain. It was given by Dr. Swift to a lady of his acquaintance, who had a great eſteem for the virtues and accompliſhments of the amiable Stella, although ſhe never had the leaſt intimacy with her. The Doctor aſſured this lady, that it was a piece entirely genuine from the hands of Stella, without any ſort of correction whatſoever. *Swift.*——

She

She, whom no lover could reſiſt,
Before the ſecond act was hiſs'd.
Such is the fate of female race
With no endowments but a face;
Before the thirti'th year of life
A maid forlorn or hated wife.
  Stella to you, her tutor, owes
That ſhe has ne'er reſembled thoſe;
Nor was a burden to mankind
With half her courſe of years behind.
You taught how I might youth prolong,
By knowing what was right and wrong;
How from my heart to bring ſupplies
Of luſtre to my fading eyes;
How ſoon a beauteous mind repairs
The loſs of change'd or falling hairs;
How wit and virtue from within
Send out a ſmoothneſs o'er the ſkin:
Your lectures could my fancy fix,
And I can pleaſe at thirty-ſix.
The ſight of Chloe at fifteen
Coquetting, gives not me the ſpleen;
The idol now of every fool
Till time ſhall make their paſſions cool;
Then tumbling down time's ſteepy hill,
While Stella holds her ſtation ſtill.
Oh! turn your precepts into laws,
Redeem the womens ruin'd cauſe,
Retrieve loſt empire to our ſex,
That men may bow their rebel necks.
  Long be the day that gave you birth
Sacred to friendſhip, wit, and mirth;
Late dying may you caſt a ſhred
Of your rich mantle o'er my head;
To bear with dignity my ſorrow,
One day alone, then die to-morrow.

The JOURNAL of a MODERN LADY.

Written in the year 1728.

IT was a moſt unfriendly part
In you who ought to know my heart,
So well acquainted with my zeal
For all the female commonweal.——
How could it come into your mind
To pitch on me, of all mankind,
Againſt the ſex to write a ſatire,
And brand me for a woman-hater?
On me, who think them all ſo fair,
They rival Venus to a hair;
Their virtues never ceas'd to ſing,
Since firſt I learn'd to tune a ſtring?
Methinks I hear the ladies cry,
Will he his character belie?
Muſt never our misfortunes end?
And have we loſt our only friend?
Ah, lovely nymphs, remove your fears,
No more let fall thoſe precious tears.
Sooner ſhall, *&c.*

[*Here ſeveral verſes are omitted.*]

The hound be hunted by the hare,
Than I turn rebel to the fair.

'Twas you engage'd me firſt to write,
Then gave the ſubject out of ſpite:
The "Journal of a Modern Dame"
Is by my promiſe what you claim.
My word is paſt, I muſt ſubmit;
And yet perhaps you may be bit.

I but

I but tranſcribe; for not a line
Of all the ſatyre ſhall be mine.
Compell'd by you to tag in rhymes
The common ſlanders of the times,
Of modern times, the guilt is yours.
And me my innocence ſecures.
Unwilling muſe, begin thy lay,
The annals of a female day.

By nature turn'd to play the rake-well
(As we ſhall ſhew you in the ſequel),
The modern dame is wak'd by noon,
(Some authors ſay, not quite ſo ſoon),
Becauſe, though ſore againſt her will,
She ſat all night up at Quadrille.
She ſtretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
And aſks if it be time to riſe;
Of headach and the ſpleen complains;
And then to cool her heated brains,
Her nightgown and her ſlippers brought her,
Takes a large dram of citron-water.
Then to her glaſs; and, "Betty, pray,
"Don't I look frightfully to-day?
"But was it not confounded hard?
"Well, if I ever touch a card!
"Four mattadores, and loſe *codill*!
"Depend upon't, I never will.
"But run to Tom, and bid him fix
"The ladies here to-night by ſix."
Madam, the goldſmith waits below;
He ſays his bus'neſs is to know
If you'll redeem the ſilver cup
He keeps in pawn?——"Why, ſhew him up."
Your dreſſing-plate he'll be content
To take, for int'reſt *cent. per cent.*
And, Madam, there's my Lady Spade
Hath ſent this letter by her maid.
"Well, I remember what ſhe won;
"And hath ſhe ſent ſo ſoon to dun?

"Here,

" Here, carry down theſe ten piſtoles
" My huſband left to pay for coals:
" I thank my ſtars, they all are light;
" And I may have revenge to-night,"
Now, loit'ring o'er her tea and cream,
She enters on her uſual theme:
Her laſt night's ill-ſucceſs repeats,
Calls Lady Spade a hundred cheats:
" She ſlipt *Spadillo* in her breaſt,
" Then thought to turn it to a jeſt;
" There's Mrs. Cut and ſhe combine,
" And to each other give the ſign,"
Through ev'ry game purſurs her tale,
Like hunters o'er their ev'ning ale.

Now to another ſcene give place:
Enter the folks with ſilk and lace:
Freſh matter for a world of chat,
Right Indian this, right Mechlin that:
Obſerve this pattern; there's a ſtuff;
I can have cuſtomers enough.
Dear Madam, you are grown ſo hard——
This lace is worth twelve pounds a-yard:
Madam, if there be truth in man,
I never ſold ſo cheap a fan.

This bus'neſs of importance o'er,
And Madam almoſt dreſs'd by four,
The footman, in his uſual phraſe,
Comes up with, Madam, dinner ſtays.
She anſwers in her uſual ſtyle,
The cook muſt keep it back a while
I never can have time to dreſs;
No woman breathing takes up leſs;
I'm hurry'd ſo, it makes me ſick;
I wiſh the dinner at Old Nick.
At table now ſhe acts her part,
Has all the dinner-cant by heart:

" I

" I thought we were to dine alone,
" My dear; for ſure, if I had known
" This company would come to-day——.
" But really 'tis my ſpouſe's way;
" He's ſo unkind, he never ſends
" To tell when he invites his friends:
" I wiſh ye may but have enough."
And while with all this paltry ſtuff
She ſits tormenting ev'ry gueſt,
Nor gives her tongue one moment's reſt,
In phraſes batter'd, ſtale, and trite,
Which modern ladies call polite;
You ſee the booby huſband ſit
In admiration at her wit!

But let me now a while ſurvey
Our Madam o'er her ev'ning-tea;
Surrounded with her noiſy clans
Of prudes, coquetts, and harridans;
When, frighted at the clam'rous crew,
Away the god of Silence flew,
And fair Diſcretion left the place,
And Modeſty with bluſhing face:
Now enters overweening Pride,
And Scandal ever gaping wide;
Hypocriſy with frown ſevere,
Scurrility with gibing air;
Rude Laughter ſeeming-like to burſt,
And Malice always judging worſt;
And Vanity with pocket-glaſs,
And Impudence with front of braſs;
And ſtudy'd Affectation came,
Each limb and feature out of frame;
While Ignorance, with brain of lead,
Flew hov'ring o'er each female head.

Why ſhould I aſk of thee, my muſe,
An hundred tongues, as poets uſe,

When

When, to give ev'ry dame her due,
An hundred thouſand were too few?
Or, how ſhould I, alas! relate
The ſum of all their ſenſeleſs prate,
Their innuendo's, hints, and ſlanders,
Their meanings lewd, and double entendres?
Now comes the gen'ral ſcandal charge;
What ſome invent, the reſt enlarge;
And, "Madam, if it be a lie,
"You have the tale as cheap as I:
"I muſt conceal my author's name;
"But now 'tis known to common fame."

Say, fooliſh females, bold and blind,
Say, by what fatal turn of mind,
Are you on vices moſt ſevere,
Wherein yourſelves have greateſt ſhare?
Thus ev'ry fool herſelf deludes;
The prudes condemn the abſent prudes:
Mopſa, who ſtinks her ſpouſe to death,
Accuſes Chloe's tainted breath;
Hircina, rank with ſweat, preſumes
To cenſure Phillis for perfumes;
While crooked Cynthia ſneering ſays,
That Floramel wears iron ſtays:
Chloe, of every coxcomb jealous,
Admires how girls can talk with fellows,
And, full of indignation, frets,
That women ſhould be ſuch coquetts:
Iris, for ſcandal moſt notorious,
Cries, "Lord, the world is ſo cenſorious!"
And Rufa, with her combs of lead,
Whiſpers that Sapppho's hair is red:
Aura, whoſe tongue you hear a mile hence,
Talks half a day in praiſe of ſilence:
And Sylvia, full of inward guilt,
Calls Amoret an arrant jilt.

Now

Now voices over voices riſe,
While each to be the loudeſt vies;
They contradict, affirm, diſpute,
No ſingle tongue one moment mute;
All mad to ſpeak, and none to hearken,
They ſet the very lap-dog barking;
Their chatt'ring makes a louder din
Than fiſhwives o'er a cup of gin;
Not ſchoolboys at a barring-out
Rais'd ever ſuch inceſſant rout:
The jumbling particles of matter
In chaos made not ſuch a clatter;
Far leſs the rabble roar and rail,
When drunk with four election-ale.

Nor do they truſt their tongue alone,
But ſpeak a language of their own;
Can read a nod, a ſhrug, a look,
Far better than a printed book;
Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down;
Or, by the toſſing of the fan,
Deſcribe the lady and the man.

But ſee, the female club diſbands,
Each twenty viſits on her hands.
Now all alone poor Madam ſits
In vapours and hyſteric fits:
" And was not Tom this morning ſent?
" I'd lay my life he never went:
" Paſt ſix, and not a living ſoul!
" I might by this have won a vole."
A dreadful interval of ſpleen!
How ſhall we paſs the time between?
" Here, Betty, let me take my drops;
" And feel my pulſe, I know it ſtops:
" This head of mine, Lord, how it ſwims!
" And ſuch a pain in all my limbs!
Dear Madam, try to take a nap——
But now they hear a footman's rap:

" Go run, and light the ladies up:
" It muſt be one before we ſup."

The table, cards, and counters ſet,
And all the gameſter-ladies met,
Her ſpleen and fits recover'd quite,
Our Madam can ſit up all night;
" Whoever comes, I'm not within."——
Quadrille's the word, and ſo begin.

How can the muſe her aid impart,
Unſkill'd in all the terms of art?
Or in harmonious numbers put
The deal, the ſhuffle, and the cut?
The ſuperſtitious whims relate,
That fill a female gameſter's pate?
What agony of ſoul ſhe feels
To ſee a knave's inverted heels?
She draws up card by card to find
Good fortune peeping from behind;
With panting heart and earneſt eyes,
In hopes to ſee Spadillo riſe:
In vain, alas! her hope is fled;
She draws an ace, and ſees it red.
In ready counters never pays,
But pawns her ſnuff-box, rings, and keys;
Ever with ſome new fancy ſtruck,
Tries twenty charms to mend her luck.
" This morning, when the parſon came,
" I ſaid I ſhould not win a game.
" This odious chair, how came I ſtuck in't?
" I think I never had good luck in't.
" I'm ſo uneaſy in my ſtays;
" Your fan a moment, if you pleaſe.
" Stand further, girl, or get you gone;
" I always loſe when you look on."
Lord! Madam, you have loſt codill:
I never ſaw you play ſo ill.

Nay,

" Nay, Madam, give me leave to ſay
" 'Twas you that threw the game away;
" When Lady Trickſey play'd a four,
" You took it with a mattadore;
" I ſaw you touch your wedding ring
" Before my Lady call'd a king;
" You ſpoke a word began with H,
" And I know whom you meant to teach,
" Becauſe you held the king of hearts;
" Fie, Madam, leave theſe little arts.
That's not ſo bad as one that rubs
Her chair to call the king of clubs,
And makes her partner underſtand
A mattadore is in her hand.
" Madam, you have no cauſe to flounce,
" I ſwear I ſaw you thrice renounce."
And, truly, Madam, I know when
Inſtead of five you ſcor'd me ten.
Spadillo here has got a mark;
A child may know it in the dark:
I gueſs the hand; it ſeldom fails:
I wiſh ſome folks would pare their nails.

While thus they rail, and ſcold and ſtorm,
It paſſes but for common form;
And conſcious that they all ſpeak true,
And give each other but their due,
It never interrupts the game,
Or makes them ſenſible of ſhame.

The time too precious now to waſte,
And ſupper gobbled up in haſte,
Again afreſh to cards they run,
As if they had but juſt begun.
Yet ſhall I not again repeat,
How oft they ſquabble, ſnarl, and cheat.
At laſt they hear the watchmen knock,
" A froſty morn—— paſt four o' clock."

The chairmen are not to be found,
" Come, let us play the other round."

Now, all in haſte they huddle on
Their hoods and cloaks, and get them gone;
But firſt the winner muſt invite
The company to-morrow night.

Unlucky Madam, left in tears,
(Who now againſt Quadrille forſwears),
With empty purſe and aching head,
Steals to her ſleeping ſpouſe to bed.

The COUNTRY-LIFE.

Part of a Summer ſpent at the houſe of GEORGE ROCHFORT, Eſq;

Written in the year 1723.

THALIA, tell in ſober lays,
How George, Nim, Dan, Dean paſs their days,
Begin, my muſe. Firſt from our bow'rs
We ſally forth at diff'rent hours;
At ſeven the Dean, in nightgown dreſt,
Goes round the houſe to wake the reſt;
At nine, grave Nim and George facetious
Go to the Dean to read Lucretius;
At ten, my Lady comes and hectors,
And kiſſes George, and ends our lectures;
And when ſhe has him by the neck faſt,
Hawls him, and ſcolds us down to breakfaſt.

We

We ſquander there an hour or more,
And then all hands, boys, to the oar,
All, heteroclite Dan except,
Who neither time nor order kept,
But, by peculiar whimſies drawn,
Peeps in the pond to look for ſpawn;
O'erſees the work, or Dragon * rows,
Or mars a text, or mends his hoſe;
Or——but proceed we in our journal——
At two, or after, we return all:
From the four elements aſſembling,
Warn'd by the bell, all folks come trembling:
From airy garrets ſome deſcend,
Some from the lake's remoteſt end:
My Lord and Dean the fire forſake,
Dan leaves the earthly ſpade and rake:
The loit'rers quake, no corner hides them,
And Lady Betty ſoundly chides them.
Now water's brought, and dinner's done:
With church and king the Lady's gone;
(Not reck'ning half an hour we paſs
In talking o'er a mod'rate glaſs).
Dan, growing drowſy, like a thief
Steals off to doſe away his beef;
And this muſt paſs for reading Hammond——
While George and Dean go to backgammon.
George, Nim, and Dean ſet out at four,
And then again, boys to the oar,
But when the ſun goes to the deep,
(Not to diſturb him in his ſleep,
Or make a rumbling o'er his head,
His candle out, and he abed),
We watch his motions to a minute,
And leave the flood, when he goes in it.
Now ſtinted in the ſhort'ning day,
We go to pray'rs, and then to play,

* My Lord Chief Baron's ſmaller boat.

Till ſupper comes; and after that
We ſit an hour to drink and chat.
'Tis late——the old and younger pairs,
By Adam * lighted, walk up ſtairs.
The weary Dean goes to his chamber;
And Nim and Dan to garret clamber.
So when the circle we have run,
The curtain falls, and all is done.
I might have mention'd ſeveral facts,
Like epiſodes between the acts;
And tell who loſes, and who wins,
Who gets a cold, who breaks his ſhins;
How Dan caught nothing in his net,
And how the boat was overſet.
For brevity I have retrench'd
How in the lake the Dean was drench'd;
It would be an exploit to brag on,
How valiant George rode o'er the dragon.
How ſteady in the ſtorm he ſat,
And ſav'd his oar, but loſt his hat:
How Nim (no hunter e'er could match him)
Still brings us hares, when he can catch 'em:
How ſkilfully Dan mends his nets;
How fortune fails him when he ſets:
Or how the Dean delights to vex
The ladies, or lampoon the ſex:
Or how our neighbour lifts his noſe,
To tell what ev'ry ſchoolboy knows;
Then with his finger on his thumb
Explaining, ſtrikes oppoſers dumb:
Or how his wife, that female pedant,
(But now there need no more be ſaid on't,)
Shews all her ſecrets of houſekeeping;
For candles how ſhe trucks her dripping;
Was force'd to ſend three miles for yeaſt,
To brew her ale, and raiſe her paſte;

* The Butler.

Tells

Tells ev'ry thing that you can think of,
How ſhe cur'd Tommy of the chincough;
What gave her brats and pigs the meaſles;
And how her doves were kill'd by weaſles;
How Jowler howl'd, and what a fright
She had with dreams the other night.
But now, ſince I have gone ſo far on,
A word or two of Lord Chief Baron *;
And tell how little weight he ſets
On all Whig-papers, and gazettes:
But for the politics of Pue †,
Thinks ev'ry ſyllable is true.
And ſince he owns the King of Sweden
Is dead at laſt, without evading,
Now all his hopes are in the Czar:
" Why, Muſcovy is not ſo far:
" Down the Black-ſea, and up the Streights,
" And in a month he's at your gates:
" Perhaps, from what the packet brings,
" By Chriſtmas we ſhall ſee ſtrange things."
Why ſhould I tell of ponds and drains.
What carps we met with for our pains;
Of ſparrows tam'd, and nuts innumerable
To choak the girls, and to conſume a rabble?
But you, who are a ſcholar, know
How tranſient all things are below,
How prone to change is human life!
Laſt night arriv'd Clem. * and his wife——
This grand event hath broke our meaſures;
Their reign began with cruel ſeizures:
The Dean muſt with his quilt ſupply
The bed in which thoſe tyrants lie:
Nim loſt his wig-block, Dan his *jordan*,
(My Lady ſays, ſhe can't afford one);

* Mr. Rochfort's father.
† A Tory news-writer.
* Mr. Clement Barry.

George

George is half ſcar'd out of his wits,
For Clem. gets all the dainty bits.
Henceforth expect a diff'rent ſurvey,
This houſe will ſoon turn topſy-turvey:
They talk of further alterations,
Which cauſes many ſpeculations.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

Written in the year 1728.

DERMOT, SHEELAH.

A Nymph and ſwain, *Sheelah* and *Dermot* hight,
Who wont to weed the court of Gosford *Knight*†,
While each with ſtubbed knife removed the roots
That rais'd between the ſtones their daily ſhoots;
As at their work they ſat in counter-view,
With mutual beauty ſmit, their paſſion grew.
Sing, heavenly muſe! in ſweetly-flowing ſtrain,
The ſoft endearments of the nymph and ſwain.

Der. My love to Sheelah is more firmly fixt,
Than ſtrongeſt weeds that grow theſe ſtones betwixt:
My ſpud theſe nettles from the ſtones can part,
No knife ſo keen to weed thee from my heart.

She. My love for gentle Dermot faſter grows,
Than yon tall dock that riſes to thy noſe.
Cut down the dock, 'twill ſprout again; but oh!
Love rooted out, again will never grow.

† Sir Arthur Acheſon, whoſe great grandfather was Sir Archibald of Gosford in Scotland.

Der.

Der. No more that brier thy tender legs ſhall rake;
(I ſpare the thiſtle for Sir Arthur's * ſake).
Sharp are the ſtones; take thou this ruſhy mat;
The hardeſt bum will bruiſe with ſitting ſquat.

She. Thy breeches torn behind ſtand gaping wide;
This petticoat ſhall ſave thy dear backſide:
Nor need I bluſh, although you feel it wet;
Dermot, I vow, 'tis nothing elſe but ſweat.

Der. At an old ſtubborn root I chance'd to tug,
When the Dean threw me this tobacco-plug;
A longer ha'-p'orth never did I ſee;
This, deareſt Sheelah, thou ſhalt ſhare with me.

She. In at the pantry-door this morn I ſlipt,
And from the ſhelf a charming cruſt I whipt;
Dennis † was out, and I got hither ſafe;
And thou, my dear, ſhalt have the bigger half.

Der. When you ſaw Tady at long-bullets play,
You ſat and lous'd him all the ſun-ſhine day.
How could you, Sheelah, liſten to his tales,
Or crack ſuch lice as his between your nails?

She. When you with Oonah ſtood behind a ditch,
I peep'd and ſaw you kiſs the dirty bitch.
Dermot, how could you touch thoſe naſty ſluts!
I almoſt wiſh'd this ſpud were in your gus.

Der. If Oonah once I kiſs'd, forbear to chide:
Her aunt's my goſſip by my father's ſide:
But if I ever touch her lips again,
May I be doom'd for life to weed in rain.

She. Dermot, I ſwear, tho' Tady's locks could hold
Ten thouſand lice, and ev'ry louſe was gold,

* Who is a great lover of Scotland.
† Sir Arthur's butler.

Him

Him on my lap you never more ſhould ſee;
Or may I loſe my weeding knife——and thee.

Der. Oh! could I earn for thee, my lovely laſs,
A pair of brogues to bear thee dry to maſs!
But ſee where Norah with the ſowins comes——
Then let us riſe, and reſt our weary bums.

MARY the Cook-maid's Letter to Dr. SHERIDAN.

Written in the year 1723.

WELl, if ever I ſaw ſuch another man ſince my mother bound my head!
You a gentleman! marry come up, I wonder where you were bred.
I am ſure ſuch words do not become a man of your cloth;
I would not give ſuch language to a dog, faith and troth.
Yes, you call'd my maſter a knave: fie, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis a ſhame
For a parſon, who ſhould know better things, to come out with ſuch a name:
Knave in your teeth, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis both a ſhame and a ſin;
And the Dean, my maſter, is an honeſter man than you and all your kin:
He has more goodneſs in his little finger, than you have in your whole body:
My maſter is a perſonable man, and not a ſpindle-ſhank'd hoddy doddy:

And

And now, whereby I find you would fain make an excuſe.
Becauſe my maſter one day, in anger, call'd you gooſe;
Which, and I am ſure, I have been his ſervant four years ſince October,
And he never call'd me worſe than *ſweetheart*, drunk or ſober:
Not that I know his Reverence was ever concern'd to my knowledge,
Though you and your come-rogues keep him out ſo late in your wicked college.
You ſay you will eat graſs on his grave: A Chriſtian eat graſs!
Whereby you now confeſs yourſelf to be a gooſe or an aſs;
But that's as much as to ſay, that my maſter ſhould die before ye;
Well, well, that's as God pleaſes; and I don't believe that's a true ſtory:
And ſo ſay I told you ſo, and you may go tell my maſter; what care I?
And I don't care who knows it; 'tis all one to Mary.
Every body knows that I love to tell the truth, and ſhame the devil.
I am but a poor ſervant; but I think gentlefolks ſhould be civil.
Beſides, you found fault with our victuals one day that you was here;
I remember it was on a Tueſday, of all days in the year.
And Saunders the man ſays you are always jeſting and mocking:
Mary, ſaid he, (one day, as I was mending my maſter's ſtocking),

My

My maſter is ſo fond of that miniſter that keeps the ſchool——
I thought my maſter a wiſe man, but that man makes him a fool.
Saunders, ſaid I, I would rather than a quart of ale
He would come into our kitchen, and I would pin a diſhclout to his tail.
And now I muſt go, and get Saunders to direct this letter;
For I write but a ſad ſcrawl; but my ſiſter Marget ſhe writes better.
Well, but I muſt run and make the bed, before my maſter comes from pray'rs;
And ſee now, it ſtrikes ten, and I hear him coming up ſtairs.
Whereof I could ſay more to your verſes, if I could write written hand:
And ſo I remain, in a civil way, your ſervant to command.

MARY.

A DIALOGUE between Mad MULLINIX and TIMOTHY.

Written in the Year 1720.

M. I Own, 'tis not my bread and butter;
But prithee, Tim, why all this clutter?
Why ever in theſe raging fits,
Damning to hell the Jacobites?
When, if you ſearch the kingdom round,
There's hardly twenty to be found;

No

No not among the *prieſts* and *friars*——
T. 'Twixt you and me. G—— damn the liars.
M. The Tories are gone ev'ry man over
To our illuſtrious houſe of Hanover;
From all their conduct this is plain
And then——
T.—— G— damn the liars again,
Did not an Earl but lately vote,
To bring in (I could cut his throat)
Our whole accounts of public debts?
M. Lord! how this frothy coxcomb frets! [*aſide.*
T. Did not an able ſtateſman-biſhop
This dang'rous horrid motion diſh-up
As Popiſh craft? did he not rail on't?
Shew fire and faggot in the tail on't?
Proving the Earl a grand offender,
And in a plot for the *pretender*,
Whoſe fleet, 'tis all our friends opinion,
Was then embarking at Avignon.
M. Theſe brangling jars of Whig and Tory
Are ſtale, and worn as Troy-town ſtory.
The wrong, 'tis certain, you were both in,
And now you find you fought for nothing.
Your faction when their game was new,
Might want ſuch noiſy fools as you;
But you, when all the ſhow is paſt,
Reſolve to ſtand it out at laſt;
Like Martin Marall, gaping on *,
Nor minding when the ſong is done.
When all the bees are gone to ſettle
You clatter ſtill your brazen kettle.
The leaders whom you liſted under,
Have drop'd their arms, and ſeiz'd the plunder;

* Sir Martin Marall is a character in one of Dryden's comedies. Sir Martin was to ſerenade his miſtreſs; but as he could not play, his man undertook to conceal himſelf, and do it for him, while he ſhould thrum the inſtrument; but this ingenious project miſcarried, by the Knight's continuing his exerciſe when the muſic was at an end.

And when the war is paſt, you come
To rattle in their ears your drum;
And as that hateful hideous Grecian
Therſites (he was your relation)
Was more abhorr'd and ſcorn'd by thoſe
With whom he ſerv'd, than by his foes;
So thou art grown the deteſtation
Of all thy party thr,ugh the nation:
Thy peeviſh and perpetual teaſing
With plots and Jacobites, and treaſon;
Thy buſy, never-meaning face,
Thy ſcrew'd-up front, thy ſtate grimace,
Thy formal nods, important ſneers,
Thy whiſp'rings foiſted in all ears,
(Which are, whatever you may think,
But nonſenſe wrapt up in a ſtink),
Have made thy preſence, in a true ſenſe,
To thy own ſide ſo damn'd a nuiſance,
That when they have you in their eye,
As if the devil drove, they fly.

T. My good friend Mullinix, forbear;
I vow to G—, you're too ſevere:
If it could ever yet be known
I took advice, except my own,
It ſhould be yours: but d— my blood,
I muſt purſue the public good:
The faction (is it not notorious?)
Keck at the memory of *glorious*:
'Tis true; nor need I to be told,
My *quondam* friends are grown ſo cold,
That ſcarce a creature can be found
To prance with me his ſtatue round.
The public ſafety I foreſee,
Henceforth depends alone on me;
And while this vital breath I blow,
Or from above, or from below,
I'll ſputter, ſwagger, curſe, and rail,
The Tories terror, ſcourge, and flail.

M.

M. Tim, you miſtake the matter quite;
The Tories, you are their delight;
And ſhould you act a diff'rent part,
Be grave and wiſe, 'twould break their heart.
Why, Tim, you have a taſte I know,
And often ſee a puppet-ſhow:
Obſerve, the audience is in pain,
While Punch is hid behind the ſcene;
But when they hear his ruſty voice,
With what impatience they rejoice!
And then they value not two ſtraws,
How Solomon decides the cauſe,
Which the true mother, which pretender;
Nor liſten to the witch of Endor.
Should Fauſtus, with the devil behind him,
Enter the ſtage, they never mind him:
If Punch, to ſpur their fancy, ſhows
In at the door his monſtrous noſe,
Then ſudden draws it back again;
O what a pleaſure mix'd with pain!
You ev'ry moment think an age,
Till he appears upon the ſtage:
And firſt his bum you ſee him clap
Upon the Queen of Sheba's lap.
The Duke of Lorrain drew his ſword;
Punch roaring run, and running roar'd,
Revil'd all people in his jargon,
And ſold the King of Spain a bargain;
St. George himſelf he plays the wag on,
And mounts aſtride upon the dragon;
He gets a thouſand thumps and kicks,
Yet cannot leave his roguiſh tricks;
In ev'ry action thruſts his noſe;
The reaſon why, no mortal knows:
In doleful ſcenes that break our heart,
Punch comes, like you, and lets a fart.
There's not a puppet made of wood,
But what would hang him, if they could;

While teaſing all, by all he's teas'd,
How well are the ſpectators pleas'd!
Who in the motion have no ſhare,
But purely come to hear and ſtare;
Have no concern for Sabra's ſake,
Which gets the better, ſaint or ſnake,
Provided Punch (for there's the jeſt)
Be ſoundly maul'd, and plague the reſt.
Thus, Tim, philoſopers ſuppoſe,
"The world conſiſts of puppet-ſhows;"
Where petulant conceited fellows
Perform the part of Punchinelloes:
So at this booth, which we call Dublin,
Tim, thou'rt the Punch to ſtir up troubl' in;
You wriggle, fidge, and make a rout,
Put all your brother-puppets out,
Run on in a perpetual round
To teaſe, perplex, diſturb, confound,
Intrude with monkey grin and clutter
To interrupt all ſerious matter,
Are grown the nuiſance of your clan,
Who hate and ſcorn you to a man:
But then the lookers-on, the Tories,
You ſtill divert with merry ſtories;
They would conſent that all the crew
Were hang'd, before they'd part with you.
But tell me, Tim, upon the ſpot,
By all this coil what haſt thou got?
If Tories muſt have all the ſport,
I fear you'll be diſgrace'd at court.
T. Got? D—— my blood, I frank my letters,
Walk to my place before my betters,
And, ſimple as I now ſtand here,
Expect in time to be a peer———
Got? D—— me, why I got my will!
Ne'er hold my peace, and ne'er ſtand ſtill:
I fart with twenty ladies by;
They call me beaſt; and what care I?

I bravely

I bravely call the Tories Jacks,
And ſons of whores——behind their backs.
But could you bring me once to think,
That when I ſtrut, and ſtare, and ſtink,
Revile and ſlander, fume and ſtorm,
Betray, make oath, impeach, inform,
With ſuch a conſtant loyal zeal
To ſerve myſelf and commonweal,
And fret the Tories ſouls to death,
I did but loſe my precious breath,
And when I damn my ſoul to plague 'em,
Am, as you tell me, but their maygame;
Conſume my vitals! they ſhould know,
I am not to be treated ſo;
I'd rather hang myſelf by half,
Than give thoſe raſcals cauſe to laugh.
But how, my friend, can I endure,
Once ſo renown'd, to live obſcure?
No little boys and girls to cry,
"There's nimble Tim a-paſſing by?"
No more my dear delightful way tread
Of keeping up a party-hatred?
Will none the Tory dogs purſue,
When through the ſtreets I cry, Halloo?
Muſt all my d—mee's, bloods, and wounds,
Paſs only now for empty ſounds?
Shall Tory raſcals be elected,
Although I ſwear them diſaffected?
And when I roar, *A plot, a plot*,
Will our own party mind me not?
So qualified to ſwear and lie,
Will they not truſt me for a ſpy?
Dear Mullinix, your good advice
I beg; you ſee the caſe is nice:
O! were I equal in renown,
Like thee to pleaſe this thankleſs town!
Or bleſs'd with ſuch engaging parts
To win the truant ſchoolboys hearts!

Thy virtues meet their juſt reward,
Attended by the ſable guard.
Charm'd by thy voice, the 'prentice drops
The ſnow ball deſtin'd at thy chops:
Thy graceful ſteps, and col'nel's air,
Allure the cinder-picking fair.
M. No more——in mark of true affection,
I take thee under my protection:
Thy parts are good, 'tis not deny'd;
I wiſh they had been well apply'd.
But now obſerve my counſel, (*viz.*)
Adapt your habit to your phyz;
You muſt no longer thus equip ye,
As Horace ſays, *optat ephippia*;
(There's Latin too, that you may ſee
How much improve'd by Doctor ———).
I have a coat at home, that you may try;
'Tis juſt like this, which hangs by geometry.
My hat has much the nicer air;
Your block will fit it to a hair.
That wig, I would not for the world
Have it ſo formal, and ſo curl'd;
'Twill be ſo oily and ſo ſleek,
When I have lain in it a week,
You'll find it well prepar'd to take
The figure of toupee or ſnake.
Thus dreſs'd alike from top to toe,
That which is which 'tis hard to know,
When firſt in public we appear,
I'll lead the van, keep you the rear;
Be careful, as you walk behind;
Uſe all the talents of your mind;
Be ſtudious well to imitate
My portly motion, mien, and gate;
Mark my addreſs, and learn my ſtile,
When to look ſcornful, when to ſmile;
Nor ſputter out your oaths ſo faſt,
But keep your ſwearing to the laſt.

Then

Then at our leiſure we'll be witty,
And in the ſtreets divert the city;
The ladies from the windows gaping,
The children all our motions aping.
Your converſation to refine,
I'll take you to ſome friends of mine,
Choice ſpirits, who employ their parts
To mend the world by uſeful arts;
Some cleanſing hollow tubes, to ſpy
Direct the zenith of the ſky;
Some have the city in their care,
From noxious ſteams to purge the air;
Some teach us in theſe dang'rous days
How to walk upright in our ways;
Some whoſe reforming hands engage
To laſh the lewdneſs of the age;
Some for the public ſervice go
Perpetual envoys to and fro:
Whoſe able heads ſupport the weight
Of twenty miniſters of ſtate.
We ſcorn, for want of talk, to jabber
Of parties o'er our bonny-clabber:
Nor are we ſtudious to inquire,
Who votes for manors, who for hire:
Our care is to improve the mind
With what concerns all humankind;
The various ſcenes of mortal life,
Who beats her huſband, who his wife;
Or how the bully, at a ſtroke,
Knock'd down the boy, the lantern broke.
One tells the riſe of cheeſe and oat-meal;
Another when he got a hot meal;
One gives advice in proverbs old,
Inſtructs us how to tame a ſcold;
Or how by almanacks 'tis clear,
That herrings will be cheap this year.
T. Dear Mullinix, I now lament
My precious time ſo long mis-ſpent,

By

By nature meant for nobler ends:
O, introduce me to your friends!
For whom by birth I was deſign'd,
Till politics debas'd my mind:
I give myſelf entire to you;
G— d—— the Whigs and Tories too.

* EPITAPH of BY-WORDS.

HERE lies a *round* woman, who thought *mighty odd*
Evr'y word ſhe e'er heard in this church about God,
To convince her of *God* the good Dean did endeavour;
But ſtill in her heart ſhe held *nature* more *clever*.
Tho' he talk'd much of virtue, her head always run
Upon ſomething or other ſhe found better *fun:*
For the dame, by her ſkill in affairs aſtronomical,
Imagin'd, to live in the clouds was but *comical*.
In this world ſhe deſpis'd ev'ry ſoul ſhe met here;
And now ſhe's in t'other, ſhe thinks it but *queer*.

EPIGRAM, on ſeeing a worthy Prelate go out of Church in the time of DIVINE SERVICE, to wait on his Grace the Duke of D——.

LOrd Pam in the church (could you think it?)
kneel'd down;
When told the Lieutenant was juſt come to town,
His

His ſtation deſpiſing, unaw'd by the place,
His flies from his God to attend on his Grace:
To the court it was fitter to pay his devotion,
Since God had no hand in his Lordſhip's promotion.

* EPIGRAM from the FRENCH.

SIR, I admit your gen'ral rule,
That ev'ry poet is a fool:
But you yourſelf may ſerve to ſhow it,
That ev'ry fool is not a poet.

* EPITAPH on FRANCIS CHARTRES †.

Here continueth to rot
The body of FRANCIS CHARTRES;
Who, with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY,
And INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of life,
PER-

† Fr. Chartres was a man infamous for all manner of vices. When he was an enſign in the army, he was drummed out of the regiment for a cheat; he was next baniſhed Bruſſels, and drummed out of Ghent, on the ſame account. After a hundred tricks at the gaming tables, he took to lending of money at exhorbitant intereſt, and on great penalties, accumulating premium, intereſt, and capital into a new capital, and ſeizing to a minute when the payments became due. In a word, by a conſtant attention to the vices, wants, and follies of mankind, he acquired an immenſe fortune. His houſe was a perpetual bawdyhouſe. He was twice condemned for rapes, and pardoned; but the laſt time not without impriſonment in Newgate, and large confiſcations. He died in Scotland in 1731, aged 62. The populace at his funeral raiſed a great riot, almoſt tore the body out of the coffin, and

PERSISTED,
In ſpite of AGE and INFRMITIES,
In the practice of EVERY HUMAN VICE;
Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY:
His inſatiable AVARICE exempted him from the firſt,
His matchleſs IMPUDENCE from the ſecond.
Nor was he more ſingular
In the undeviating *pravity* of his *manners*,
Than ſucceſsful
In *accumulating* WEALTH:
For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,
Without TRUST of PUBLIC MONEY,
And without BRIBE-WORTHY ſervice,
He acquired, or more properly created,
A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.
He was the only perſon of his time,
Who could CHEAT without the maſk of HONESTY,
Retain his primeval MEANNESS,
When poſſeſſed of TEN THOUSAND a-year;
And having daily deſerved the GIBBET for what he DID,
Was at laſt condemned to it for what he *could* not *do*.

Oh indignant reader!
Think not his life uſeleſs to mankind!
PROVIDENCE conniv'd at his execrable deſigns,
To give to after ages
A conſpicuous PROOF and EXAMPLE,
Of how ſmall eſtimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH
In the ſight of GOD,
By his beſtowing it on the moſt UNWORTHY of ALL MORTALS.

and caſt dead dogs, &c. into the grave along with it. This epitaph contains his character, very juſtly drawn by Dr. Arbuthnot.——This gentleman was worth ſeven thouſand pounds a-year eſtate in land, and about an hundred thouſand in money. *Pope.*

* *Joannes*

* *Joannes jacet hic Mirandula——cætera norunt*
Et Tagus et Ganges——forſan et Antipodes.

Applied to FRANCIS CHARTRES.

HEre Francis Chartres lies——be civil!
The reſt God knows—perhaps the devil.

* EPIGRAM.

PEter complains, that God has given
To his poor babe a life ſo ſhort:
Conſider, Peter, he's in heav'n;
'Tis good to have a friend at court.

* ANOTHER.

YOU beat your pate, and fancy wit will come:
Knock as you pleaſe, there's no body at home.

* EPI-

*EPITAPH.

WEll then, poor G—— lies under ground!
So there's an end of honeſt Jack.
So little juſtice here he found,
'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

*EPIGRAM on the Toaſts of the KIT-KAT Club.

Anno 1716.

WHence death-leſs *kit-kat* took its name,
Few critics can unriddle;
Some ſay from paſtry-cook it came,
And ſome from cat and fiddle.
From no trim beau its name it boaſts,
Grey ſtateſmen, or green wits;
But from this pell-mell pack of toaſts
Of old cats and young kits.

*To

* To a LADY, with the Temple of Fame.

WHat's fame with men, by cuſtom of the nation,
Is call'd in women only reputation:
About them both why keep we ſuch a pother?
Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.

* VERSES to be placed under the Picture of ENGLAND'S ARCH-POET; containing a complete Catalogue of his Works.

SEE who ne'er was nor will be half read!
Who firſt ſung Arthur†, then ſung Alfred ‡;
Prais'd great Eliza ‖ in God's anger,
Till all true Engliſhmen cry'd, Hang her!
Made William's virtues wipe the bare a——,
And hang'd up Marlb'rough in arras **:
Then hiſs'd from earth, grew heav'nly quite;
Made ev'ry reader curſe the light ††;
Maul'd human wit in one thick ſatire ‡‡;
Next, in three books, ſunk human nature ‖‖,

† Two heroic poems in folio, twenty books.
‡ Heroic poems in twelve books.
‖ Heroic poems in folio, ten books.
** Inſtructions to Vanderbank, a tapeſtry-weaver.
†† Hymn to the light.
‡‡ Satire againſt wit.
‖‖ Of the nature of man.

Undid creation * at a jerk,
And of redemption † made damn'd work.
Then took his muſe at once, and dipt her
Full in the middle of the ſcripture:
What wonders there the man grown old did!
Sternhold himſelf he out-Sternholded:
Made David ‡ ſeem ſo mad and freakiſh,
All thought him juſt what thought King Achiſh.
No mortal read his Solomon ‖,
But judg'd R'oboam his own ſon.
Moſes ** he ſerv'd as Moſes Pharaoh,
And Deborah as ſhe Siſerah;
Made Jeremy †† full ſore to cry,
And Job ‡‡ himſelf curſe God and die.

What puniſhment all this muſt follow;
Shall Arthur uſe him like King Tollo?
Shall David as Uriah ſlay him?
Or dext'rous Deb'rah Siſerah him?
Or ſhall Eliza lay a plot
To treat him like her ſiſter Scot?
Shall William dub his better end |||?
Or Marlb'rough ſerve him like a friend?
No, none of theſe——heav'n ſpare his life!
But ſend him, honeſt Job, thy wife.

* Creation, a poem, in ſeven books.
† The Redeemer, another heroic poem, in ſix books.
‡ Tranſlation of all the Pſalms.
‖ Canticles and Eccleſiaſtes.
** Paraphraſe of the canticles of Moſes and Deborah, &c.
†† The Lamentations.
‡‡ The whole book of Job, a poem in folio.
||| Kick him on the breech, not knight him on the ſhoulder.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. POPE, while he was writing the DUNCIAD.

POPE has the talent well to ſpeak,
But not to reach the ear;
His loudeſt voice is low and weak,
The Dean too deaf to hear.

A while they on each other look,
Then diff'rent ſtudies chuſe;
The Dean ſits plodding on a book,
Pope walks, and courts the muſe.

Now backs of letters, though deſign'd
For thoſe who more will need 'em,
Are fill'd with hints, and interlin'd,
Himſelf can hardly read 'em.

Each atom by ſome other ſtruck,
All turns and motions tries:
Till in a lump together ſtuck,
Behold a poem riſe!

Yet to the Dean his ſhare allot;
He claims it by a canon;
That without which a thing is not,
Is *cauſa ſine qua non.*

Thus, Pope *, in vain you boaſt your wit;
For, had our deaf divine
Been for your converſation fit,
You had not writ a line.

* A polite turn is given to this incident by Mr. Pope, in his letter to Dr. Sheridan.

Of prelate thus for preaching fam'd
The ſexton reaſon'd well;
And juſtly half the merit claim'd,
Becauſe he rang the bell.

* BOUNCE to FOP.

An epiſtle from a dog at Twickenham to a dog at court.

TO thee, ſweet Fop, theſe lines I ſend,
Who, though no ſpaniel, am a friend.
Though once my tail in wanton play,
Now friſking this and then that way,
Chance'd with a touch of juſt the tip
To hurt your lady-lap-dog-ſhip:
Yet thence to think I'd bite your head off!
Sure Bounce is one you never read of.
Fop! you can dance, and make a leg,
Can fetch and carry, cringe and beg.
And (what's the top of all your tricks)
Can ſtoop to pick up ſtrings and ſticks.
We country-dogs love nobler ſport,
And ſcorn the pranks of dogs at court.
Fie, naughty Fop! where'er you come,
To fart and piſs about the room,
To lay your head in ev'ry lap,
And, when they think not of you——ſnap!
The worſt that envy or that ſpite
E'er ſaid of me, is, I can bite;
That idle gypſies, rogues in rags,
Who poke at me, can make no brags;

And

And that to towze ſuch things as flutter,
To honeſt Bounce is bread and butter.

While you, and ev'ry courtly fop,
Fawn on the devil for a chop,
I've the humanity to hate
A butcher, though he brings me meat;
And, let me tell you, have a noſe,
(Whatever ſtinking fops ſuppoſe),
That, under cloth of gold or tiſſue,
Can ſmell a plaiſter, or an iſſue.

Your pilf'ring lord with ſimple pride
May wear a picklock at his ſide;
My maſter wants no key of ſtate,
For Bounce can keep his houſe and gate.

When all ſuch dogs have had their days,
As knaviſh Pams, and fawning Trays;
When pamper'd Cupids, beaſtly Venis,
And motley, ſquinting Harlequinis *,
Shall lick no more their ladies br——,
But die of looſeneſs, claps, or itch;
Fair Thames from either echoing ſhore
Shall hear and dread my manly roar.

See Bounce, like Berecynthia, crown'd
With thund'ring offspring all around;
Beneath, beſide me, and at top,
A hundred ſons, and not one fop!

Before my children ſet your beef,
Not one true Bounce will be a thief;
Not one without permiſſion feed,
(Though ſome of J——n's hungry breed):
But whatſoe'er the father's race,
From me they ſuck a little grace:

* *Alii legunt* Harvequinis.

While-

While your fine whelps learn all to ſteal,
Bred up by hand on chick and veal.

My eldeſt born reſides not far,
Where ſhines great Strafford's glitt'ring ſtar:
My ſecond (child of fortune!) waits
At Burlington's Palladian gates:
A third majeſtically ſtalks
(Happieſt of dogs!) in Cobham's walks:
One uſhers friends to Burthurſt's door;
One fawns at Oxford's on the poor.

Nobles whom arms or arts adorn,
Wait for my infants yet unborn.
None but a peer of wit and grace
Can hope a puppy of my race.

And O! would fate the bliſs decree
To mine, (a bliſs too great for me!),
That two my talleſt ſons might grace,
Attending each with ſtately pace,
Iulus' ſide, as erſt Evander's †,
To keep off flatt'rers, ſpies, and panders,
To let no noble ſlave come near,
And ſcare Lord Fannys from his ear:
Then might a royal youth, and true,
Enjoy at leaſt a friend——or two;
A treaſure, which of royal kind
Few but himſelf deſerve to find.

Then Bounce ('tis all that Bounce can crave)
Shall wag her tail within the grave.

† Virg. Æn. 8.

On

* On the Countess of BURLINGTON cutting PAPER.

PALLAS grew vap'rish once and odd;
She would not do the least right thing,
Either for goddess or for god,
Nor work, nor play, nor paint, nor sing.

Jove frown'd, and "Use" (he cry'd) "those eyes
"So skilful, and those hands so taper;
"Do something exquisite and wise"——
She bow'd, obey'd him, and cut paper.

This vexing him who gave her birth,
Thought by all heav'n a burning shame,
What does she next, but bids on earth
Her Burlington do just the same?

Pallas, you give yourself strange airs;
But sure you'll find it hard to spoil
The sense and taste of one that bears
The name of Saville and of Boyle.

Alas! one bad example shown,
How quickly all the sex pursue?
See, Madam! see, the arts o'erthrown
Between John Overton and you.

On

On a certain LADY at court.

I Know the thing that's moſt uncommon,
(Envy, be ſilent, and attend!)
I know a reaſonable woman,
Handſome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warp'd by paſſion, aw'd by rumour!
Nor grave through pride, or gay through folly;
An equal mixture of good humour,
And ſenſible ſoft melancholly.

"Has ſhe no faults then," (Envy ſays), "Sir?"
Yes, ſhe has one, I muſt aver:
When all the world conſpires to praiſe her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

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